THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

NOVEMBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Hawthorne's Opinions

WE shall probably have more to say later about Miss Caroline Ticknor's *Hawthorne and His Publisher,* which is announced for early publication by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. We have had the opportunity of reading the advance sheets of this exceedingly interesting book, and, by way of preliminary notice, we are jotting down one or two impressions. For example, there is a letter from Hawthorne to Ticknor which illustrates with ingenuous candour the novelist's estimate of his American literary contemporaries. Hawthorne was in London and fell in with the hospitable Richard Monckton Milnes. Milnes wanted a half dozen books which he had never read or heard of before. Hawthorne, speaking patriotically, naturally wanted to put his best foot forward. So to Ticknor he wrote:

> For the honour of my country, I should like to do it, but can think of only three which would be likely to come under his description—viz., *Walden, Passion Flowers,* and *Up-Country Letters.* Possibly Mrs. Mowatt's *Autobiography* might make a fourth; and Thoreau's former volume a fifth. You understand that these books must not be merely good, but must be original, with American characteristics, and not generally known in England. If you, or Fields, or anybody else, can produce any such, pray send them along. At any rate, send those I have mentioned: for my credit is pledged to supply the number Mr. Milnes asked for. Whittier's book is poor stuff. I like the man, but have no high opinion, either of his poetry or prose. Send Lowell's *Bigelow Papers.* He is very little known in England, and I take that to be the best thing he has written.

TICKNOR AS A YOUNG MAN

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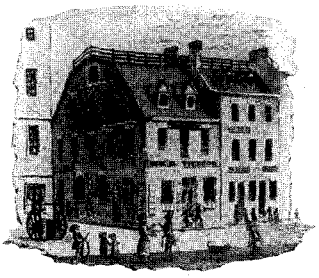

THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE

One very definite impression conveyed by Hawthorne's letters to Ticknor is that it did not take the novelist long to contract Anglophobia in its most malignant form. He is protesting that he is trying to get on with John Bull, yet when he wishes to be complimentary to an individual Englishman, he takes pains to emphasise the fact that the person in question is not at all John Bullish. On one occasion he tells of receiving a letter from a German proposing to Hawthorne that the novelist pay him (the German) for making the translation of Hawthorne's entire works, taking the chance of selling the copyright to German booksellers. "I rather thank," is the comment, "the Germans are the meanest devils in the world; though the English deserve a pretty prominent place in that particular. After all the slander against Americans, there is no people worthy even to take a second place behind us, for liberality of idea and practice. The more I see of the rest of the world, the better I think of my own country (not that I like it very enthusiastically, either); and I thank God, England's day is past forever. I have such a conviction of the decline and fall of England that I am about as well satisfied as if it had already taken place. And yet I like John Bull, too."

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In one letter to Ticknor Hawthorne records the astonishing success achieved by Longfellow's *Hiawatha* in England. Not only was it read but everybody seemed to be seized with an irrisistible impulse to write verses in the new measure. That there were some disgruntled Englishmen, however, is evident from the following lines, which found their way to Hawthorne through the post:

"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!
Sweet Trochaic milk and water!
Milk and water Mississippi
Flowing o'er a bed of sugar!—
Through three hundred Ticknor pages,
With a murmur and a ripple,
Flowing, flowing, ever flowing—
Damn the river!—damn the poet!"

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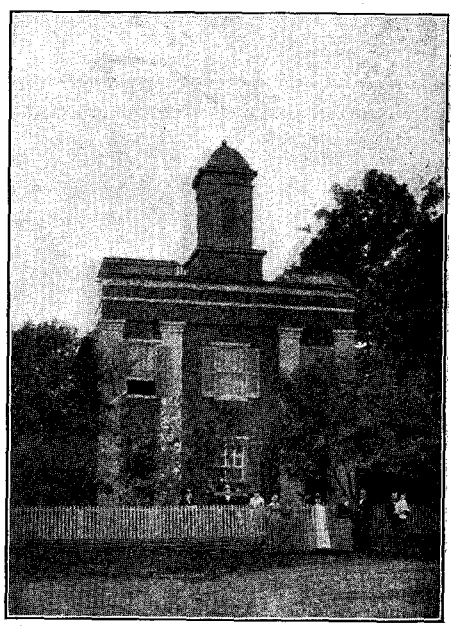
The "Leonainie" Hoax

Last month we called attention to the astonishing material reward that James Whitcomb Riley has derived from "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." But in the Hoosier poet's life there were the lean years, when neither money nor recognition was in sight, and he was forced to devise a plan to win attention in disguise



OLD SEMINARY AT GREENFIELD WHERE RILEY WENT TO SCHOOL AND LATER LIVED FOR A TIME

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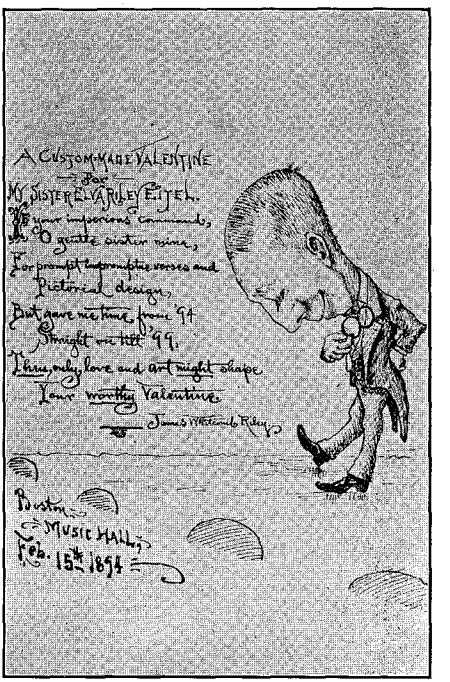
by writing a poem in imitation of a well-known author and submitting it as a newly discovered manuscript. This was the famous "Leonainie" hoax, which to the astonishment and discomfort of its author, assumed national proportions. Riley in 1877, then in his middle twenties, was smarting under the criticism of the editor of the Anderson *Herald,* who heartlessly advised him to give up the writing of poetry. So he wrote "Leonainie" in the Poe style, enlisted the services of his friend, the editor of the Kokomo *Dispatch,* and launched it with the following introductory story:

POSTHUMOUS POETRY

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM OF THE LAMENTED EDGAR ALLAN POE—WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF AN OLD BOOK NOW IN POSSESSION OF A GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY

The following beautiful posthumous poem from the gifted pen of the erratic poet, Edgar Allan Poe, we believe has never before been published in any form, either in any

A RILEY DRAWING



A CUSTOM-MADE VALENTINE

published collection of Poe's poems now extant, or in any magazine or newspaper of any description; and until the critics shall show conclusively to the contrary, *The Dispatch* shall claim the honour of giving it to the world.

That the poem has never before been published, and that it is a genuine production of the poet whom we claim to be its author, we are satisfied from the circumstances under which it came into our possession, after a thorough investigation. Calling at the house of a gentleman of this city the other day, on a business errand, our attention was called to a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Handing us the book, he observed that it (the poem) might be good enough to publish, and that if we thought so, to take it along. Noticing the initials E. A. P. at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a "bonanza," so to speak, and after reading it, we asked who its author was, when he related the following bit of interesting reminiscence: He said he did not know who the author was, only that he was

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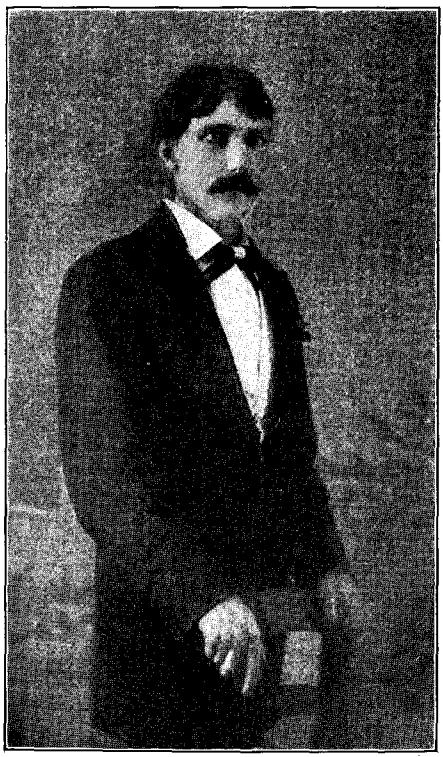
a young man, that is, he was a young man when he wrote the lines referred to. He had never seen him himself, but heard his grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, tell of the circumstances and the occasion by which he, the grandfather, came into possession of the book. His grandparents kept a country hotel, a sort of a wayside inn, in a small village called Chesterfield, near Richmond, Virginia. One night, just before bedtime, a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. This was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone away and left the book, on the fly-leaf of which he had written the lines given below.

Further than this our informant knew nothing, and being an uneducated, illiterate man, it was quite natural that he should allow the great literary treasure to go for so many years unpublished.



RILEY AT TWENTY-TWO

CARTOON BY HUBBARD

That the above statement is true, and our discovery no canard, we will take pleasure in satisfying any one who cares to investigate the matter. The poem is written in Roman characters, and is almost as legible as print itself, although somewhat faded by the lapse of time. Another peculiarity in the manuscript which we notice is that it contains not the least sign of erasure or a single interlineated word. We give the poem verbatim—just as it appears in the original.

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The result exceeded his fondest hopes. The critical editor fell an easy victim, praising "Leonainie" to the skies, and prophesying that Riley would fail utterly in appreciating its merits. The poet fell in with his detractor's suggestion, and in an analysis of "Leonainie" expressed his doubts as to Poe's authorship. This was what the editor of the *Herald* had been anticipating. He congratulated himself on his predictions fulfilled. "True to our prognostication of last week," he wrote,

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"J. W. Riley, editor of the *Democrat,* slashes into 'Leonainie' in a jealous manner." An entire column was devoted to Mr. Riley's reception of the poem. The author's own account of the writing of the verses is contained in a letter dated November 22, 1886.

Regarding the authorship of the poem "Leonainie," I can claim the poem only—the autographic copy which your letter describes—its original, at least—was executed (at my instigation, and with equally boyish unconsciousness of guilt) by an artist friend of mine, now wearing first honours in the Art Schools of Munich [Samuel Richards]. He did his work well, and was thus the author of the best part of the poem. He worked then as he works now;—straight from the heart. He had only a line or two of Poe-facsimile to "inspire" from, but some way the fellow caught the spirit of the whole vocabulary from it, furnishing a result that many notable and most exacting critics were bewildered by, as I myself saw tested many times.

It is but just to all concerned, for the better understanding of the real facts of the case, to speak further, though with you now I will be as brief as possible:—The poem was written about twelve years ago in the town of Anderson, Indiana, while I was a very callow writer on *The Democrat,* of that place; and, being rallied to desperation over the weekly appearance of my namby-pamby verses, by the editor of a rival sheet, I devised the Poe-poem fraud simply to prove, if possible, that like critics of verse would praise, from a notable source what they did not hesitate to condemn, from an emanation opposite. By correspondence (still preserved) the friendly editor of a paper (the Kokomo, Indiana, *Dispatch*—still conducted by same Ed.) assisted me in foisting the hoax on the public through his columns—this for reasons obvious; while to still further conceal the real authorship of the poem, as soon as published with its editorial hurrah, I attacked its claimed worth and authenticity in my paper. Then every one who knew me, knew, of course, I didn't write a rhyme of it. And so it went—and went—and kept on going—till at last the necessary exposé. Papers everywhere lit into me—friends read all this, and stood aside—went round the other way. The paper upon which I gained the meagre living that was mine excused me—and no other paper wanted such a man—and wouldn't even let me print a card of explanation—not for weeks, while I stood outside alone, and walked around the Court House square at night, and through the drizzle and the rain peered longingly at the dim light in the office where I used to sleep, with a heart as hard and dark and obdurate as the towel in the composing-room. All of which is smiling material now, but then it was pathos from a-way back!

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The Dramatisation of "Evangeline"

To the blasé, first-night audience of New Yorkers Mr. Arthur Hopkins's production of Longfellow's *Evangeline* came like a refreshing draught. Pure, tragic, dramatically emotional, it served as a striking contrast to the successes of the past few years, which have been mostly problem plays, dealing with white slavery, divorce, or the gentleman crook. This wholesome reminder of the time when devotion and trust, fidelity and patience went hand in hand and were considered only natural and true, comes at a time when it is most needed. The Park Theatre on the evening of October 4th was filled with an unusually intelligent and appreciative audience. It was an audience well constituted to judge and realise the beauty of the play with the fine work of the actors, and to appreciate the unusual and beautiful scenic effects which were scattered with such liberality throughout the drama. Whether the play "takes" or not, this first dramatisation of *Evangeline* is worthy of especial mention, for the poem is one of the most generally known to the English-speaking world, in spite of Longfellow's often faulty use of the dactylic hexameter.

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The action of the poem itself moves quietly, we might almost say serenely,

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THE BEACH SCENE FROM "EVANGELINE"

and we could not at first readily see how it could be transformed into an intensely dramatic play; but from the moment of the rise of the curtain, the attention of the audience was surely held, and one lived and suffered with the Acadians in their exile and devious wanderings. Mr. Broadhurst in his treatment of the poem has divided it into five actions: first, "The Forest Primeval," a scene in which the Spirit of Acadie speaks and mourns for the lost villagers. Then the real action of the play begins under the heading of "The Home," which is subdivided into four parts,—the street, the house, the orchard, and the church. These scenes serve to show how the life of the Acadians flowed on in its peaceful tenor, until, on the eve of the betrothal of their fairest and best loved maiden to Gabriel, son of the blacksmith, the English soldiers march in and order the happy people to abandon their lands and homes, and embark upon the ships in which they are to be sent to lands that are strange to them.

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The great dramatic point of this act is reached when the Acadians, after hearing the proclamation, try to resist the English soldiers, and suddenly, above the noise of the fight and the wailing of the women, the voice of their beloved priest, the Father Felecien, is heard chiding them as little children and bidding them enter the house of worship. The second act is called "The Parting," and shows the Acadians, their numbers depleted, at eventide on the beach. A sorry throng, indeed; for father and son, mother and child, husband and wife, have been separated, and last of all, Gabriel is torn from Evangeline, whom duty bids remain with her aged father. No sooner has the ship left than the soldiers fire the village, the flames of which can be seen from the beach, and amid the grief-stricken throng the priest passes, trying to cheer and comfort, but finding his efforts unavailing, he begins the Lord's Prayer, in which the kneeling people join, their faces turned toward the burning town.

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So far the dramatist has not departed far from the original, but as the wandering of Evangeline in search of the lost Gabriel offers him a wider scope, he adds several scenes, under the head of "The Wandering," which give Miss Goodrich an opportunity for more emotional acting than she has had heretofore. When next the curtain rises, showing the Indian Mission, the priest is chanting with the Indian converts, who join him, and try to sing in harmony. Here Evangeline spends the winter waiting for Gabriel, who never comes. In her wanderings she finally reaches the Michigan forest, and not finding Gabriel and being friendless and alone, she is overcome with fatigue and grows delirious, imag-

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ining that she hears the beating of the English drums as a taunt that, once separated by them from Gabriel, she shall never see him more. She relives the parting and her father's death. She sees once more the burning of their homes, until, suddenly, her strength gives way and she falls fainting to the ground. The last act is the shortest and is called "The Meeting." As Gabriel lies ill in an almshouse in Philadelphia, Evangeline, now a Sister of Charity, enters and finds him at last. The dramatist spares us the death-scene of Gabriel, and the Unenlightened might almost suppose that he recovers and that both "live happily ever after." Perhaps this is just as well, for the scenes that have gone before are so emotional and the nervous strain upon the audience has been so great, that a quiet ending is more reasonable and, indeed, more effective. The scenic effects are really unusual, and so was the incidental interpretative music of Mr. Fürst. The whole was exquisite, and will linger for a long while in the memory of those who saw this first presentation. Longfellow's poem has become one of the few truly American classics. In its dramatic form it is distinctly worthy of its source. We may add that wherever such a thing was possible, the very words of the original hexameters have been used, or at least suggested, with the most delicate artistry.

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St. Gaudens Mitchell Stevenson

We are reproducing Augustus St. Gaudens's portrait bas-relief of Dr. Weir Mitchell made in 1884. To our way of thinking it is a fine portrait, but we understand that Mr. St. Gaudens, for some reason or other, never regarded it very highly. Mention of the Dr. Mitchell portrait leads to a mention of the widely known Robert Louis Stevenson medallion, for it was Stevenson who instilled into St. Gaudens his first real taste for literature. The two men first met in the autumn of 1887. A little time before St. Gaudens's attention had been drawn to *The New Arabian Nights,* and the sculptor expressed a wish to make the writer's portrait. Then Stevenson arrived in New York on his way to the Adirondacks, and work on the medallion was begun in his rooms in the Hotel Albert in Eleventh Street. The head was modelled in five sittings of two or three hours each, given in the morning, Stevenson lying in bed propped up with pillows, either reading or being read to by Mrs. Stevenson. Mr. St. Gaudens wrote:

> I can remember some few things as to my personal impressions of him. He said that he believed "Olala" to be his best story, or that he fancied it the best, and that George Meredith was the greatest English *littérateur* of the time. Also he told me of his pet-liking for his own study of Robert Burns. He gave me a complete set of his own works, in some of which he placed a line or two. In *Virginibus Puerisque,* he wrote, "Read the essay on Burns. I think it is a good thing." Thus the modest man!

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Of his father's debt to Stevenson in a literary sense, Homer St. Gaudens has written in the recently published *The Reminiscences of Augustus St. Gaudens:*

> Regarding his understanding of character, hitherto he had shown little interest in men or women except as they bore upon his work, and his sitters have never consciously been anything but visible, tangible objects to interpret. With such an attitude he had approached Stevenson. But after each visit there grew in the sculptor a desire to comprehend the mental significance of the man before him and to bring it to light through his physical expression and gesture, even if the process was made at the sacrifice of "smart" modelling. So it came about that, from the time of the Stevenson medallion and the Sherman bust, Saint-Gaudens applied this attitude to every other work, beginning each portrait by reading all possible biographies of the subject, or, if the person he planned to model was alive, keeping him in a constant state of conversation.
>
> In a similar way, too, there was developed Saint-Gaudens's deep regard for the English language. Before his meeting with Steven-

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PORTRAIT BAS-RELIEF OF DR. WEIR MITCHELL. BY ST. GAUDENS

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son he knew very little of modern writing. He had enjoyed occasional novels by Anatole France and had read Maupassant, though finding him depressing. Now, however, caught by Stevenson's charm, he followed that author from stories to essays and departed thence to essays by other pens until he became a steady and appreciative reader, with a strong liking for what he called "aroma" or "perfume" in literary effort. Here are some passages from letters he wrote me, reflecting in a slight way his attitude:

"I have passed a most enjoyable hour reading Bradford Torrey's paper on Anatole France in the March *Atlantic*. Read it by all means if you can get a moment. Then again get Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee*. There is a bully English translation by Alfred Sutro, Dodd, Mead and Company. It is really a great thing, wonderful, and easily read."

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A Boy in the Sixties

There are perhaps two ways by which we can reach an approximately just estimate of the literary mind of a man or a woman. First, if we know just what his or her bedside books are—the books that are read and reread and marked, that are the intimate companions beyond the Magic Door. Secondly, if we can learn just what the books were that were devoured in the early, impressionable years, for, with certain exceptions, the volumes that are read in the teens are the real foundations of all literary developments. Every man who writes an autobiography should record the books and authors that were the genuine favourites of his youth. In that way we are able to get closer to the mind of the man himself and to understand better the conditions of his time. For example, Henry Cabot Lodge was a boy in the sixties. In *Early Memories* he has indicated what his reading as a boy was. At nine years of age he read with delight the Waverley Novels, and thence proceeded to many other works great and small. There were of course, the current "boys' books" of the day, by Mayne Reid and Ballantyne, by Kingston and Oliver Optic. *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family Robinson* he read over and over again. Also all fairy stories, from the *Arabian Nights* down, and also Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and *Wonder Book*, as well Bulfinch's *Age of Chivalry* and *Age of Fable*. Cooper he read thoroughly, and did not find him verbose and diffuse. Of course. Youth does not. Leather Stocking was one of his heroes, just as he was one of the heroes of the fastidious Mr. Thackeray, of M. de Balzac, of Sir Walter Scott, and of the elder Dumas. As a boy Henry Cabot Lodge had read all of Dickens. *David Copperfield* was one of his favourite books, that is, the first part; the last part rather bored him. All of Marryat's books, and Irving's *Tales of the Alhambra* and the *Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost* were very dear. The books already mentioned were permitted works. Surreptitiously he managed to read Ainsworth's *Jack Shepard* and Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*.

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In the literary orchard there was another kind of forbidden fruit which that boy in the sixties gathered freely, and pretended to enjoy, probably for the simple reason that it was forbidden. And many of us who were boys ten or twenty or thirty years later will understand and sympathise. These prohibited works were the dime novels published in vivid orange colours by Mr. Beadle and another series known as Novelettes, large although thin quarto pamphlets, dressed out in vivid colours, very arresting to the gaze of the small boy. The former dealt chiefly with frontier life and deadly combats with "Red Skins"; the latter were a far off echo of the Valois novels of Dumas. Both series were essentially harmless, and the objection to them on the part of parents and guardians was merely because they had never read them. But as a rule they were sensational and extravagant, and being destitute of art or imagination were really dull. Mr. Lodge confesses that secretly he thought so at the time, and much preferred the permitted stories of Scott

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and Cooper, DeFoe, Marryat, Dickens, and Poe. But he would not have confessed his real opinions for worlds, because it was felt to be fine and manly and a little wicked to read, with dark precautions these quite uninteresting but enticingly forbidden books.

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In these *Early Memories* let us cross swiftly a gap of years to the time when Mr. Lodge was beginning his own literary career. He had known many of the famous New England literary group of the middle of the nineteenth century. But there were two younger men with whom he was thrown much more intimately in contact. These were William Dean Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Lodge knew Mr. Howells first. He describes him in the Boston days as having a very quiet and gentle manner, coupled with a great deal of dry humour, and very strong and definite opinions upon many subjects outside of literature. In politics he leaned toward Socialism; in literature he was a champion of realism, just then very much pressed as the one true theory of art and advocated on the basis of being a revolt against romanticism. In common with a vast army of other writers Mr. Lodge owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Howells for his encouragement and friendship. Mr. Lodge saw even more of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who succeeded the author of *Silas Lapham* in the editorship of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Aldrich's official sanctum was in a little outlying room at the back of the old houses on Park Street, Boston, a room reached through a circuitous path and after a climb up a winding staircase. There Mr. Lodge was in the habit of stopping of mornings to chat with the editor. They talked about everything: Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, "Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax and Cabbages and Kings," everything in the heavens above and on the earth beneath. "There was never," writes Mr. Lodge, "a more delightful talker. He had wit and humour in high degree, remarkable power of epigrammatic statement, a whimsical fancy, an intense love of mere fun and jest, and behind it all deep seriousness and profound conviction in regard to all things which were really important. His criticisms on literature, his love of art and beauty in every form, were as remarkable as his inexhaustible cleverness and his skill in narration no matter how slight the subject. He told me much of his earlier days in New York, and I remember especially an account he gave me of his narrow escape from the mob of the draft riot, where the pervasive humour and light touch seem to enhance rather than disguise the peril he had been in and the black doings of those evil days. Of our talks at that time, as is the case with so many others, I have kept, alas! no record. They passed like the joys of a midsummer day spent by the ocean's edge and left only the memory of a time filled with sunshine and light, with warmth and happiness."

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Another Boy

Colonel Roosevelt would seem to have little patience with the endeavours of some good people to inculcate in their children a taste for reading by forcing unattractive books upon them. He was not so mistreated, for he tells us in his *Autobiography,* which is in press for publication before long that, "My father and mother had the good sense not to try to get me to read anything I did not like unless it was in the way of study. I was given the chance to read books that they thought I ought to read, but if I did not like them I was then given some other good book that I did like. There were certain books that were *taboo*. For instance, I was not allowed to read dime novels. I obtained some surreptitiously and did read them, but I do not think that the enjoyment compensated for the feeling of guilt. I was also forbidden to read the only one of Ouida's books which I wished to read—*Under Two Flags*. I did read it, nevertheless, with greedy and fierce hope of coming on something unhealthy; but as a matter of

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fact all the parts that might have seemed unhealthy to an older person made no impression on me whatever. I simply enjoyed in a rather confused way the general adventures."

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A book which Colonel Roosevelt wishes he had had when a child—he expresses great interest in children's stories and holds that a good child's story is alike interesting to young and old—is Laura E. Richard's *Nursery Rhymes.* "My own children love them dearly," he said, "and their mother and I love them almost equally; the delightfully light-hearted 'Man from New Mexico who Lost his Grandmother out in the Snow,' the adventures of 'The Owl, the Eel, and the Warming-Pan,' and the extraordinary genealogy of the kangaroo whose 'father was a whale with a feather in his tail who lived in the Greenland sea,' while 'his mother was a shark who kept very dark in the Gulf of Caribee.'" Colonel Roosevelt now believes that as a boy he got the most pleasure in reading out of *Our Young Folks,* which he thought then, and still thinks, to be the best magazine in the world. "I have tried to read again the Mayne Reid books which I so dearly loved, only to find, alas, that it is impossible, but I enjoy going over *Our Young Folks* now nearly as much as ever. *Cast Away in the Cold, Grandfather's Struggle for a Homestead, The William Henry Letters* and a dozen others like them were first-class, good, healthy stories, interesting in the first place and in the next place teaching manliness, decency and good conduct. At the cost of being deemed effeminate I will add that I greatly like the girls' stories—*Pussy Willow* and *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life,* just as I worshipped *Little Men,* and *Little Women,* and *An Old-Fashioned Girl.*"

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But the youthful Roosevelt was not limited in his likes to fiction dealing with the gentler side of life. Ballantyne's tales and Marryat's *Midshipman Easy* were big favourites. "I suppose," he says, "that everybody has kinks in him; even as a child there were books which I ought to have liked and did not. For instance, I never cared at all for the first part of *Robinson Crusoe,* whereas the second part, containing the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with the wolves in the Pyrenees, and out in the Far East, simply fascinated me. What I did like in the first part were the adventures before Crusoe finally reached his island, the fight with the Sallee Rover and the allusion to the strange beasts at night taking their improbable bath in the ocean. Thanks to being already an embryo zoölogist, I disliked the *Swiss Family Robinson,* because of the wholly impossible collection of animals met by that worthy family as they ambled inland from the wreck." It has been suggested that some energetic publisher will be bringing out one of these days a new edition of *The Semi-Attached Couple.* This, a pre-Victorian novel, is one of Mr. Roosevelt's best loved tales. "Told with much humour," he says, "it is a story of gentlefolk who are really gentlefolk, and to me it is altogether delightful. Outside the members of my own family, however, I have never met a human being who had even heard of it and I don't suppose I ever shall meet one." This latter supposition the publication of the *Autobiography* will wholly undo. Moreover, past experience has proven that a remark of much less consequence than that has served to revive to a tremendous degree interest in some almost forgotten literary production. So that even if the new edition of *The Semi-Attached Couple* be not forthcoming, librarians will doubtless be much wearied by the enquiries of the curious concerning it. Such is fame!

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And Another

Fewer were the opportunities of S. S. McClure. In the second instalment of his *Autobiography* he records that the lack of reading matter was one of the greatest deprivations of his early years. There were no books in that Indiana home except

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a bound volume of *Agricultural Reports,* sent by the Congressman from the district. This and the catalogues sent out by the companies that sold agricultural implements the youthful S. S. found absorbingly entertaining. When he was thirteen years old he first read, in the weekly edition of the Chicago *Tribune,* "The Luck of Roaring Camp." About the same time he made the acquaintance of certain sketches of Petroleum V. Nasby and Mark Twain, although it was years before he even saw the outside of one of Mark Twain's books. Then some hunters, who had camped for a night on the McClure place, departed, leaving behind some paper-covered novels and tattered magazines. They were a great find. Years after the idea of his syndicate came to S. S. McClure through remembering his hunger, as a boy, for something to read.

After I had started my newspaper syndicate I did manage to get Stevenson and Kipling, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Quiller-Couch, Stephen Crane, the new writers and the young Idea, to the boys on the farm. I am always meeting young men in business who say: "Stevenson? Oh, yes! I first read *Treasure Island* in some newspaper or other when I was a boy. It came out in instalments"; or "Why doesn't Quiller-Couch ever write anything as good as *Dead Man's Rock?* I read that story in the Omaha *Bee* when I was a kid, and I think it was the best adventure story I ever read. I never got the last chapter. Our paper didn't come that week, and it bothered me till I was a grown man. I finally had to get the book and find out what did happen to Simon Colliver."

• • •

The Trail

Every new book of European travel that is appearing this autumn seems to add a contributing line to the Literary Baedeker. For example, there is Mr. Douglas Goldring's *Along France's River of Romance,* which has just come from the press of Messrs. McBride, Nast and Company. The river is, of course, the Loire, and Mr. Goldring takes the reader to Tours, where he points out No. 39 Rue Nationale, formerly Rue Royale, where Honoré de Balzac was born in 1799. "Thanks to him," writes Mr. Goldring, "few towns and districts in France have a more enduring place in literature. How often has he described the city and the country surrounding it in such stories as *La Grenadière, Le Lys dans la Vallée, Le Curé de Tours;* and the essential characteristics of the *tourangeaux,* are they not shown with a Rabellaisian humour in the collection of stories having their scenes in the châteaux of the neighbourhood, which he called the *Contes Drolatiques?*" Again Mr. Goldring takes us to the ancient town of Meung. No real reader of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is likely to have forgotten that it was at Meung that Jonas D'Artagnan first stepped into the pages of fiction. There he met the mysterious "Man of Meung" who was destined to be his evil genius through the first book of the famous trilogy, and his friend and ally in *Twenty Years After.* Meung has other literary association than those of Dumas. It knew François Villon. It was the birthplace of the author of the *Roman de la Rose* and is consequently linked with the name of Chaucer, who translated the *Roman de la Rose* into English. Finally it played a conspicuous part in Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward.*

• • •

Then there is *Through England with Tennyson,* by Oliver Huckel, published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. During the poet's school days in Lincolnshire he was doubtless learning more than the lessons of the schoolroom. For his poems even of later years are redolent of this scenery and atmosphere. "The May Queen," for instance, Mr. Huckel holds to be a true Lincolnshire picture, a lovely homespun drama reminiscent, as all Tennyson's friends said, of the Maypole dancing at Horncastle which he had known so well. The poem "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" was probably suggested

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by Scrivelsby Court in this same region, a seat of the Dymoke family. "Locksley Hall" was doubtless suggested by Langton Hall, which Tennyson knew well. The author has confessed that there was really no authentic Locksley Hall, and no actual Cousin Amy, no real tragedy or passion. But nevertheless the scenery and the setting are distinctly of Lincolnshire. In connection with the accompanying map of the Tennyson country the following compilation by Mr. Huckel is of interest.

I. *Lincolnshire:* Boadicea, The Northern Farmer (Old Style and New Style), The Village Wife, The May Queen, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Audley Court, Locksley Hall.

II. *Somersby:* Ode to Memory, The Brook, Mariana, The Miller's Daughter, The Owl, Sir John Franklin, O Darling Room.

III. *Louth:* The Poet, The Poet's Sons, The Blackbird, The Dying Swan, Oriana.

IV. *Cambridge:* Timbuctoo, On Cambridge University, To Rev. F. D. Maurice.

V. *London:* Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

VI. *Shiplake:* The Letters, The Gardener's Daughter, The Princess, Dedi-

MEUNG, WHERE D'ARTAGNAN FIRST APPEARED UPON THE SCENE OF FICTION

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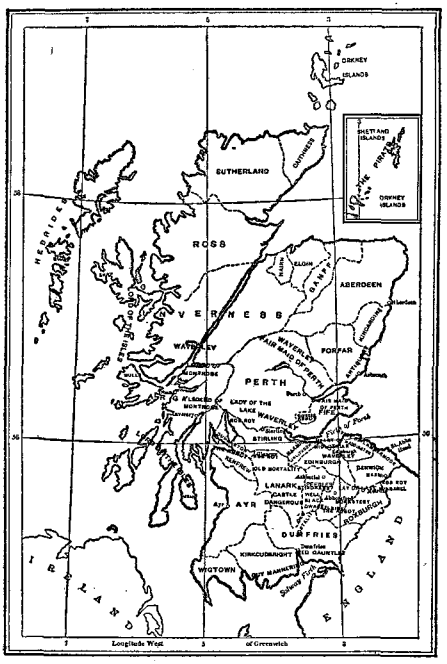
cation to Enoch Arden, Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

VII. *Clevedon:* All of In Memoriam.

VIII. *Hawarden:* Compromise (To Mr. Gladstone), The Ancient Sage, Vastness.

IX. *Farringford:* In the Garden at Swainton, The Princess, Maud, Sea Dreams, Ulysses, The Revenge.

X. *Aldworth:* The Palace of Art, Charle of the Heavyn Brigade, the dramas, especially Harold, Queen Mary, Becket.



A MAP SHOWING SCOTT'S SCOTLAND

XI. *Tintagel:* The Coming of Arthur, The Last Tournament.

XII. *Amesbury Abbey:* St. Agnes' Eve, The Victim, Guinevere, Sir Launcelot and Guinevere.

XIII. *Camelot:* Bugle Song, The Lady of Shalott, Morte d'Arthur.

XIV. *Winchester:* The Round Table, Launcelot and Elaine.

XV. *Glastonbury Abbey:* The Holy Grail, The Passing of Arthur.

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A critic otherwise complimentary found fault with a line in the June instalment of the "Literary Baedeker" to the effect that "Sherwood Forest is no more." That line, it must be explained, was meant largely in a figurative sense. Mr. Charles S. Olcott in *The Country of Sir Walter Scott* (the Houghton Mifflin Company) records that he succeeded, during a recent pilgrimage through the land of *Ivanhoe,* in finding a bit of the original forest, in identifying the ruins of two castles which figure prominently in the story, and several others which doubtless served as types of the prevailing Norman style of architecture. The Castle of Ashby de la Zouche, the scene of Prince John's banquet, is a ruin to-day as it was in Scott's time. Only a single wall is standing. Front-de-Bœuf's castle of Torquilstone, which was besieged by the outlaws under the leadership of the Black Knight and Locksley, the Archer, was a purely imaginary edifice. It is supposed, however, to have been in the vicinity of Hartwell, a village nine miles south of Rotherham. After the fall of the castle the victors assembled under a huge oak to divide the spoils. There are several large oaks of Sherwood Forest still in existence, any one of which might have been in the mind of Sir Walter. Mr. Olcott found an excellent type which is called the Major oak and which was a monarch of the forest in Robin Hood's time.

• • •

Still with Sir Walter we can return to Touraine and the romantic Loire in the pages of *Quentin Durward,* to browse musingly among the ruins of the Castle of Plessis les Tours, where the action of the story begins, or those of the even more terrible Castle of Loches, where Louis XI perpetrated his deeds of secret cruelty. Or we can drift across the Irish Sea to the Isle of Man, where Scott laid so many of the scenes of *Peveril of the Peak.* There are to be found the remains of Peel Castle, and higher up on the rocks the round tower which Mr. Hall Caine introduced in *The Christian,* and Fenella's Tower of the Scott tale. Or back to Edinburgh,

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where, in Parliament Square, a mark on the pavement indicates the site of the old Tolbooth associated with the story of *The Heart of Midlothian.* Or from Edinburgh, north into Fifeshire, where were laid the scenes of *Waverley,* and where, in the town of Perth, the house of the Fair Maid is pointed out to the least interested of travellers. Or over among the islands of the west Scottish coast, to follow the men and women of *The Lord of the Isles.* Or north to the Shetlands and the Orkneys, in the pursuit of *The Pirate.* In his introduction Mr. Olcott comments that it was surprising to find so many of these scenes exactly as Sir Walter had described them. The mountains and valleys, the rivers, lakes, and waterfalls, the wild ruggedness of the seaside cliffs, the quaint little old-fashioned villages, the ruined castles and abbeys, all brought back memories of the romances which he had so charmingly set amidst these scenes. It was like actually living the Waverley novels to see them.

• • •

Following the trail we can come back to our own land to take up the Tourist's Edition of Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona,* which has just been issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, with an introduction by A. C. Vrooman. The story of *Ramona,* Mr. Vrooman tells us, has become so well known on this continent that few who visit Southern California fail to take an interest in the scenes of the tale and the points and incidents that Mrs. Jackson pictured. Every incident had fact for its foundation, even down to the minutest details of the home of the Morenos. "Yet," writes Mr. Vrooman, "we frequently hear the old adobe house at Old Town, San Diego, called 'Ramona's Home,' while Guajome Rancho, about four miles east of San Luis Rey Mission, is called the same; then the Camulos Rancho on the Southern Pacific line to Santa Barbara, sixty miles northwest of Los Angeles, is also pointed out, until the casual visitor reaches a state of utter bewilderment."

The Gilder Studio

Helen Hunt Jackson appears in another book of the season, Clara Louise Kellogg's *Memoirs of an American Prima Donna.* The singer met her at the studio of the Richard Watson Gilders, in Fifteenth Street, New York, and remembers her well. She was then Mrs. Hunt, and had not yet married Mr. Jackson, nor written *Ramona.* Also at the Gilder studio Madame Strakosch first met Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. It was about

A MAP SHOWING SCOTT'S ENGLAND

the time of the appearance of Mrs. Burnett's *Lass o' Lowrie's.* Another familiar face at the studio was that of George W. Cable. The author of *The Grandissimes* and Madam Strakosch used to sing Creole melodies before the big fireplace. She records that his voice was queer and light, without colour, but correct and well in tune. Other visitors were John Alexander and John LaFarge. Later, in '79-'80, she saw much of the Gilders in Paris, where they had a studio in the Latin quarter. Of Miss Jeannette Gilder she was particularly fond,

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a liking in which many others shared. She remembers Ellen Terry saying once, "What a splendid woman Jeannette Gilder is!" While we were not at all ill pleased when Miss Gilder gave to the world the startling information of Mr. S. S. McClure's discovery of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson in the autumn of 1893, we want to go on record as endorsing very warmly Miss Terry's opinion.

• • •

Marion Crawford's Workshop

As was the case in her former volume, *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife,* Francis Marion Crawford is an interesting figure in Mrs. Hugh Fraser's forthcoming *Italian Yesterdays.* For example, she tells the story of the purchase of that tower on the Calabrian coast which the novelist made into his workshop. It was a characteristic of the Crawfords that they never could see a really solitary spot without wanting it for their own. San Niccola is an Angevin castle, with walls twenty feet thick in places, perched on the rocks over an inhospitable little bay on the coast of Calabria, a bay too small and shallow to permit of sailing vessels being anchored inside its natural breakwater of tumbled stones. Marion often sailed thither, and, leaving the yacht outside, would scramble on shore and linger for hours, weaving new stories and calling up pictures of the days when the cry would ring along the coast that a Saracen sail was in sight, and the inhabitants, snatching up whatever they could carry, raced for the nearest tower of refuge. One August day the call of fortressed solitudes became unusually strong. Leaving his wife and sister sitting on the rocks Marion started for a walk to the nearest town, followed by his faithful Luigi. It was evening before the truants reappeared.

Marion carried in his hand a huge iron key, while Luigi, directly behind him, was flinging his arms up in the air in gestures of despair. As they came close, the gestures became those of beseeching deprecation, and she realised that he was trying to say, unbeknown to the "padrone," "It was not my fault, Signora mia, oh indeed, not my fault!" while Marion, a little in doubt as to his reception, stopped before her and held up the great rusty key, saying, "It's mine, *mine,* my dear, for the next thirty years!"

"What—this awful place? Oh, why did I let you go away without me?" she wailed. "What on earth are you going to do with it?—and what have you paid for it?"

He mentioned the sum—not a very large one, it is true—but Luigi, hovering near, pale and scared, whispered, with every appearance of sincere grief: "He could have had it for the hundredth part of that, Signora! Alas, for the good money! But it was not my fault—there was no holding the Signore, and those assassins at the Municipio took advantage of him!"

To tell the truth, it was not the money side of the matter which distressed my sister-in-law so much as the prospect of being required to come and pass weeks at a time in this grim dungeon, without a single convenience of life, twelve miles from a market town, and of course lashed to the battlements by every Mediterranean storm. It took her some days to reconcile herself to the new acquisition—poor girl—but Marion had not made a mistake, after all. The family was not invited to San Niccola till he had made several journeys thither himself, with carpenters and materials, and when they did come they found that the lonely keep had been transformed internally to a quite possible dwelling—though certainly an inconveniently isolated one. Generally, however, he went there alone, to rest from everything connected with modern life, and he found it a fine, quiet place for writing in, at any rate.

• • •

We shall have occasion to discuss *Italian Yesterdays* at greater length in a later issue. But there is one illuminating paragraph which we cannot refrain from quoting here. It illustrates a kind of practical efficiency that puts our modern world to shame. Mrs. Fraser is writing of the Venetian "bravi" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The system ordinarily in favour among such

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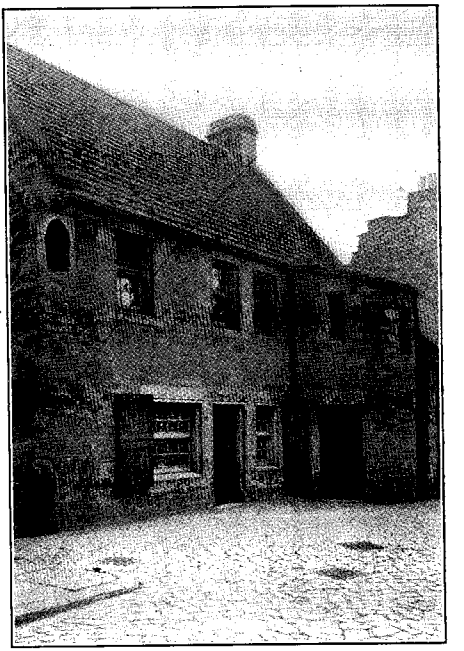
members of Venetian society as had a grudge against any of their neighbours was to send out for a "bravo"—they were always to be found at certain places and hours—and to bargain with him for a price that depended upon the extent of the hurt to be inflicted.

I have seen one of the daggers used by such professional "bravi" and very curious they were, being crucifixes, of which the upper part of the cross and the transverse formed the hilt and quillons of a murderous-looking knife, its long double-edged blade having three lines engraved across it. The purpose of these lines was to mark the exact depth of the wound, whether slight, or severe, or mortal; if it were only desired that the lowest of the lines—that nearest the point—should be the depth of the stab, then the price was a small one; if the second line, then a larger sum of money would be necessary; and for the third, the uppermost line, a proportionate amount was demanded.

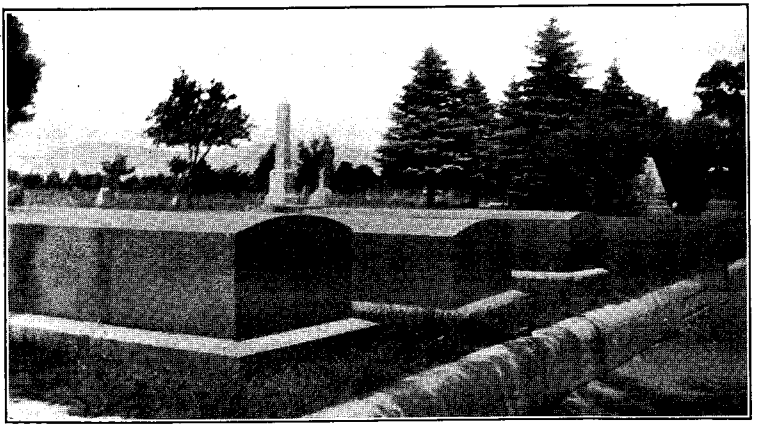
• • •

Mrs. Lee, the Professor

That Jennette Lee, the author (Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee), was a teacher and college professor of unusual personality and unique in her influence is shown by the enthusiasm with which several of her former pupils have answered enquiries about her. Her purpose as a teacher was more to develop the individuality of her pupils than to impart the knowledge she possessed. In the class-room, discussions took the place of the ordinary lectures—discussions that often became ardent and excited arguments and with which she seldom interfered except occasionally to direct and to offer suggestions. As one



THE HOUSE OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH



THE RESTING PLACE OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON, THE AUTHOR OF "RAMONA"

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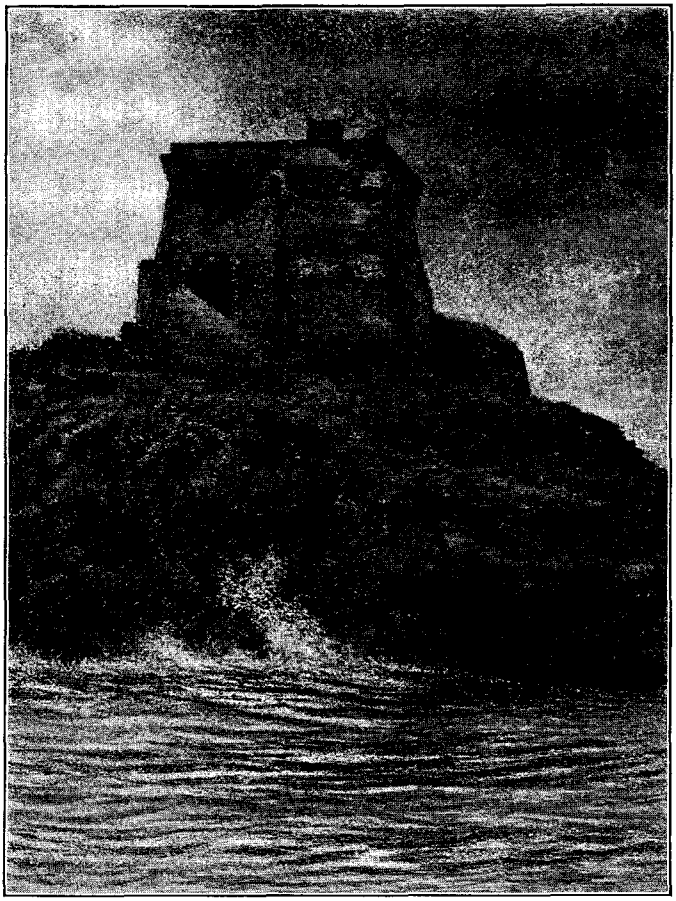

THE TOWER ON THE CALABRIAN COAST

of her former pupils writes: "Although Mrs. Lee's classes are on a subject which one would not suppose to be widely popular (criticism and creative art), they are always full to overflowing. Her value is not so much in what she teaches nor even in the attitude which she inculcates toward art, as in the fact that she herself brings out the student's feeling of self-respect and makes her feel that her own opinion of artistic matters is worth while in itself, even though it may not be that of the best critics. In other words, her training makes for genuineness of feeling and expression more than does that of any professor with whom I have ever come in contact."

• • •

Mrs. Lee began her teaching career at fifteen in a little district school where she had twelve scholars and rang the bell herself! These early experiences, she says, seemed a kind of practical joke. "It was more like playing school than teaching," she writes, "and I seem to have kept something of that feeling with college juniors and seniors." Later

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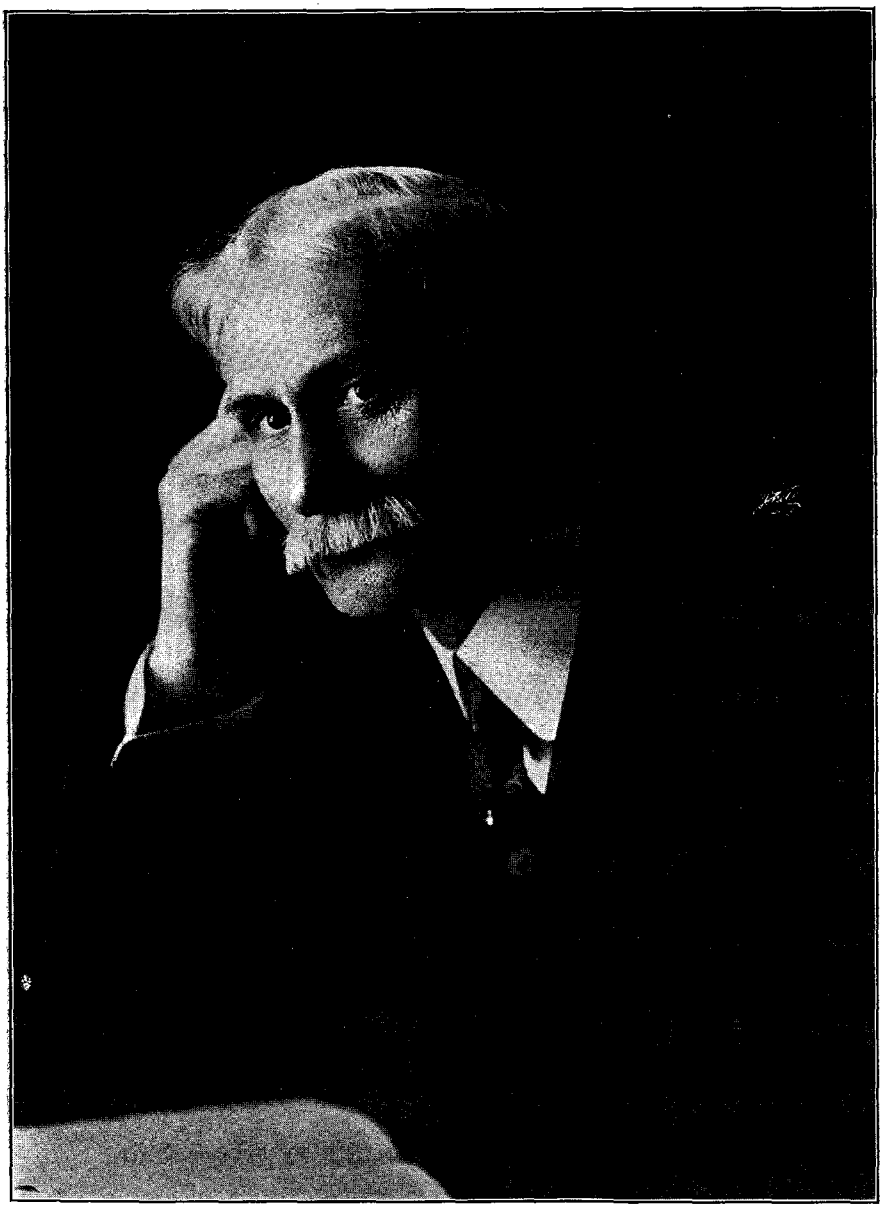

WILL N. HARBEN, WHO IN LAST MONTH'S BOOKMAN WROTE FOR GEORGIA IN THE FIRST PAPER OF THE "AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION" SERIES

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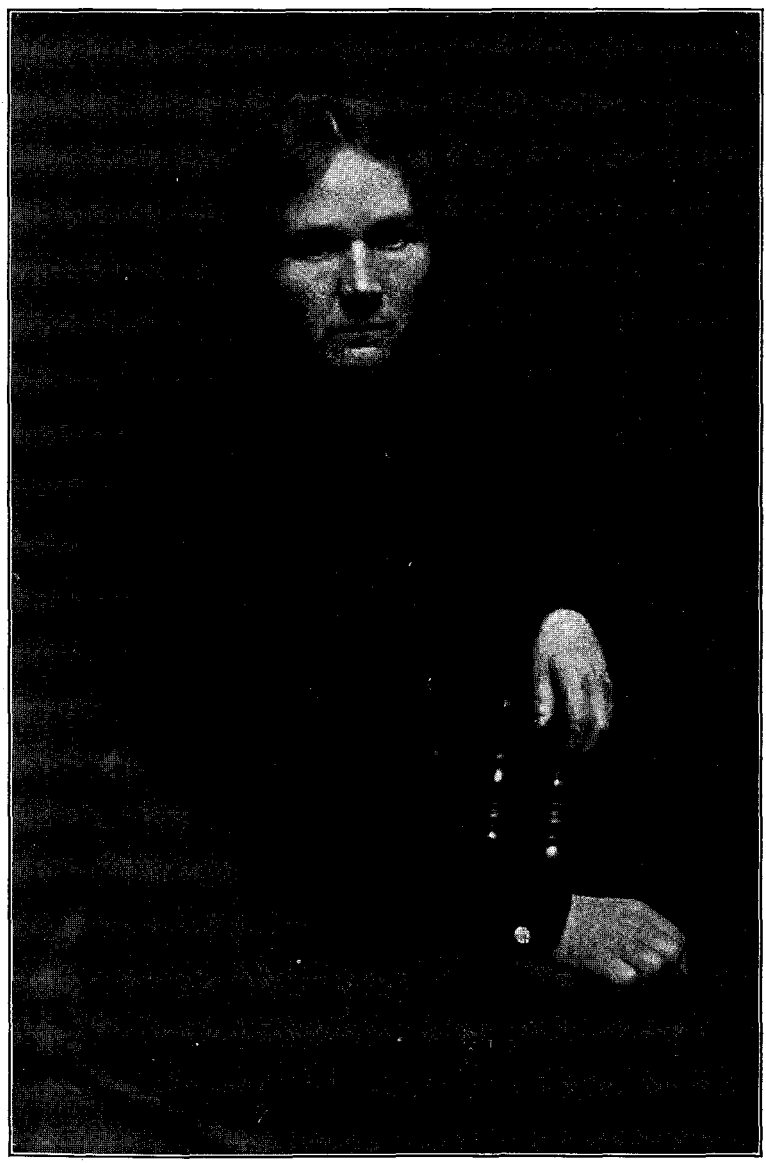
Mrs. Lee taught English for three years at Vassar and then went out to Western Reserve University as the head of the Department of English in the College for Women. Believing as she does that the teacher can learn more from those they teach "because they are closer to new life and can tell us of it—if we let them," this experience must have been invaluable to her in later work and especially in her writing—in the novels where her sympathy and understanding are best disclosed. It was not until 1901 that she returned East to take up her



JENNETTE LEE

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HELEN R. MARTIN, WHO IN THE "AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION" SERIES, WRITES THIS MONTH OF THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH

work at Smith College, where she has been continuously until very recently. Of her long and faithful work at Smith, Miss Fannie Stearns Davis, herself a well-known writer and a former pupil of Mrs. Lee's, writes:

We used to think, in my own college days, that Mrs. Lee did things by magic in the class-room. We realised that by some subtle force of personality she was drawing out of us all the eager response that we could give to the problems of Art and Life that she propounded so quietly; but we gave little thought to her harder share in it.

I remember days when some of us would grow so warm over Walter Pater's ideas—and our own—of Style, and Tolstoy's theory of Art, that class-room manners would be quite forgotten, and the discussion would leap from point to point while each eager young person leaned forward in her chair, ready to fight to the death her next neighbour, should she set up a dissenting argument.

In the heat of the battle, we would glance up at the desk, and catch an amused, sympathising secret little twinkle from the eyes above it. If we fought too far afield, a pithy word of humour or sarcasm would re-

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call us to the real issue; a nod of encouragement for some timid soul, forced by sheer inward ncessity to voice her opinion, would calm the more boisterous and confident of us.

But seldom, though we always looked up to the desk for it, and often flatly begged for it, would the solution of our problem be given us, till we had fought it out for ourselves, often for days and days. Then, from a few brief unadorned sentences, meekly received by us as the final oracle, we would learn what we had really been talking about: what the heart of the matter was. No cut-and-dried conclusions were forced upon us; we were to find our own way after our own fashion; but woe betide those of us who went out of the class-room condemned by that final oracle! For those who were approved by it would vaunt themselves in shameless self-righteous pride, and the dinner table and the hours after the lights went out would still be ringing with echoes of the fight.

I think that we hardly realised, in those young ardent days, what Mrs. Lee was doing. It seemed as if we did all the joyful work, and she, being of course omniscient and far beyond common intellectual struggle, simply had to umpire the contest.

But now, when we drift back to that class-room, and find Pater and Meredith and Tolstoy and Sainte-Beuve and Whitman and Ibsen and many another worthy, old or new to us, still struggled over in the good old way:—when we catch the excitement ourselves, and, "old Alumns" as we are, can hardly refrain ourselves from the combat, we look up at the desk with more comprehension, and realise that that hidden twinkle, those few sympathising or urgent words, that nod and smile of recognition or reproof, that brief illuminating summary, mean not only the magic of personality, but a deep background of serious thought and knowledge; resources beyond the little academic world; deliberate and sometims daring challenge to see straight, and think straight, and pursue at all costs the face of truth, in Life as well as in the shadows of Life that the class-room must use for models.

And perhaps a final proof of this vital quality in what her pupils take away, is that many and many a time, far away in Time and Space, they find themselves saying, "Why, that was what Mrs. Lee meant!" "Yes, for the first time I understand why she said that!" and they seem once more to catch the gleam and challenge of her eyes.

And almost the first question to some recent graduate will be a searching one, whose answer in the affirmative and with an understanding glance creates in an instant a freemasonry: *"Did you take Mrs. Lee?"*

• • •

Vaughan Kester

The late Mr. Vaughan Kester's last book is a volume of short stories under the title *The Hand of the Mighty*. It contains a biographical sketch of the author written by his brother, Mr. Paul Kester. The sketch concludes with a line that every one who knew the author and his story will read with very genuine pleasure—a line to the effect that before he died Vaughan Kester had the satisfaction of knowing that his book (*The Prodigal Judge*) had achieved all the success he could possibly have hoped for it. The narrative of Mr. Paul Kester is all the more effective by reason of its straightforward simplicity. Directly, and without embellishment, he tells the story of his brother's life. Yet it is so easy to read between the lines to realise the bravery of the struggle.

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Another Glimpse

During the past few months there have been published in the BOOKMAN two series of articles which have proved unusually successful. Letters about them, some in cordial endorsement, and others disagreeing with this point or that, have reached us from all parts of the country. One of these series is the "Little Pictures of O. Henry." In a formal sense that series is finished. But in the course of the next month or two we hope to present to our readers a supplementary paper, which will show the late

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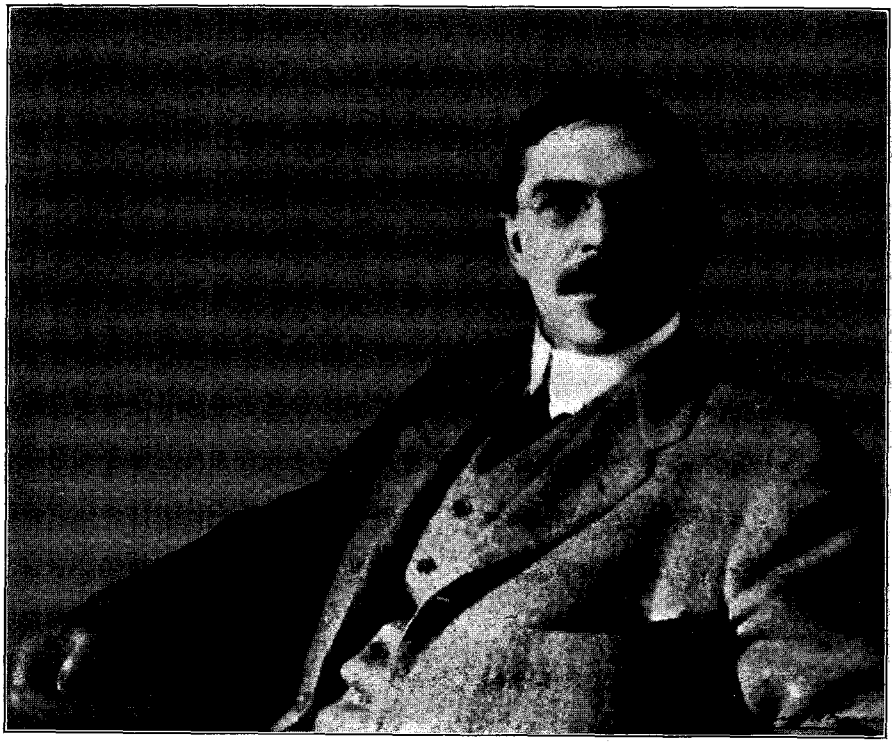

ROYAL CORTISSOZ, AUTHOR OF "ART AND COMMON SENSE"

Sidney Porter in another and wonderfully interesting light. Meanwhile we print an extract from a letter written by Robert H. Davis of the Munsey Company, in answer to a query as to how he found O. Henry.

The first time I saw this extraordinary man was in 1903. I had been deputised by *The New York Sunday World* to verify a rumour that he was in New York. After three days' research, I found him on the top floor of the Hotel Marty on West Twenty-fourth Street. He was seated in his shirt-sleeves by an open window eating Bartlett pears.

"Come in, Mister," he said, with a cordial wave of his hand, "and have a pear. What can I do for you?"

Without losing any time, I launced into the business. *"The New York World* wants you to do some work for its Sunday edition."

"How much do they want to pay for it?"

I named a price.

"All right, Mister. Take two pears—take the bag. When do we begin this work?"

"At once," I informed him.

"If that is the case," he concluded, fanning himself violently, "wait till I cool off and we will go down stairs and have something to eat."

Regardless of the fact that the weather was ninety in the shade that afternoon, we sat in the dining-room of the Marty and consumed a table-d'hote dinner.

The next day O. Henry's career began in earnest.

I saw him frequently thereafter, watched every step in his progress, studied him in all his droll phases, saw him rise to the very height of his fame, and talked with him a few days before he passed into immortality.

In his books he will live through the ages.

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O. HENRY MAKING A TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO PITTSBURGH, A CITY WHICH, FROM CERTAIN OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN A LETTER WHICH APPEARED IN OUR AUGUST NUMBER, HE REGARDED WITH SCANT ENTHUSIASM. "THE LOW-DOWNDEST HOLE ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH" WERE HIS EXACT WORDS. FROM A DRAWING MADE BY HIMSELF

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In the instalment for August of "Little Pictures of O. Henry" we printed a letter in which the late Sidney Porter expressed, emphatically if not politely, his opinion of Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh people. The accompanying illustration shows his ideas on the subject in another light. It was drawn on one page of a letter written to Mr. Richard Duffy, whose narrative in last month's BOOKMAN showed O. Henry in his last days in New York City.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG'S IMPRESSION OF COMPTON MACKENZIE

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An Analogous Case

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's publishers announce the appearance of a new book from his pen with the title *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish*. As a matter of fact the story in question appeared as a two-part serial five years ago in the pages of The BOOKMAN. It was a very good story, but

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. A SKETCH OF JEFFERY FARNOL APPEARING IN A LOCAL PAPER OF HIS OWN TOWN OF LEE, NEAR LONDON

being only twenty thousand words in length, was then thought too slight for publication in book form. But at that time Mr. Farnol had not written *The Broad Highway* and *The Amateur Gentleman*. The case of *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish* recalls a similar case in connection with Booth Tarkington's *Cherry*. That whimsical tale of Princeton life in colonial days was accepted as a two-part serial by *Harper's Magazine*. Years later, after the success of *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Gentleman from Indiana,* it was dug out of the magazine files and issued between covers.

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The Personal Touch

In a letter from Mr. Brander Matthews: "You ought to have the portrait of the writer of the enclosed and his literary biography. He has struck the popular note. He has the personal touch."

DEAR MADAM:—It was my intention to write you immediately on my return from abroad, but I have been so busy with the new models daily arriving from Paris, that I had to postpone this letter.

While you *were off by the sea or up in the mountains,* I was working with the couturiers of the French capital whose names have been famous for years. And from them I demanded that the models created for me be of premier character, representing the highest art of their designers.

You are cordially invited to view the private display of these exclusive examples *—each bubbling over with style that thrills*—before they are placed on formal exposition in October.

Besides having first glimpse at the season's styles, by ordering now you have the opportunity to get either better furs than you expected for the price you intended to pay, or to get the same furs at lower prices. These are two advantages offered when you order early in the season. Early season prices apply also to alterations and remodelling.

Please bring this letter with you and present it to me so that I may personally show you styles best suited to you, individually. At least see the styles, if only for the fashion hints they hold.

Yours with respect,

• • •

It is doubtful whether many readers of Henry Murger's *Vie de Bohême* have associated any of the four leading characters of that story, Schaunard, the "great musician," Rodolphe, the "great

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author," Marcel, the "great painter," or Colline, the "great philosopher" with any real individual. The book, despite its undying charm, has been relegated to the past, and not only to the past of the old world, but to an idealised past which never had any real existence save in Murger's fancy. Yet Ralph Nevill, in his recently published *The Man of Pleasure,* speaks of a certain Jean Wallon as the original of Colline. He tells us that in later life Wallon became the most serious of men, being very much influenced by a devoted but austere wife, who died only a year or two ago. This lady hated the recollection of her husband's Bohemian days, which she sought to obliterate by all the means in her power. On one occasion she protested energetically against some comments upon the student days of her husband, whom she defended against the accusation of having been what she called one of the *tristes viveurs de la Bohême de '48;* and she could never think of the picture drawn by Murger without real pain.

The Real Colline

We have had occasion at times to discuss the "Ad and the Novel," questioning whether this or that work of fiction exploiting ingeniously some salable commodity did not have its inspiration in the mind of an energetic promoter. Whether or not fiction has been thus tainted, there is no doubt that advertising has made free use of the music halls. For example, Mr. Nevill tells us of the singer who in London in the sixties, created a furor with "Champagne Charley." The song did much to increase the popularity of champagne. The idea had birth in the mind of a certain M. Hubinet, agent for a famous French wine house, who pushed his brand by means of various amusing and original methods. A play is even said to have been written with the intention of increasing the sale of a certain *cuvée.* Mr. Nevill's book is an exceedingly entertaining one for light reading. Yet without the slightest intention of disparagement we must say that it illustrates a certain form of literary thrift. By a careful selection of titles he has been able to use much the same material in half a dozen different books.

SEA SPRAY

BY SARA TEASDALE

You are the careless cliffs that shine,
I am the wild and driven sea,
The ardour of the waves is mine,
And their futility.

Endlessly up the cliffs they yearn,
Breaking in song against the shore,
Silver sparks in the sun that burn
And then go out forevermore.

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AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

I—The Pennsylvania "Dutch"

BY HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," and so forth.

"Dutch" is of course a misnomer, the Pennsylvania Germans having emigrated, during the Thirty Years War, from Germany, not from Holland. The term "Dutch" as applied to them is a corruption of the German *Deutch*. "Whenever a man comes into the bank to sign his name," my banker told me one day, "and sticks out his tongue to chew it while he signs, you may know he's from Bucks County, 'behind Lebanon, by the brick school-house around,'" he added facetiously.

There really does seem to be a bovine dulness about the Pennsylvania Dutch equalled only (in my experience of the human family) by the rural inhabitants of some remote localities in England. It is their heavy, unceasing toil, the deadening sameness of their daily routine, the narrowness of their religious creeds, the absence among them of all lightness and frivolity, that makes them so dull. Until very recent years, insanity among the wives of the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers was common, and it was attributed by physicians to the absolute lack of variety, of mental stimulus, in their lives. Even in the matter of their meals they seem to have no imagination, very often serving the same dishes at breakfast that they had had at supper the night before. In love-making they are not romantic; are almost never carried away by passion; but are ever calculating and practical, looking to a girl's capabilities as a housewife rather than to her charms.

Even the children in some of these farming districts of southeastern Pennsylvania do not seem to have enough imagination to play, but sit around stupidly, doing nothing at all. The religion of the various sects that abound here is ascetic, puritanic, severe, enforcing a plain garb (in the case of the men, grotesque), denouncing all "pleasure-seeking," all ornamenting either of the home or the person, inculcating a "separation from the world," which in the case of the New Mennonites, goes to fanatical lengths; disparaging education as having a tendency to "make rogues," prohibiting musical instruments and every form of Art. The severity of the New Mennonite discipline has been known to drive men to suicide—such as the rule forbidding a member of Meeting who has been "set back" for a fault, to have any communication with any other member of Meeting until restored to the Meeting's favour. This has led to the strange situation of a man and wife, or a mother and daughter, living under the same roof, not speaking to each other for months; a strain put upon them by their religious faith that has often ended in madness and death.

The New Mennonites are forbidden to hear a preacher of any other sect; so that if a New Mennonite happens to be at a funeral where an Old Mennonite is to speak, he will leave the room until the address is finished—and then return. The Amish, the plainest of all these sects, though not so intolerant as the New Mennonites, build no meeting-houses, but gather at the home of one of the members for worship. Several of these sects forbid their members to vote, or even to serve as a member of a school-board. Even the maternal instinct seems to find no spontaneous expression of happiness. "That ain't fur us to do—to make a fuss with the baby," an Amish mother once told me as I tried in vain to make her solemn infant laugh. I have never seen a Pennsylvania Dutch mother show more than a very mild affection

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for her children. If the real passion of motherhood does exist among them, I have never been able to recognise it.

Nor have I ever seen a mother among them willing to make sacrifices for the education of her children. Ian MacLaren's story, *A Lad o' Pairts,* could never be written of a Pennsylvania Dutch mother. They have some sterling virtues; they are industrious, honest, frugal, clean. But even their virtues are of a negative, rather than a heroic character. I have no reason in the world to be prejudiced against these people. I describe them just as they appear to me. I find it impossible to idealise them.

Richard Watson Gilder once told me that no one had ever written up a community without earning its enmity. No matter how much praise was given, it was not enough to satisfy the inhabitants. So of course my stories of the Pennsylvania Dutch have earned for me the bitterest resentment—not of the people of whom I write, for they do not read what I write; they do not read anything; but I have earned the resentment of those who have had sufficient brains and forcefulness to have worked themselves free of the stultifying conditions of their farm life into a broader, fuller existence; and some of these people, full of a loving sentiment for the home of their youth, for the quaint customs of their forebears, and even for the religion which they have discarded, are wounded by my perfectly accurate pictures; the more accurate they are, the more they hurt.

It seems to me that one who, like myself, looks on at them from the outside (for though I have lived in Pennsylvania all my life, I have no drop of Pennsylvania Dutch blood in me) can more clearly and truly see them than can those who are *of* them and who, as soon as they have escaped from their native environment, begin to idealise it—as Sentimental Tommy's mother idealised Thrums. I am constantly receiving letters from western people whose ancestors lived in southeastern Pennsylvania —telling me how true my characters are. "So true," a former Millersville Normal School graduate wrote to me, "as to be uncanny!"—and Mr. Gilder, though he did not know the Pennsylvania Germans except through my novels and stories, once said to me, "Your people do not converse on paper—they *talk!*" This is simply because I have never written a line of the Pennsylvania Dutch that I have not virtually taken from life. Of course I have been obliged to select, for the purposes of fiction, their worst, rather than their best, side—the best being too unheroic, too tame, to be at all interesting.

A word as to their honesty, of which their proud descendants are always boasting, and perhaps justly so. Yet we do have graft in Pennsylvania. Lancaster, Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem, have not always had ideally honest city government. Business men say it is easier to drive a bargain with a Jew than with a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Even the strict New Mennonite is not above getting around the letter of the law occasionally—as, for instance, when he brings his tobacco to town to be weighed, he would not be guilty himself of wetting it to make it heavier, but he will sometimes get his wife or hired man to wet it, so that if the purchaser ask, "Did you wet this tobacco?" he may truthfully say that he did not—and this proceeding will entirely satisfy his conscience. Their religion forbids their going to law for any redress of wrong—but they frequently have a relative or friend bring suit *for* them. This kind of a New Mennonite, however, is the exception, not the rule.

Their contentment in the monotony of their lives, their lack of all craving for diversion or excitement, has always seemed to me stupid rather than commendable. They are by nature conservative, unprogressive, stolid. Their idea of a woman's place in the economy of the universe is little better than a Chinaman's. They have no conception of her apart from her function of breeding and of making men comfortable in their homes, so, of course, any idea of chiv-

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alry would be inconceivable. The wife of a Presbyterian minister lately moving to a Pennsylvania village told me how the women of the place pitied her husband because in the absence of a maid *he* brought in the water from the pump. They thought him pitiably henpecked. Any market day you may see women unloading heavy crates or baskets of vegetables, fruit and so forth from their market wagons and carrying them to the stalls where their husbands *stand and wait to receive them.* And yet—even the Pennsylvania Dutchman is beginning, in these days of Suffragists, to have a glimmering of another idea.

Indeed, the stirring changes of our times have had their radical effect upon these people. The Pennsylvania Dutch as they are depicted in *Tillie, The Crossways,* and so forth, are passing. Even the New Mennonites and the Amish, the most hidebound of all the many little sects, are being roused out of their rut by their now closer contact with city life, through the trolley car, the telephone, the automobile. The Amish who in my childhood thought it worldly vanity to have lamps on their carriages (God only knows why) and who crucified their pride by smearing muddy water over a new and highly polished vehicle, may now be seen coming to town in automobiles—though the men of the sect still adhere to hooks and eyes on their coats instead of worldly, proud and un-Christian buttons and button-holes. Only among the very old are automobiles now denounced. "No such an automobile fur me!" an old farmer said to me. "I got to be seventy-five years old and I worked hard and made money a little in my time, but I never was in *such* a hurry!" Indeed, an Amishman in an automobile seems as incongruous to me as would be a nun dancing the Turkey Trot. In those localities reached, even in this day, only by stage coaches, the customs, language, and family life of the earlier days still persist.

The greatest modern change among these people is the relaxing of the strict paternal government that used to be universal, and the greater independence of the wives and daughters. This is due of course to the same cause which everywhere is "emancipating" women—her economic independence of men. When the Pennsylvania Dutch farmer's daughter realises how much better off she can be working for herself in town than slaving on the farm for nothing, until she marries to slave then for her husband, naturally, unless she is very stupid, she leaves home. Divorce, once unheard of in these communities, is now occasionally resorted to, though still regarded with horror; for, as among all primitive civilisations, or half-educated people, a regard for respectability is the essential religion of their lives. It is only the highly developed soul that is not enslaved by that powerful factor in human life.

I remember the suspicion with which farmers and their wives would invariably regard me when—applying to them for a few days' board—I would confess to being a married woman; not even a widow. Why, then, was I going about *without my husband?* This unprecedented circumstance made it much harder for me to obtain board with them than if I had been "an old maid." "Where's her husband *any*how?" the farmer and his wife would speculate with dark doubts upon my strange carrying-on, "Her out here alone fur *three days* yet and him not showin' his face! It's somepin awful funny!" Then the wife would—feeling her way to solving the mystery of my case—tell me how in twenty-five years of married life she had never yet spent a night away from her spouse.

One morning as I was sitting on the kitchen porch of a farmhouse writing to my husband, the farmer's wife bent over my shoulder to read what I was writing. "Now that there writing," she remarked, "I can't read so wery good." I quickly laid the blotter over the page. "I am writing to my husband," I said hastily, "to let him know where I am." She stared at me. "He don't know where

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you're *at?"* she gasped. "I'm writing to let him know." "Well, I guess anyhow *then!"*—which being interpreted, meant, "I should think it was about time!" "You're all the time writin' down?" she curiously asked me one day. "Taking notes," I explained. "What fur 'notes' is them?" "Well, you see, I write for magazines and I am taking notes of the scenery, the rural life and so forth." "So?" She pondered it for a moment, then went to a sideboard drawer, brought forth a copy of the *Farmers' Journal* and presented it to me for inspection. "This *here's* such a magazine. Is it this here you write in?" "I don't know enough about farming to write for that," I explained—and she agreed with me that I probably did not. But this was the only magazine she had ever heard of.

Almost the only sign I ever had from the districts of which I write that any knowledge of my stories had reached them, was this communication that came to me after the publication of *The Crossways*—

"EMAUS, PA.,

"MRS. MARTIN:

"I have seen your Advertisement in a paper about a Pennsylvania German book entitled *The Crossways*. We would like to have your particulars at once.

"And Oblige,

"Snyder and Christman."

I referred "Snyder and Christman" to my publishers for my "particulars."

But while modern conditions are forcing these people into a slightly new world and so losing to some future novelist a rich field of curious and droll human characteristics, yet enough remains of this field to yield the few writers of the present generation who are working it, ample harvest for a good while to come. There is, for instance, the germ of a good novel in the conflict necessarily resulting sometimes from the operation of "the garb law." *The Philadelphia Press* published some time ago this paragraph:

"Waynesboro, Pa.—Unwilling to violate the State anti-garb law, Miss Lydia Miller resigned as teacher of Harrison School in Washington township, and her resignation has been accepted.

"Miss Miller is a member of the Mennonite Church, which requires of its female members the wearing of a modest gown and bonnet. The board reluctantly accepted the resignation, regarding Miss Miller as one of the most efficient teachers in its service.

"Henry B. Hess, secretary of the board, declares the anti-garb law unconstitutional."

I could not in a lifetime record all the tragic and pathetic stories I have known to grow out of the Mennonite rule "requiring of its female members the wearing of a modest gown and bonnet."

HELOISE TO ABELARD

BY THOMAS WALSH

THE wild rose that you pressed between
The vellum of my Book of Hours
Hath left a stain of rust and green
To mark the joy that once was ours.

Not so the flowers unplucked, whose scent
Sufficed us as we wandered on;
The sweetness of them is not spent,
Nor is their stain, though they be gone.

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LITERARY ZURICH

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

SET in a landscape with a lake in the fore- and the mountains in the background, two cities of the Helvetian republic resemble each other curiously in topography and tradition. Geneva basks in the halo of Calvin and Rousseau, who set their seal upon the spiritual conscience of many generations, the one as the preacher of a severe religious, the other of a romantic reading of life. Zurich cherishes the memory of Ulrich Zwingli, who from the house in the Kirchgasse, where he had sowed the seeds of the Reformation, went out to fight and die for his faith in the battle of Kappel, and that of Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, whose pedagogical ideal curiously agrees with the educational efforts of our awakened social conscience. On a sunny summer day, when the Bahnhofstrasse is alive with a perpetual stream of tourists, idly gazing about and little concerned with anything outside of their momentary material comfort, it is difficult to imagine that city the scene of violent struggles of the soul and poignant conflicts of the mind. Yet with all its air of comfortably serene conservatism Zurich has known such struggles, both individual and communal, and has been as much a hotbed of revolution as her sister of the more Latin physiognomy.

For the spirit of protest and protestantism was not confined to the religious and ethical elements of life, but reached out into the world of art and letters and revised the standards of the people's taste. The shades of Ulrich von Hutten, the German humanist who died as a fugitive on the island of Ufnau in 1523, haunt the place from time to time and stir the atmosphere to intellectual ferment. At two distinct periods of its history has Zurich witnessed the strife of æsthetic creeds and the decline of old and rise of new ideals. One hundred and fifty years ago two valiant critical minds uttered a forcible protest against servile imitation of French models by German writers and directed the attention of the young generation to English masters, foremost among them Milton. The *Diskurse der Maler,* by Johann Jakob Bodmer and Johann Heinrich Breitinger, have a permanent place in the history of German literature, having freed it from the stilted artificiality of the Gottsched school, which had its seat at Leipsic. The Bodmer ideal of life and art, however, was not without a touch of pedantry. It was preached and practised by a circle of serious adepts in societies that barred from their reunions the facile play of intellect which flourished elsewhere in the form of French *esprit.* Their moral earnestness weighed down the wings of their wit. Women were not called to take part in their interests and pursuits. Thus the Bodmer influence, however profoundly it affected the literary production of the period, was hardly felt outside of the profession.

But the intellectual life of Zurich at that time was not confined to the Bodmer circle. Samuel Gessner, a worthy councilman who died in 1788, was the author of a once much-admired volume of idyls in a pseudo-classical style, and Martin Usteri, a popular writer of dialect verse, has become widely known wherever German is spoken by the popular song "Freut euch des Lebens." A religious and intellectual leader was Johann Caspar Lavater, the pastor of St. Peter's, who had a great following among the men and women of his country and of Germany. His religious and patriotic poetry, his semi-philosophical prose, and especially his physiognomic studies, won for him the esteem of Herder and Goethe, and the time being one of letter-writing, he figures largely in

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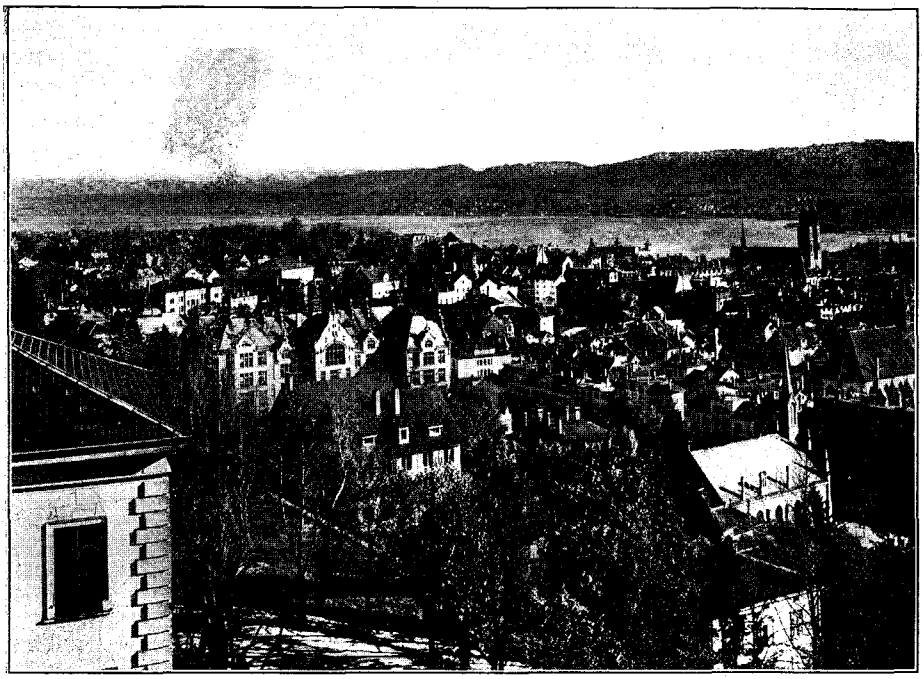

ZURICH FROM THE UNIVERSITY

the correspondence of the German classics. In the pulpit a most persuasive orator, in intimate intercourse a charming talker, he gathered about him quite informally men and women of different social standing for the purpose of intellectual exchange and mutual improvement. Though of erratic character, he had an attractive personality, and his wide human interest, his ardent idealism and his broad scholarship made these reunions most profitable to those that attended them. Lavater thus became not only a spiritual teacher for many not immediately connected with his church, but a literary mentor and guide through the labyrinth of the book-world and an interesting interpreter of the rising classicism of Germany. He read to his guests extracts from the new books and the letters that passed between him and their authors, and whenever one of them came to Zurich, he did not fail to make the most of the occasion, both for himself, ever hungry for inspiration and ready to admire, as for his friends. Nor was his range of interests confined to religion and literature. Art and music were cultivated and discussed with equal eagerness, and many a foreign artist owed the warm welcome which Zurich extended to the advance notices that had come from the "Waldries" or the "Reblaub," as Lavater called the two houses successively inhabited by him.

That inner circle of his friends was composed of several young theologians, Häfeli, Stolz, his amanuensis Passavant, who was from Frankfort, Georg Christian Tobler, a theologian and classical scholar of considerable reputation, Anna Barbara von Muralt, who published an intimate record of the life and character of Lavater, and Frau Barbara Schulthess, his most faithful patroness and wisest counsellor. Lavater's letters to his friends fairly overflow with praise of that exceptional woman. He wrote about her to Goethe, until the latter himself entered into correspondence with her, and in a letter to Herder he says in his wonted extravagance: "Frau

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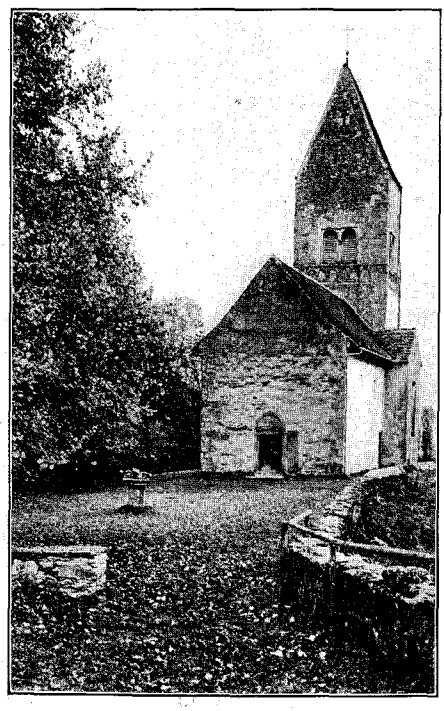
Schulthess, née Wolf, is a woman you should know. She has nothing about her of that confounded Zurich pedantry, is taciturn, but always active, is misunderstood by people that do not sufficiently know her, but soars in aquiline height above all cavilling. She is a daughter of the gentlest solicitude, a wife and companion, a mother and playmate, a friend without parallel, a heart without equal, a mind that embraces and penetrates and speaks all powerfully through silent eyes, and a soul that lives in me and my wife and is the dearest friend of my dearest friend. Amen." With due allowance for Lavater's high-strung emotionalism and sentimental gush, Frau Schulthess must have been a woman of extraordinary character to have been able for so many years to be the friend and adviser of a man of his eccentric temperament. There was continual visiting back and forth between the Lavater and the Schulthess families. Living in comfortable circumstances as the widow of a well-to-do cotton manufacturer, she was a well-read and liberal patron of art and letters, and at her residence in the Schönenhof entertained the intellectuals of her time. Among them were besides the friends of Lavater, Johann Georg Zimmermann, physician, philosopher and author of a once much-quoted book on solitude; Johann Martin Miller, a writer of sentimental fiction; Friedrich Leopold von Stolberg, the poet-friend of Klopstock; Philipp Christoph Kayser, a highly gifted musician; Johann Georg Schlosser and his wife, who was the sister of Goethe; the Marquise Branconi, the Baroness Palm, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, the Duke of Weimar, and Goethe himself.

FRAU BARBARA SCHULTHESS, THE PATRONESS OF INTELLECTUAL ZURICH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS AGO, TO WHOM GOETHE SENT COPIES OF ALL HIS WORKS. AFTER A PAINTING BY TISCHBEIN



GRAVE OF ULRICH VON HUTTEN IN UFNAU

II

Goethe's correspondence with Frau Bäbe, as she was familiarly called, began in 1775, and a year later, during his first journey to Switzerland, he met her at the home of Lavater. From that time he sent her copies of everything he wrote

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during the twenty or more years of their friendship. Thus she became the owner of not a few original manuscripts, some of which were discovered in the possession of her descendants only a few years ago. Among them was the *Gesang der Geister über den Wassern,* which he had written during his second Swiss trip at Lauterbrunnen, and parts of *Wilhelm Meister,* which were unknown in their first version. Modest and unassuming and of rare discretion, Frau Schulthess did not pretend to be a critic, yet the letters in which she acknowledged the receipt of Goethe's manuscripts contain passages that show admirable judgment and understanding. The Goethe-Jahrbuch published nineteen of these letters, and seventy more to other friends and to her children have come to light and reflect her rich personality, in which simple womanly domesticity was curiously blended with intellectual interests and artistic talents. Her descendants cherish the literary tradition that clings to her name, for the memoir of her life, which was published recently by Gustav von Rechberg-Schulthess bears the imprint of a publishing house of her name, which is doing much in the way of bringing out the writers of Switzerland.

With Lavater, who died in 1801, and Frau Bäbe, who followed seventeen years later, Zurich lost two forces that centralised the intellectual life of the period, and neither the parsonage of St. Peter's nor the Schönenhof had immediate successors. The leisurely rhythm of eighteenth century life was disturbed by the political unrest of the times, and the first half of the new century passed singularly devoid of any striking individualities in the world of art and letters. Most of the writers of Zurich in that period were teachers, and only late in life devoted their energies to literary production. The one poet of the time whose artistic temperament made him insist upon the independence of the free lance, and who suffered keenly for it, was Heinrich Leuthold. He was the son of a farm labourer in a village near Zu-

LAUTERBRUNNEN, WHERE GOETHE WROTE HIS "GESANG DER GEISTER ÜBER DEN WASSERN"

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rich, had struggled hard to obtain opportunities of education, and was admitted to college courses in Basle, Berne and Zurich. But philosophy and literature attracted him far more, and he neglected the lecturers on Roman and other law in order to hear men like Ludwig Seeger, Wilhelm Wackernagel and Jacob Burckhardt. Without taking a degree, he obeyed an impulse of Wanderlust and travelled about France and Italy, studying their language and lit-

HOUSE WHERE COTTFRIED KELLER LIVED

erature. Then he went to Munich, where he was taken up by the literary circle presided over by Paul Heyse and Emanuel Geibel, and became an active member of the national-liberal party. But he was too deeply bitten with the romantic pessimism of the period to accept life as it was and seemed ever to be the prey of the two powers which according to Schiller rule the world: hunger and love. In spite of undeniable ability he was incapable of earning his living, and brooding over an unhappy affair of the heart clouded his mind. When he returned to Zurich, he had to be placed in the insane asylum at Burghölzli.

The sane and practical nature of the Swiss does not often produce characters of such an abnormal type and morbid disposition. Yet there is another even more pathetic figure vividly remembered as the subject of much comment some twenty years ago: Karl Stauffer-Bern, the painter, sculptor, etcher and poet, whose canvases can be found in Swiss and German art galleries and whose life, letters and poems were edited and published after his death by no less a critic than Otto Brahm. Stauffer's temperament, like that of Leuthold, was not made for happiness and lacked poise. When he became possessed of the unfortunate passion for the wife of his friend, Escher of Zurich, the beautiful and fascinating Lydia Welti-Escher, he lost his reason.

With the exception of Pestalozzi, whose pedagogical novel, *Liemhardt und Gertrud,* largely determined the development of the science of education in Germany, and of Bodmer and Lavater, Swiss writers remained outsiders in German literature until the advent of two men, both sons of Zurich, who set the stamp of their individuality upon fiction and poetry and were acknowledged masters of the novel and of the ballad: Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. It is said of Keller, who was the son of a wood-worker and started out in life as a poor art student, that the poetical impulse was quite suddenly awakened in him one day after his return from two years of study in Munich. He stopped in his work at the easel to write some verse. Ludwig Adolf Follen, who was then in Zurich, published his first efforts in an anthology, and this distinction, modest as it was, called the attention of the municipal counsellors to the rising poet. They gave him a travelling scholarship, which took him to the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin. But on his return the native practical sense

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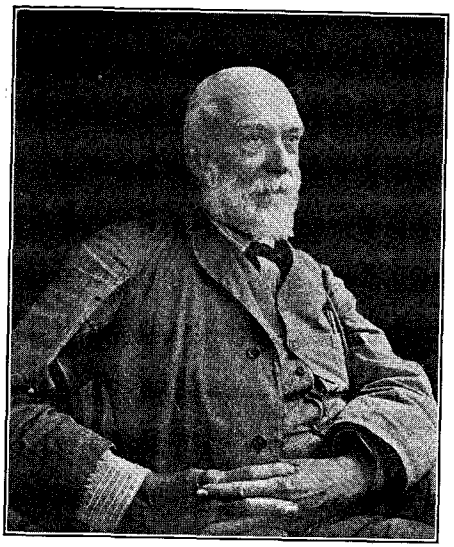
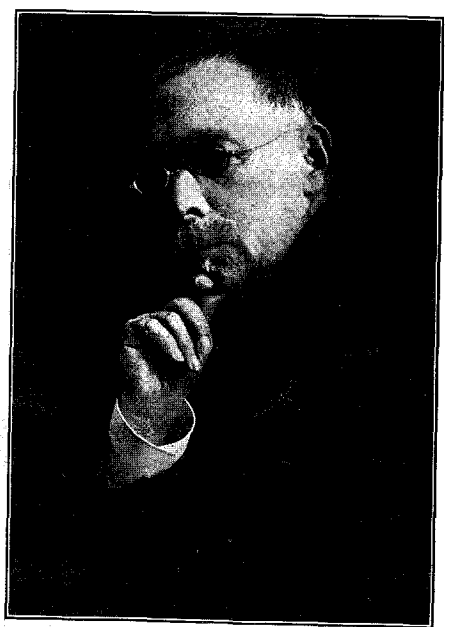


DR. AUGUST FOREL. TO HIS INFLUENCE CARL AND GERHART HAUPTMANN OWE THEIR REMARKABLE UNDERSTANDING OF SUFFERING HUMANITY. HIS WRITINGS AGAINST ALCOHOLISM PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED THE YOUNGER GENERATION

prompted Keller to seek an office which would insure him a regular income, and though he chafed under the restrictions which his position imposed upon him, he retained it until fourteen years before his death. Modest is the house on the Neumarkt where Gottfried Keller was born and the one on the Rindermarkt, where he spent his youth. But the "Burgli," where he lived after he had acquired fame, situated upon an elevation commanding a superb view and guarded by sentinel poplars which suggest the trees of Böcklin, has something unusually suggestive. Local gossip says that he frequently had difficulty in climbing the hill at night, when he returned from a prolonged session with his friend, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, over some bottles of wine. But the place was certainly an appropriate setting for the author who with such marvellous objectivity projected the comedies and the tragedies of the people into the pages of his *Grüne Heinrich*—Green Henry—*Die Leute von Seldwyla*—The People of Seldwyla—and others. There he lived in bachelor solitude with his loyal sister, who many a night went out to meet him and helped him up the stairs.

Unique symposia they were, these meetings with Meyer, Böcklin and others. Only one of the men that made up that little circle of intellectual comrades remains in Zurich, Professor Adolf Frey. He is the son of Jacob Frey, a man who sprung from the people but had become a prominent figure among the writers of the previous generation. Adolf Frey set out as a teacher, and after some editorial activity in Germany was called to fill the chair of German literature at the University of Zurich. He has to his credit a respectable number of works of fiction, drama and verse, but his most valuable achievements are historical and critical. He has done Swiss literature inestimable service in his collections of Swiss lore and has kept green the memory of the older writers, Albrecht von Haller, J.



ADOLF FREY. HE HAS TO HIS CREDIT A RESPECTABLE NUMBER OF FICTION, DRAMA, AND VERSE, BUT HIS MOST VALUABLE ACHIEVEMENTS ARE HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL. HE HAS DONE SWISS LITERATURE INESTIMABLE SERVICE IN HIS COLLECTION OF SWISS LORE

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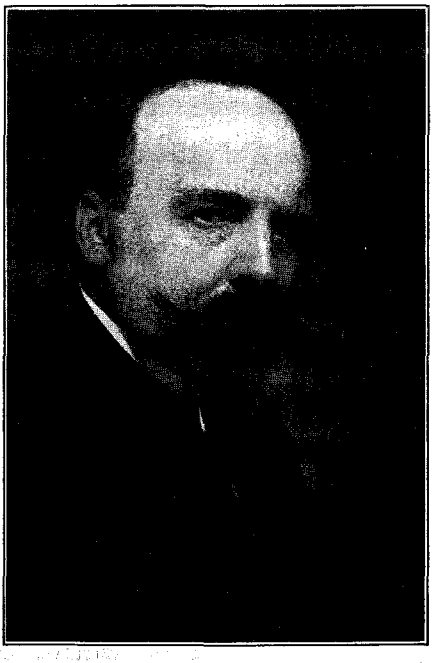
G. von Salis-Seewis and his own father in memoirs which faithfully reproduce the spirit of their time. He has published books on his friends, Gottfried Keller and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, in which he has not only been a critical interpreter of the work of both, but has brought them nearer to their readers by reminiscences that bring out their human qualities. He has also a rich store of Böcklin anecdotes, and is altogether an able and sympathetic commentator of the life and the character of his great contemporaries.

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer came of quite a different stock than either Keller or Frey. His father was a high government official; like Keller, he lost him early, but the mother was a woman of rare intellectual culture and was ably assisted in the care for the youth's development by the father's friend, the historian Vuillemin of Lausanne. The choice of a profession was not an easy matter; the youth considered for a time the study of law under Bluntschli, but



ERNST ZAHN, THE MOST FAMOUS SON OF ZURICH AT THE PRESENT TIME

JAKOB CHRISTOPH HEER. HEER IS PERHAPS THE MOST TYPICALLY SWISS OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF LITERARY ZURICH

his artistic temperament was stronger than his practical Swiss sense, and he devoted himself to the study of languages and literature. Like Keller, he had a sister who stood loyally by him in the serious conflicts of his strange soul. Disappointed in his hope of being called to the University of Zurich as a professor of French literature, and grieving over the death of his mother, he spent some years of travel in France and Italy. On his return he settled with his sister in the old home of the family in the Stadelhoferstrasse. Neither of them had a strong social instinct and their self-imposed isolation may not have passed without comment among their sociable fellow-citizens. It seems as if the atmosphere of Zurich was not congenial to them at that period, for when they lived in Küssnacht and in Meilen, on the lake, they were in close intercourse with François and Eliza Wille, whose home at Marienfeld was as much a rendezvous of intellectuals as the Schönenhof had been in its time.

Eliza Wille was the daughter of an English father and a German mother. She was the wife of François Wille, a brilliant journalist who had been prominent in the political unrest of North Germany during the third and fourth decade, and was a most interesting and

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EMIL ERMATINGER, A PEDAGOGUE POET, WHOSE CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL STUDIES OBSCURE HIS WORK IN FICTION AND POETRY

amiable hostess at the gatherings that took place in her hospitable home. There one could meet all the German writers, musicians and artists that passed through Zurich or lived there any length of time: the architect Semper, the philosopher Moleschott, the poets Herwegh and Kinkel, the historian Mommsen, the Countess Plater, Gottfried Keller, Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner. The latter enjoyed the hospitality of the Willes for months at the time in that unfortunate period of poverty through which he passed between 1851 and 1864. The Willes must have been exceptionally congenial to Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, who is said to have been their most frequent guest before he married and settled in the house on the Kilchberg. It is not generally known, though of timely interest in this period of feminism, that he attached the name of his wife to his own, and after his marriage signed himself Meyer-Ziegler, like Professor Arnold Dodel of Zurich, who on marrying Dr. Katharina Port, called himself Dodel-Port. The widow of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer still lives in the house in Kilchberg where he died and near which he is buried. It has become the goal of many a literary pilgrimage, being sought even by the average tourist whose acquaintance with the works of the poet does not extend beyond the lines on the popular souvenir postal card with the little church of Kilchberg.

Since the publication of the letters of Richard Wagner and Matilde Wesendonck the stream of tourists for whom Zurich is a convenient stopping-place on their way to Lucerne and the Rigi, is frequently seen wandering down the Alpenquai, past the imposing edifice devoted to music, the Tonhalle, and asking the way to the Villa Wesendonck, now Villa Rietberg. The view of the lake and the shores beyond and all the lines of the landscape are peaceful and harmonious, and the building itself has an air of restful aloofness from everyday life. When Otto Wesendonck settled here with his wife, who was a

JAKOB SCHAFFNER, A YOUNG NOVELIST WHO IS FREQUENTLY POINTED OUT AS THE POSSIBLE HEIR OF KELLER'S GENIUS

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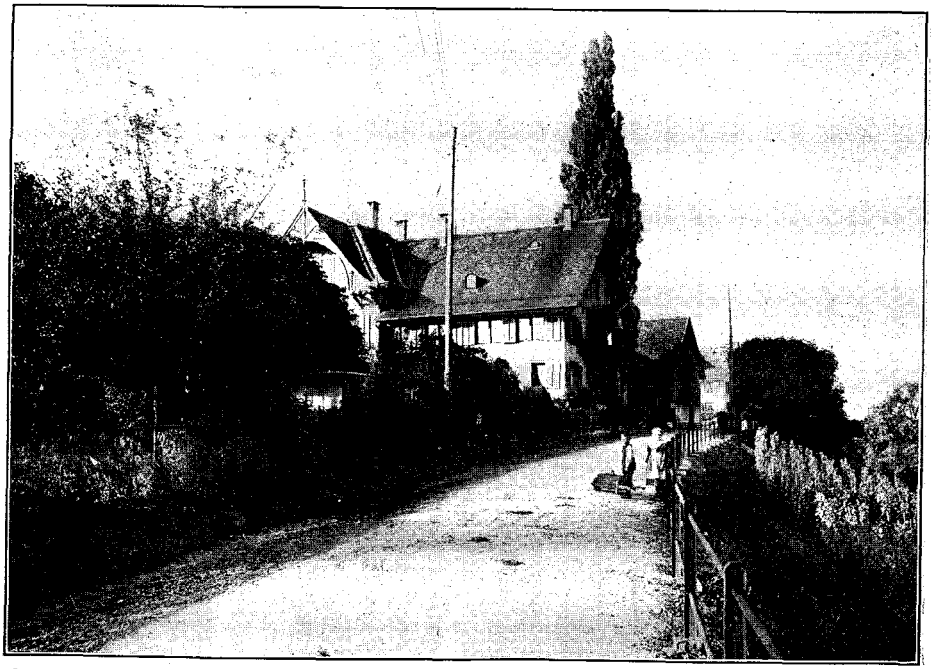
GÖSCHENEN, WHERE ERNST ZAHN OWNS A HOTEL AND RECEIVES MANY OF HIS ADMIRERS



CONRAD FERDINAND MEYER'S HOME AT KILCHBERG, WHICH HAS BECOME THE GOAL OF MANY A LITERARY PILGRIMAGE

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writer of ability, he acquired a small house in the neighbourhood for Wagner. It was an ideal spot for creative work, and under the influence of the beautiful surroundings and the inspiration of the rare friendship that had come to him, Wagner wrote *Tristan and Isolde*. But the close neighbourhood of the great-souled friend and the small-minded wife were a continual source of friction, and the jealousy of Frau Minna made of the *sinfonia domestica* of the Wagner household a tragedy for all concerned. Before long Wagner was homeless again. Nor did the Wesendoncks remain long in Zurich, and the house which has become inseparably associated with memories of the great composer came into other hands.

III

During the last two decades of the nineteenth century Zurich was much frequented by the young men and women who had eagerly grasped the gospel of Nietzsche and attempted a "revaluation" of all values. Some were taking courses at the university, where men like Dr. August Forel opened to them vistas into unknown regions of the human soul, or suggested a new reading of life. To the influence of Forel Gerhart and Carl Hauptmann owe their remarkable understanding of and sympathy for suffering and diseased humanity. His writings against alcoholism had stirred up thought on the subject and profoundly impressed the young generation. Carl Hauptmann was then studying philosophy and inclined toward metaphysics, but Gerhart plunged into the study of psychology and the pathological manifestations of soul-life. He could hardly have written his toper tragedy *Before Sunrise* and created the character of the bibulous "Colleague Crampton" without the new light which Forel threw upon the subject. Karl Henckell was also at the university and preached and practised in his lyrics that close welding of life and art which gave us the poetry and the fiction of the slums. Robert Seidel, then a student of economics, now an instructor at the Realschule and lecturer at the university, was writing social lyrics. Matthieu Schwann, a somewhat erratic character, but of extraordinary versatility, who had studied pharmacy, music, philosophy and letters, was directing his attention toward history. John Henry Mackay, the Scotchman, who had come to Germany at the age of two and was thoroughly naturalised, was one of the radical thinkers of the group. Wilhelm Bölsche lived there for a time. Ricarda Huch had come from her home in Brunswick to obtain her doctor of philosophy, and when suddenly thrown upon her own resources, became librarian of the city library. Otto Hinrichsen, now known as a playwright under the pseudonym Otto Hinnerk, was studying literature and philosophy, but later chose medicine and specialised in psychiatry. He has made a name for himself in his profession, has filled responsible positions and is now connected with the insane asylum in Friedmatt near Basle. He has an impressive and sympathetic personality and there was an air of wholesome strength and sincerity about him as he stepped forward to greet the writer. He seems rather wrapped up in his work and spoke with a touch of caustic satire of his plays, admitting that they are a poor investment, while his scientific writings not only offer better compensation, but at least find readers. Yet his *Närrische Welt*—Foolish World, *Ehrwürden Trimborius* — Reverend Trimborius — and *Ehrsam und Genossen*—Ehrsam and his Partners—are plays of such strong individuality that their reading impresses almost as a performance would, and makes one wish that Otto Hinnerk, the dramatist, would become as conspicuous on the German stage as Dr. Otto Hinrichsen is in his profession.

Zurich had at that time a publisher, Schabelitz, who was a real patron saint to the newcomers inspired with the mission of revolutionising life and letters. Many writers whose works were not acceptable to the conventional standards of

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conservative German publishers were brought out by him. Karl Henckell himself was member of a firm which for a time did a lively business in works by the younger generation. He stood sponsor for Gertrud Pfander, the most gifted poetess of Switzerland, who died at the age of twenty-four, two years after the publication of her volume of poems, *Passifloren.* Henckell also compiled a unique "loose-leaf" anthology, *Sonnenblumen,* which contained some excellent translations from Shelley, Poe and Whitman and very fairly represented the world's best poetry. So Zurich once more was the scene of a serious struggle of æsthetical standards just as it had been one hundred and fifty years before. Even now it is the residence of a man who was closely identified with the aims and aspirations of the young generation, Karl Bleibtreu, the author of the *Revolution der Literatur,* which threw a firebrand into the writing world of Germany in the early eighties.

It is singular how many Swiss writers of the present set out as pedagogues before they embraced literature. Beginning with Otto Sutermeister, who belongs to the generation of Leuthold, there are few who have not been teachers. Dr. Adolf Vögtlin, the author of some very enjoyable "Novellen" and a commendable translator of Maupassant, taught at the Gymnasium of Zurich before he became editor of the popular magazine *Am häuslichen Herd.* Christian Tarnuzzer, who attracted attention by his poems published now twenty years ago, has been teaching at Chur and writing books of travel and science. Karl Spitteler, originally a theologian, then a tutor, was for a time literary editor of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung,* but left it some years ago and settled at Lucerne to devote himself exclusively to creative work. Fritz Marti, who now holds that position on the paper, was also a teacher before he became a novelist and editorial writer. Emil Ermatinger is an interesting figure among those pedagogue-poets. He is a very popular instructor at the Gymnasium, the industrial and the girls' school of Winterthur and also lectures at the Polytechnikum of Zurich. It is to be regretted that his classical and historical studies obscure his creative work in fiction and poetry. Some time ago he wrote the story of a college student, *Der Weg ins Leben,* which treats with unusual understanding the spiritual conflicts and other problems of adolescence. The quality of the book explains his popularity in the class-room. To know their sons and daughters under such wise guidance must be comforting to the parents, and not a few students at the institutions with which he is connected are attracted by the personality of Emil Ermatinger.

It is natural that a writer so close to his native soil and to the people from which he himself has sprung as Jakob Christoph Heer should prefer to live at some distance from the city which at certain seasons differs little from other places frequented by swarms of cosmopolitan tourists. Heer, too, spent his younger years at the teacher's desk, beginning with a modest Alpine village school, and in the school-room and in intercourse with the parents of his pupils he probably received the impressions which are the foundations of his stories, reflecting the rough and hard life of robust country types, from the point of view of one who has seen it at close range and perhaps has himself had a taste of it. A book about a vacation spent along the Adriatic and another about his balloon ascensions with the then famous aeronaut, Spelterini, brought him to the notice of editors and publishers and induced him to turn to literature as a profession. He became a popular contributor to the magazines and literary editor of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung.* Then he lived for a time in Southern Germany as editor of the *Gartenlaube,* which no amount of editorial ability seems able to restore to its original excellent standard. When it was transferred to Berlin, Heer resigned and has since devoted himself solely to his creative production.

The novels *An heiligen Wassern*—At

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Sacred Waters, *Joggeli* and others struck a note that appeals to the general reader as much as to his countrymen. They are far better known than his delightful books of travel or his poems. Heer lives in Rüschlikon, one of the charming little towns on the lake, and the writer had no trouble on leaving the boat to find her way. Everybody knew who lived in the attractive house surrounded by the well-kept garden, on the road to Kilchberg of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer tradition. The creator of *Joggeli* is of sturdy Swiss type, simple and natural manner and impresses one as a man of purpose not likely to be deflected from his course by the intellectual fads of his time. A man of action, too, and a great wanderer who does not long remain shut up in his study, but feels at frequent intervals the need of a more rarefied air and of new surroundings. He is perhaps the most typically Swiss of the representatives of literary Zurich, whose reputation extends beyond the boundaries of the little republic. For Alfred Huggenberger and Meinrad Lienert, both lyric poets and novelists, though more indigenous to the soil than Heer, seem to appeal only to their own people and are little known in Germany.

The most famous son of Zurich at the present time is Ernst Zahn. He does not, however, reside in his native town, for he is the son of a hotel-proprietor and inherited from him the famous "Bahnhof-Restauration"—railroad restaurant—at Göschenen on the Gotthard route. He has had a college education, has received the degree of Dr. phil. honoris causa from the University of Zurich, has a great reputation as a writer of fiction in Switzerland and Germany, yet he can at times be seen at his post in the flourishing establishment, which not a few of his readers patronise. An interesting character, in whom the practical Swiss common sense is curiously allied to a rare feeling for the poetic values of life and nature. His novels, *Die Clari-Marie, Die Frauen von Tannò*—and others have won for him a prominent place among German novelists of the present. His verse, too, is highly appreciated, though more so in his country than in Germany. He is always called upon for a poetical contribution, when his name promises to be a drawing-card. At this year's "Blumentag" in Zurich the attractive souvenir programme containing a poem from his pen was as eagerly bought as the postal cards with the reproduction of the della Robbia infants from the foundling asylum of Florence. For he pleaded warmly the cause of the child that needs the care and the help of the community, and the day being devoted to a general collection for the benefit of child welfare work on the streets of the city, his plead did not pass unheeded. Not a few of the college boys who sold these programmes and their pretty girl companions who pinned a bunch of flowers upon the coat-lapel of every passer-by, were readily recognised by readers of Heer and of Zahn as brothers and sisters of the heroes and heroines portrayed with so much vitality in the stories of these two writers. Like many of his German colleagues, Zahn frequently appears upon the platform in readings from his own works, and Hermann Bahr in a recent volume of essays amusingly refers to a lecture trip of his own, during which he was continually preceded or followed by the Swiss writer at the places where he was to lecture.

Neither Gottfried Keller nor Conrad Ferdinand Meyer were writers likely to leave a school in their wake. Yet there is a young novelist, Jakob Schaffner, formerly of Basle, now a resident of Wädenswil, near Zurich, who is frequently pointed out as the possible heir of Keller's genius. His characters have the strong racial quality and are as quaintly individual as those of Keller, his narratives have the dramatic feeling of the stories of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. He loves to spin a thread of romance, apparently fanciful, yet somewhere firmly attached to reality. His *Konrad Pilater* and *Jonathan Brugger* are as true to life as the *Leute von*

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Seldwyla. Like all Swiss writers, he suggests a wholesome reading of life and seems unaffected by the passing fads, moral or æsthetic, of the present generation of intellectual Germany. Is it the landscape or the climate that has made the Swiss immune to the germs of decadence—or is it because they are, after all, somewhat removed from the contemporary currents of thought and feeling as they are reflected in the literature of their neighbours?

RHYTHM AND TEMPO IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is one phase of the dramatic art which has rarely been discussed by critics and is scarcely ever noticed by the average theatre-goer. Everybody knows that the drama is both a visual and an auditory art,—that, by virtue of its appeal to the eye, it offers many analogies to the art of painting, and that, by virtue of its appeal to the ear through its use of spoken words, it exhibits innumerable analogies to the art of literature. But comparatively few people have ever paused to realise that the drama is also a temporal art, owing much of its appeal to its manner of punctuating passages of time, and that, by virtue of this fact, it discloses an analogy to the art of music. The merit of many dramatic scenes is resident in the sheer rhythm of their presentation and the deft manipulation of this rhythm in the tempo of the acting.

The appeal of rhythm to the human sensibilities is the very basis of the arts of poetry and music. The periodical repetition of certain beats, unassisted by any more intelligible method of expression, may stimulate the listener to an eager apprehension of emotion. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite, for the purpose of experiment, two very well-known lines of poetry. The first line is—

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces

And the other line is—

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep

In each of these citations, I have purposely quoted only a single line, leaving the sense unfinished; for the experiment I am about to propose deals only with the rhythm of the lines and has no reference to their intelligible content. Let me now ask the reader to repeat the first line to himself a hundred times, and, after an appreciable interval, to submit himself to a similar insistence from the second line. If his mind have any ear at all, the first experiment will induce a noticeable quickening of his pulses and the second experiment will retard his pulse-beats to a less than normal tempo. In the first case, his mind will be keyed up to the apprehension of dashing and alert emotions, and, in the second, it will be attuned to the reception of emotions that are somnolent and solemn.

The psychology of this experiment sits very near the centre of the art of writing; but it may, perhaps, be illustrated more emphatically by the art of music. Every musical composer indicates not only the notes he wishes to be played but also the tempo in which he wants them to be rendered, knowing that the emotional message of his phrases may be altered utterly by a faulty retarding or acceleration of the rhythm that he has imagined. A familiar experiment is to play *Nearer, my God, to Thee* in rag-time, and thus to rob the melody of all its sombre connotation. The opening bars of the *Moonlight Sonata* may be made ridiculous by playing them very rapidly, and *Anitra's Dance* may be robbed of all its gaiety by play-

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ing it very slowly: and these changes of appeal may be effected without the alteration of a single note.

The acted drama, since it is doomed to present a pattern of details in time, is subject to the same psychologic law which haunts these other temporal arts of poetry and music. Certain scenes can be properly effective only if they are played in very rapid tempo, and certain other passages can easily be ruined by an ill-advised acceleration of the acting. The consideration of this fact results in certain rules which must be followed by the playwright and the stage-director.

The true artist in either of these crafts senses these rules intuitively and abides by them subconsciously; and it is only when the rules of rhythm are violated that the observer becomes at all aware of the reality of their subsistence. A dramatic passage often requires a series of very subtle modulations in the rhythm of its presentation; and if it be enacted crudely, with invariable tempo, the observer will receive an impression of indefinite distress, like that which comes of hearing a Neapolitan song played solely with the feet upon a pianola.

Only the most obvious rules of rhythm for the drama may be set down in uncompromising print, like the axioms of Euclid. For instance, it is obvious that most melodramas should be played very rapidly, in order to stimulate excitement and also to rob the audience of any opportunity to question the plausibility of the situations; and it is equally obvious, upon the other hand, that most tragic scenes should be enacted slowly, in order to give the audience time to accumulate a sense of the imminence of doom before the fateful lines are spoken. The majority of farces demand a very rapid rendering, and the acceleration of the acting needs to be increased in proportion as the farcical material treads closer on the heels of the ridiculous; but a comedy that depends for its effect on the subtle revelation of character through humourous dialogue must usually be played with frequent pauses, in order to give the audience time to develop thoughtful laughter. Such elementary principles as these may be formulated and and set down as axioms; but, just as poetry and music attain their best effects by subtle variations in rhythm and modulations of tempo, so also the finest effects in the theatre are not infrequently achieved by momentary modifications of an expected time-scheme in the acting.

For the manipulation of such effects as these, the stage-director is finally responsible. This functionary has often been compared with the leader of an orchestra. He establishes the tempo in which a composition shall be rendered, and may often make or mar it by the mere direction of its rhythm. But the dominance of the stage-director does not relieve the playwright of responsibility in this regard. An orchestral composer who should hand a score to his conductor without any indication of the tempo of his leading passages would be deemed an inefficient artist; and any playwright who plans an act without establishing its rhythm in advance sets himself similarly in the class of incomplete composers. In the plotting of his business and in the writing of his lines, he should make it easy for his stage-director to arrange the rapidity or sluggishness of rhythm that is required to reinforce the emotional content of his scene. To ask his actors to sit still at a moment when the action should be hurried, to require them to speak in anapests while they are listening in fear to the tardy ticking of a clock,—these are errors which impose upon the stage-director a task which is unfortunately difficult.

This matter should be studied very carefully by all aspirants to the art of dramaturgy. A simple exercise may be suggested for the benefit of readers who desire ultimately to write plays or to direct them. Let them take a scene from *Hamlet* and another from *The Thunderbolt* and ask themselves precisely how rapidly or slowly these passages should be played in order to achieve their best effect upon the stage. Let them, if necessary, experiment with a metronome until they get the rhythm right. Subse-

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quently, in attending the performances of successful current plays, these studious spectators will be better enabled to appreciate to what a great extent their appeal has been enhanced by a deft manipulation of the rhythm of their presentation.

Among very recent plays, two farces stand out notably as illustrations of this principle. Approached from any other point of view, they could not be ranked among the most interesting plays of the month; but, because of their pertinence to our present theme, we shall devote attention to them first, before passing on to the consideration of several more important dramas.

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

By far the better of the two is *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, a dramatisation by Mr. George M. Cohan of a story by Mr. Earl Derr Biggers. The material of this piece is extremely trivial, but it has the merit of being unexpected and extraordinary.

A popular novelist has made a bet that he can invent and write a publishable book in the brief space of twenty-four hours. To accomplish this task, he retires, in the dead of winter, to a deserted summer hotel on the top of Baldpate Mountain. The care-taker installs him, gives him what he insists is the only key to Baldpate, and leaves him to his solitude. But during the next hour, six other people, each of whom supposes that he has the only key to Baldpate, let themselves in severally and surreptitiously, and involve the hero in a tangled mesh of many plots. The resultant action is equally compounded of the elements of farce and melodrama. There is a wild whirl of incidents both ludicrous and thrilling,—a brutal murder, among many other matters, being enacted in the middle of a scene of laughter. And it is not until the very end that the spectators are told that what they have witnessed was not a series of actual events but only a representation of the story which the hero has invented in the hurried interval allowed him by his wager.

Since this piece is both exciting and ridiculous, ninety-nine stage-directors out of a hundred would have assumed, as a matter of course, that it should be played in a very rapid tempo. But Mr. Cohan is a better artist than the other ninety-nine. He has conducted the play with an unprecedented slowness, and thereby doubled its value as an entertainment.

The exposition is wordy and redundant; but, by the end of the first act, it becomes evident to the spectator that these apparent defects have been deliberately admitted to the fabric in order to make the action move more slowly. By this extreme slowness at the opening, Mr. Cohan has managed to work up a cumulative sense of mystery which grows exceedingly acute at the first curtain-fall.

Again, in the second act, the humourous aspect of the melodrama is enhanced by the deliberate pace at which the piece is played. In many passages, the audience laughs heartily, not at what has happened in the preceding moment, but at what is going to happen in the next moment; and this effect is exceedingly rare in the theatre. There is an admirable scene at the outset of the second act. All of the intruders are sitting around the hotel office, under cover of the hero's pistol. The young man has just informed them that there they must sit for many hours; and none of them shows a tendency to talk. Only now and then a disgruntled remark is ejaculated by one of the sedentary sufferers; and this is followed, in each case, by a pause that seems at least a minute long before a retort is wrung from another of the characters. During these long pauses, the audience develops an excitement of humourous expectancy that grows so potent that each of these delayed remarks is responded to at once with roars of laughter. The very same dialogue, if it were conducted in a double-quick tempo, would call forth scarcely any laughter; and this fact is, in

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itself, sufficient proof that Mr. Cohan is a craftsman of extraordinary talent.

"NEARLY MARRIED"

On the other hand, Mr. Edgar Selwyn's farce entitled *Nearly Married*, has been rushed to success by the swiftness of its tempo. Mr. Selwyn gets his auditors laughing by the middle of his second act, and thereafter hales them along so rapidly that they never have time to stop laughing. By this process, which is, of course, far more usual than Mr. Cohan's, he has managed to conceal the shortcomings of a piece that, in itself, is scarcely interesting.

This farce is a conventional fabric, both in theme and in pattern. A young couple who have suffered a series of petty disagreements finally agree to get a divorce. After their case has been opened, they suddenly become reconciled, and run away from their astounded friends to embark upon a second honeymoon. Their motor-car breaks down at a country tavern, where they proceed to order dinner and arrange to spend the night; but during dinner, they are rudely interrupted by the brother of the wife, who has pursued them with the unexpected tidings that their divorce has been granted. The decree forbids them to remarry in New York State; and they are forced to worry through a series of embarrassing incidents before they finally capture another motor-car and elope to New Jersey.

This subject-matter is already so familiar that it seems no longer funny in itself. There is no real characterisation in the play; and there is no distinction to the dialogue, which lacks the illumination of witty lines. This, at least, would be the verdict of the average auditor if the farce were acted slowly; but it has been made to seem more amusing than it really is by the rapid rhythm of the acting.

BARRIE'S ONE-ACT PLAYS

Two one-act plays by Sir James Matthew Barrie have lately been presented in New York, and two or three others have been announced for production in the near future. A natural curiosity as to why a great artist in the full-length drama, whose leisure is more richly endowed than that of any other playwright of the day, should turn his attention to the hasty composition of dramatic sketches, remains unsatisfied by an examination of *Half an Hour* and *The Will*. In each of these diminutive dramas the author has used up a theme which might have been developed to finer effect in a play of ordinary length. That neither piece was essentially and naturally a one-act play is indicated by the fact that three scenes were required in both cases, for the evolution of the action; and the final impression made upon the auditor is a feeling that, in each case, a three-act drama has been whittled down to its bare bones. *Half an Hour* and *The Will* are not so much plays as summaries of plays. Their brevity is not inevitable, but seems to have resulted from that process of boiling down which is one of the details of pot-boiling.

The theme of *Half an Hour* is sardonic. At the outset of the play, the author makes us sympathise deeply with a woman who seems to have been cruelly abused by destiny; and then, at the very end, he suddenly shows us that she is utterly unworthy of our sympathy and fully deserves the cruel treatment that she has received. To achieve this grimly satirical intention, the author has invented a melodramatic plot; and this plot seems at times untruthful, because he has expounded it in a hurried summary instead of giving himself time to develop it more deftly.

A woman who is brutally treated by a boorish husband she has married for his money runs away and takes refuge with a man who loves her. They are to start at once for Egypt, and the lover goes out to call a cab. He is run over by a motor-bus and brought back dead. A passing doctor, who is called in, upbraids the heroine when he learns that she is not the wife of the deceased. Left suddenly without resources, for she has

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no money in her purse, the woman can think of nothing else to do than to hurry back to her husband.

She has left at home her jewels and a letter. Her husband has found the jewels; but guests arrive for dinner before he lays his hand upon the letter. One of these is the doctor. He launches into a narrative of his recent sad adventure; and, after a few moments, his hostess enters and he recognises her. He continues and completes the narrative in such a way as to stab her with spoken daggers. The husband's suspicions are at last aroused. He hunts for the missing letter; but this has been already absconded from the desk by his fleet-fingered wife. His suspicions are smilingly allayed, and every one goes in to dinner. The little incident is closed. The woman whom we admired because she was strong enough to run away, we now detest because she was weak enough to sneak back and to sell herself a second time to the highest bidder.

The theme of *The Will* is almost equally discomforting. The purpose of this play is to show how all the finer human instincts may be blotted out by the gathering of a superfluity of wealth. When Philip Ross is very young and very poor, he comes to a solicitor's office to make out his will. He brings his wife with him; and the two vie with each other in a contest of generosity over its terms. In middle life, Ross returns to the same office to revise his will. He is now wealthy; and his wife hurries around to haggle with him over the disposition of every penny of his fortune. In old age, Sir Philip Ross (for he is knighted now) returns once more to the solicitor's to make a final will. His wife is dead, his daughter has eloped with a chauffeur, and his son has gone to the dogs. He can think of nobody to whom to leave his gathered millions, unless, indeed, he should allot them to the hated competitors whom he has crushed in business. He realises that his money has undermined his character and ruined his life; and he cries out piteously to the lawyer, "If I bring it to you in bags, will you throw it out of the window for me?"

The purport of both of these plays is markedly at variance with Barrie's former attitude toward life. He seems no longer to believe in loveliness. He has discarded his sentiment, his fancy, his sympathy, his whimsicality, his charm, and has adopted the bitter tone of one who has grown out of love with human nature. If this new mood should endure with him, our English theatre would suffer an irreparable loss. Other men can do more skilfully than Barrie the destructive work that he is now attempting; but no other can make us love the loveliness of life as Barrie used to do in such plays as *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire* and *What Every Woman Knows*.

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS"

The revival of *The Tyranny of Tears*, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, should serve as a useful lesson for our native playwrights. This piece may be accepted as a contemporary model of polite comedy. The incidents do not seem to have been invented for themselves, but appear to result inevitably from the psychologic interaction of the characters. The entire composition is conducted in the key of comedy: never for a moment does it stiffen into drama or slacken into farce. The dialogue is terse and delicate and witty. Admirable also is the economy of means with which the story is unfolded. The four acts follow each other in the same room, within a single revolution of the sun; and only six characters appear in the entire play.

No more need be said in definition of the merits of a play which has been popularly known for many years; but the critic may express a wish that some such comedy as this may some day be attempted and achieved by an American playwright. Our native authors have done admirable work in representing what may be called the low life of this country; but our high life is waiting still for a satirist sufficiently light-fingered to toy with it amusingly.

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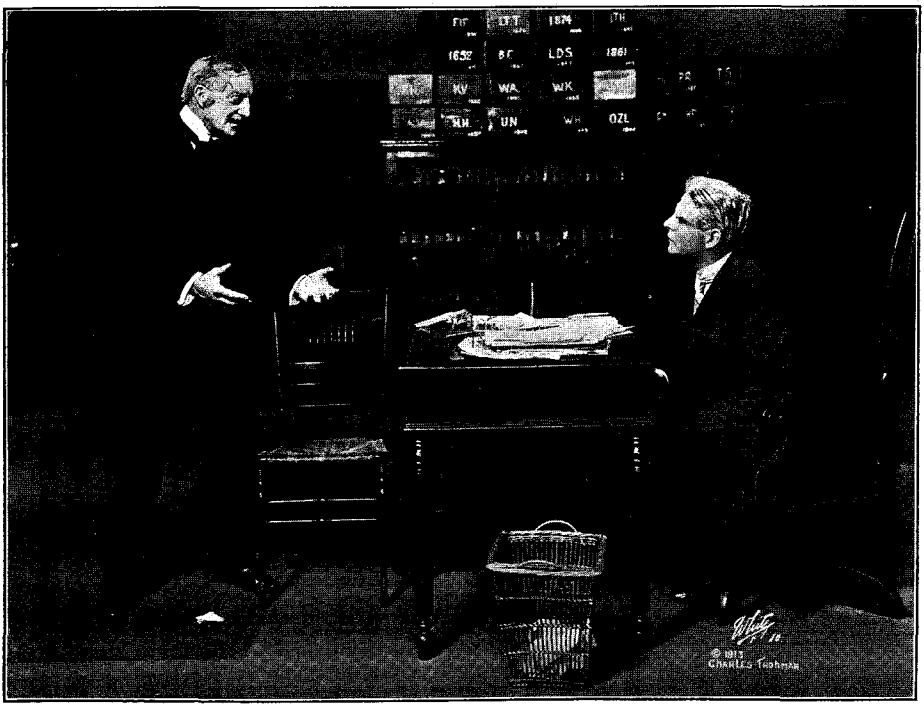
"THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY"—ACT II

"The hero returns to the studio of his best friend in New York at the very hour when his own funeral is being held in the same building."



"THE WILL"—SCENE III

"The hero realises that his money has undermined his character and ruined his life; and he cries out piteously to the lawyer, 'If I bring it to you in bags, will you throw it out of the window for me?'"

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"THE YOUNGER GENERATION"

The Younger Generation, by Mr. Stanley Houghton, is an admirable work of art. By the simplest of narrative means, the author conveys to us a thorough sense of life. He admits us to the living-room of an ordinary family in a suburb of Manchester, allows us to remain there for about twenty hours of imagined time, and makes us intimately acquainted with the members of this family by permitting us to overhear their conversation. This is an extreme example of what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has aptly termed "the eavesdropping convention" of the contemporary drama. No incidents are fabricated, to make the people of the play seem more interesting than they are: they reveal themselves less in action than in talk, and there is, in consequence, no plot: but their talk, though utterly natural, is richly humourous.

Considered solely as a piece of craftsmanship, this play is not inferior to *Hindle Wakes;* but in theme it is less unusual and less important. The present comedy discusses the long-accepted axiom that crabbed age and youth cannot live together; and this text has been insisted on so much in recent years that there seems to be little reason for its repetition.

"HALF AN HOUR"—SCENE 1

"At the outset of the play, the author makes us sympathise deeply with a woman who seems to have been cruelly abused by destiny. . . . She is brutally treated by a boorish husband she has married for his money."

"THE TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY"

The comic expedient of permitting a hero to attend his own funeral is by no means new in the drama. It was employed as long ago as 1628 by James Shirley in *The Witty Fair One;* and this fact should render superfluous any

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discussion concerning the priority of recent repetitions of the theme.

This expedient furnishes the central situation of *Pour Vivre Heureux,* a comedy by MM. André Rivoire and Yves Mirande, which has been adapted for the American stage, under the title of *The Temperamental Journey,* by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, who admirably acts the leading part. The first act of this play is occupied by a crude and bungling exposition, and the third act fails to fulfill the expectancy of the audience; but the second act is a truly admirable bit of composition.

"NEARLY MARRIED"—ACT II

"The young couple run away from their astounded friends to embark upon a second honeymoon. Their motor-car breaks down at a country tavern, where they proceed to order dinner and arrange to spend the night."

In this act, an unsuccessful and despairing painter who has cast himself into the sea with the intention of suicide and has been rescued by a passing yacht bound for distant Halifax, returns to the studio of his best friend in New York at the very hour when his own funeral is being held in the same building. His farewell letter has been found, an undecipherable body has been washed ashore and identified as his, and an enormous crowd has turned out to do him tardy honour. For, in the two weeks that have elapsed since his supposed demise, the newspapers have advertised him as a neglected genius, and a crafty picture-dealer has prepared to make a fortune from the canvases he left behind him. The painter, hidden in a window-nook, watches with amusement the solemn gathering in the street below, and decides to remain theoretically dead in the interest of his posthumous reputation.

This is the essence of the comedy; and the narrative material of the first and third acts may be inferred from this cen-

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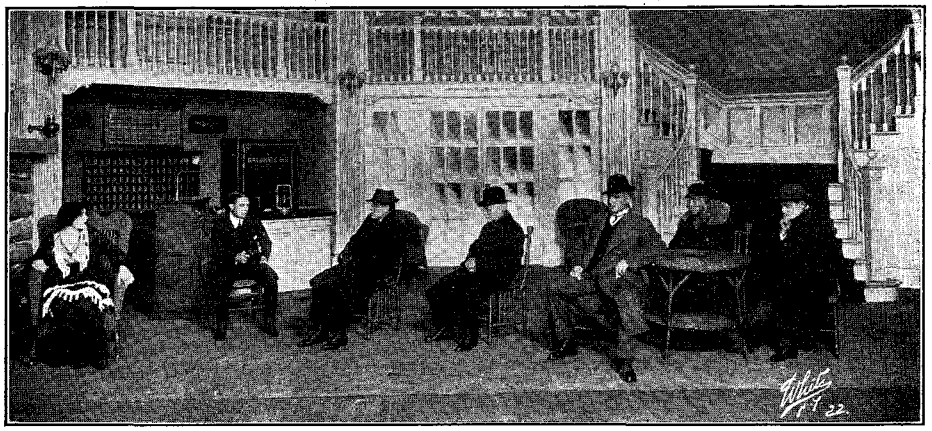

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"—ACT II

"There is an admirable scene at the outset of the second act. All of the intruders are sitting around the hotel office, under cover of the hero's pistol. The young man has just informed them that there they must sit for many hours; and none of them shows a tendency to talk."

tral and essential situation. The piece has been carefully produced by Mr. David Belasco; and it is unnecessary to add that it is admirably acted and affords a pleasant evening's entertainment.

"THE AUCTIONEER"

Mr. Belasco's second autumn enterprise is a revival of *The Auctioneer,* by Messrs. Lee Arthur and Charles Klein, with Mr. David Warfield in the leading part. *The Auctioneer* is a very bad play; and, except for the interest of Mr. Warfield's acting, there is no real reason for its resurrection. It tells an artificial story; and its creaking skeleton of melodrama is merely padded over with puffy passages of sentimentality. Mr. Warfield is so great an actor that he makes the leading puppet seem a living human being; but it must surely be regarded as regrettable that his exquisite

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS"—ACT I

The tearful wife muddles up her husband's business by an impetuous answer to the telephone. Such incidents as this "appear to result inevitably from the psychologic interaction of the characters."

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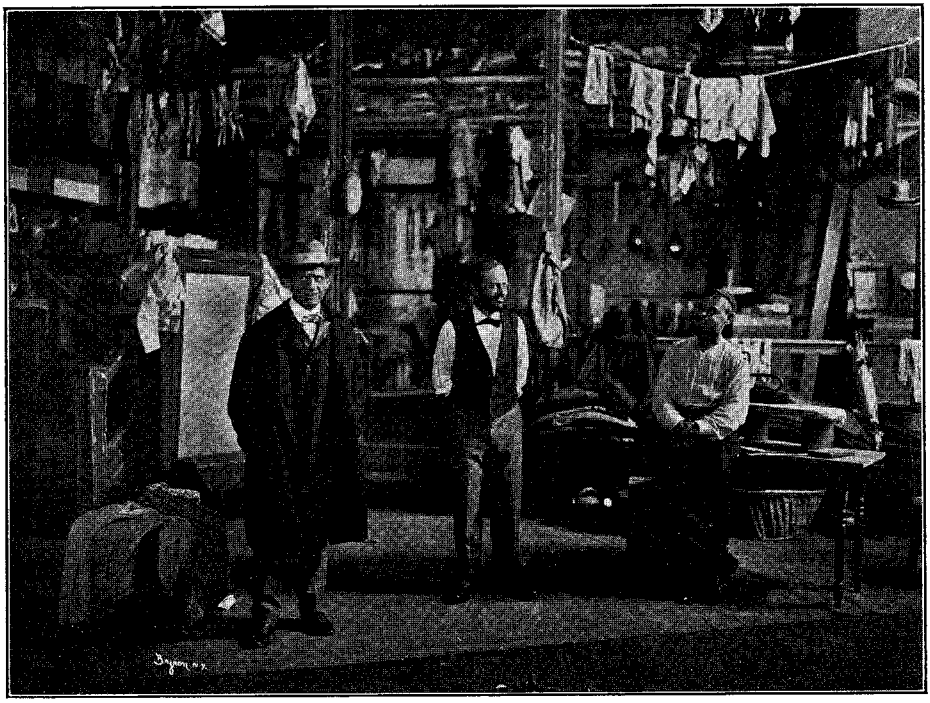

"THE AUCTIONEER"—ACT I

"Mr. Warfield is so great an actor that he makes the leading puppet in this artificial melodrama seem a living human being."

histrionic talent should return to such base uses. So fine an artist should serve the public as an interpreter of life, and not as a repeater of banalities.

"AT BAY"

At Bay, by Mr. George Scarborough, is an entertaining melodrama. It cannot be accepted as a serious representation of life; but the plot is cleverly invented, and the piece is fortunately played in such a rapid tempo that the audience has no time to investigate the plausibility of its train of incidents.

The virtuous heroine suffers from a single blot in 'scutcheon of her past. When she was a girl at school, she ran away in vacation time with a young man and secretly married him. He deserted her after three days, and she has not heard from him since. A blackmailing lawyer buys a forgotten letter which reveals her secret, and holds her up for a thousand dollars. The resultant altercation between them leads to a physical fight, in which she stabs him dead with a pointed paper-file.

A whole army of detectives and police is set at work upon the murder; but the only one of the lot who displays any acumen is a free lance who is a genial-hearted Irishman. He soon perceives that the heroine must have slain the lawyer; but, since he loves her ardently, he contrives to cover up her traces while pretending to take part in the effort to discover her. This procedure results ultimately in his being implicated in the crime, as an accessory after the fact. But it happens, conveniently enough, that the heroine's father is a Federal district attorney; and after all the facts are ultimately set before him, he manages to have the case dropped for lack of evidence.

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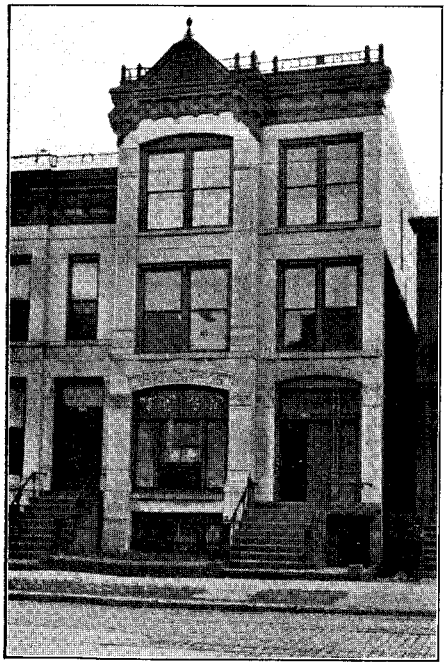
The cordial Irishman, who so enthusiastically trusts the woman whom he loves that he never asks for any explanation of such minor matters as a secret marriage and an incidental murder, is a very pleasant character; and the other figures of the melodrama are sufficiently near to life to hold the interest of the audience. Furthermore, the conduct of the plot discloses a considerable talent for the invention of visual details. This play is lacking in that sincerity of incentive which is evident in the same author's previous play, *The Lure;* but it is a creditable piece of theatric craftsmanship.

CHICAGO IN FICTION

BY FLOYD DELL

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

"CHICAGO," wrote Frank Norris scornfully in one of his early tales, "is not a place where stories happen." San Francisco was still large enough for his imagination—San Francisco, and the bay, and the ocean of piracy and adventure beyond, and on the other side of the city the great wheat fields of California. But the wheat, capturing his imagination, led him to Chicago, and in *The Pit* he undertook to prove himself wrong. He tried to show that stories could happen in Chicago.



MA PIERSON'S BOARDING HOUSE ON WEST VAN BUREN STREET, WHERE E. V. HARRINGTON BOARDED WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO CHICAGO. ROBERT HERRICK'S "MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN"

He came, and saw, and wrote his novel. An astonishing capacity for seeing, he had, too. In him the reporting instinct amounted to genius. He sketched the city in broad, powerful strokes, taking in with his amateur vision aspects of its life that veteran Chicagoans had felt without being able to express. Never, surely was a city "done" so well. Better than in any book written by a real Chicagoan, he gives us in his novel a sense of Chicago's streets and buildings and business—its objective, localised existence.

So much must be said for *The Pit*—it is the best fictional guide-book to Chicago in existence. Intrinsically, of course, as a picture of Chicago life, it simply doesn't stand up beside any of the books written about Chicago by Chicagoans. For Frank Norris, who had the gift of seeing the outside of things, did not penetrate with his imagination to the heart of the city, to discover there the pretences, at once shallow and cruel, which Chicago's own writers have made it their main business to show up. Is Chicago ever called nowadays the Windy City? It was the Windy City in the nineties, a city of vast and immitigable bluff. The feverish straining of

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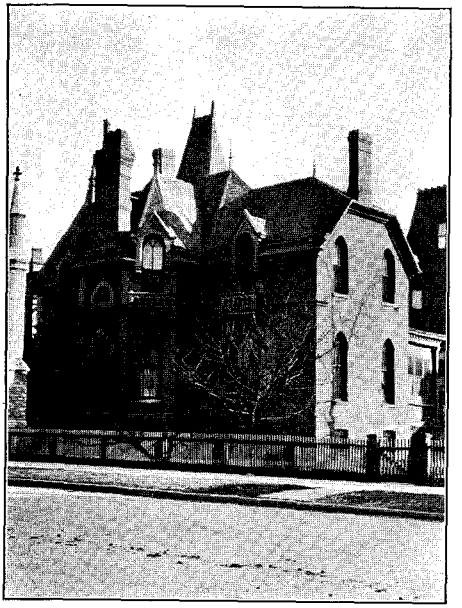
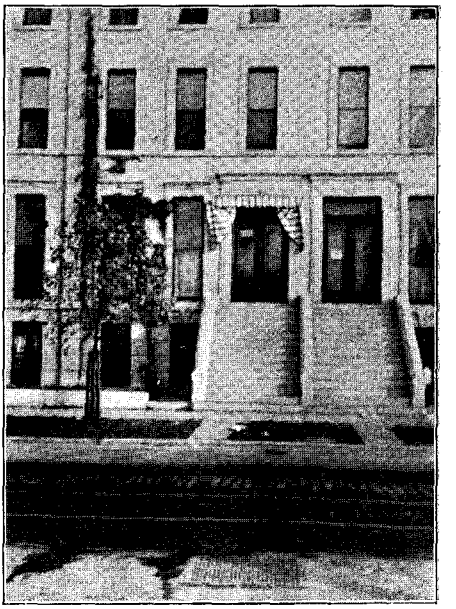
the eighties, with its few flashes of beautiful and futile idealism, culminating in the World's Fair, had passed. Chicago had arrived, commercially and industrially. Its pride in itself, in its bigness, its hardness, and its success, knew no bounds. It was an uncritical pride that led directly into the mire of fatuous self-deception, from which Chicago's novelists have ever since, not without some success, been trying to pull it. No lie was too egregious to tell about the new-world, western glory that was Chicago. And Frank Norris, it seems, believed it all.

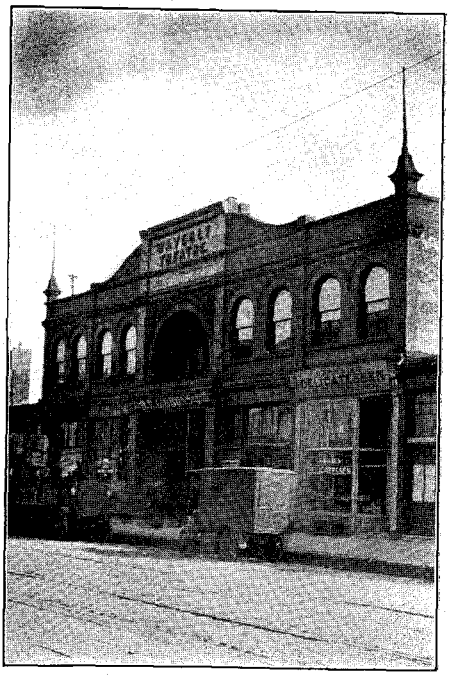


PAGE AND LAURA DEARBORN'S HOUSE, CASS AND HURON STREETS

He really knew better. He had already in *The Octopus* exposed the windy shams of the commerce and politics of his native State. But he fell into a curious attitude of unthinking admiration before Jadwin, the wheat speculator, the typical Chicago hero of the period, and his insane way of doing business on the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade building, standing there in the middle of La Salle Street, appeared to him romantically as "crouching on its founda-



SISTER CARRIE'S FLAT, OGDEN AVENUE, FACING UNION PARK. THEODORE DREISER'S "SISTER CARRIE"



THE THEATRE WHERE CARRIE MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE, MADISON AND THROOP STREETS. THEODORE DREISER'S "SISTER CARRIE"

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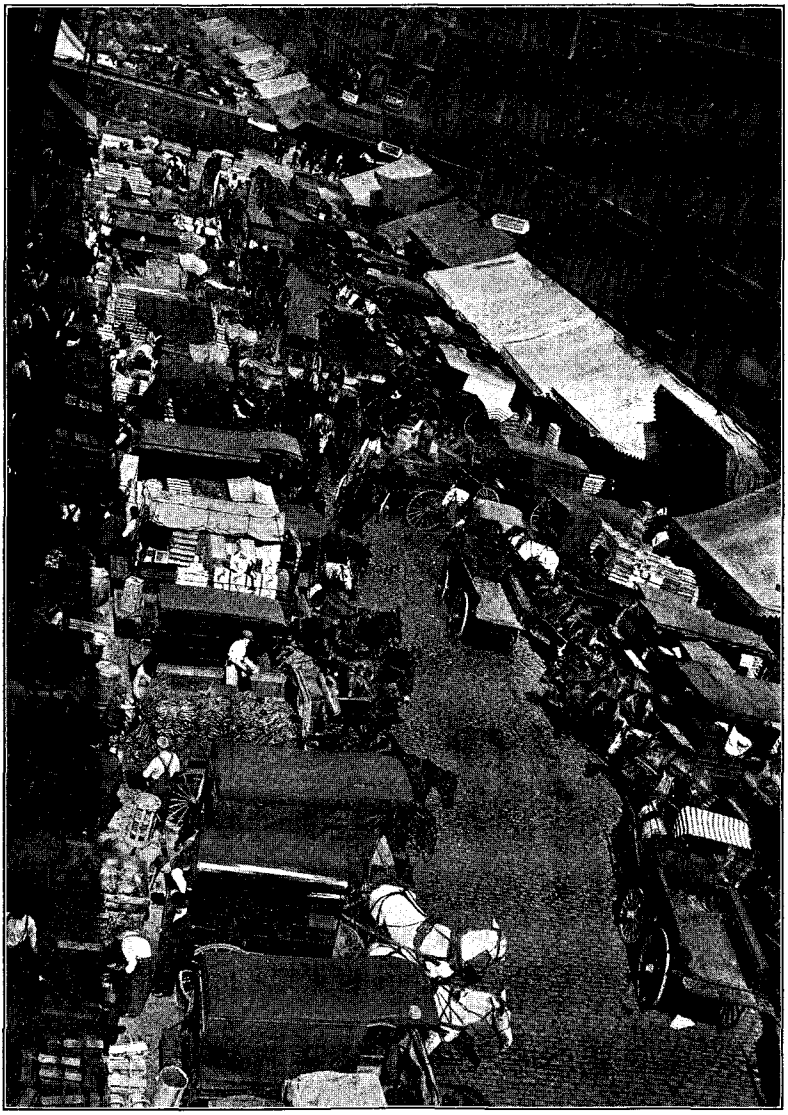
tions like a monstrous sphinx with blind eyes." It would have been impossible for a Chicago writer to take so much trouble in making up a phrase about the Board of Trade, without saying something more to the point.

As one walks north on State Street out of the "loop" district, one passes South Water Street, one of the real and characteristic sights of the town—a narrow street filled with horses and wagons backed up to the doors of commission houses, the sidewalks packed with boxes and crates and barrels, with greenstuffs and vegetables and fruit from all over the United States, and from all over the



THE MANTLE OF THE CITY. LOOKING DOWN ON SOUTH WATER STREET. FRANK NORRIS'S "THE PIT"

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world. One remembers how Frank Norris wrote about it. "It was the Mouth of the City, and drawn from all directions, over a territory of immense area, this glut of crude subsistence was sucked in, as if into a rapacious gullet, to feed the sinews and to nourish the fibres of an immeasurable colossus."

He is enthusiastic, as Chicago was enthusiastic, over the town's being a colossus. But colossus is as colossus does. Only the other day this same colossus, after a quarrel with a garbage-reducing company which had been exploiting it past all enduring, faced the problem of seizing and operating this reducing plant, or else letting the wastage of this "glut of crude subsistence" rot at the back doors of its citizens. And, colossus though it was, it dared not take the bolder move. Instead, like any little prairie village, it bought a big hole to dump it in. One is reminded of the phrase which seems to be the net result of the Balkan wars—"les Grandes Impuissances d'Europe."

But, putting sociological reflections aside, one walks across the State Street bridge, and sees the Chicago River, much the same as it was in Frank Norris's day, though not quite so alive with fleets of tugs, lake steamers, lumber barges, grain boats, coal scows, produce steamers and grimy rowboats. A little farther north, at the corner of Huron and Cass Streets, opposite St. James's Church, is an odd little house of an ecclesiastic style of architecture, standing back in a small yard. It is the house where Laura Dearborn, the heroine of Frank Norris's novel, lived with her sister, Page. They wouldn't live there now, of course. They might possibly live somewhere on Sheridan Road. But as one looks at the house one has a feeling that not merely a few years, but at least a century, has elapsed since the wooing of Laura Dearborn by Jadwin in that little house there on the corner. It was a wooing so different from modern wooings, at least from those which gain the attention of modern novelists. It was at once brutal and romantic, a wooing in which crude masculine insistence rather than feminine preference had the chief part.

"I thought all the time that you'd told him you wouldn't have him," said Page wonderingly to her elder sister.

"I did," said Laura. "I told him I did not love him. Only last week I told him so."

"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Laura. "You don't realise what it's been. Do you suppose you can say 'no' to that man?"

"Of course not, of course not," declared Mrs. Cressler joyfully. "That's 'J.' all over. I might have known he'd have you if he set out to do it."

"Morning, noon and night," Laura continued, "He seemed willing to wait as long as I wasn't definite; but one day I wrote to him and gave him a square 'No,' so as he couldn't mistake, and just as soon as I'd said that he—he—began. I didn't have any peace until I'd promised him, and the moment I had promised he had a ring on my finger. He'd had it ready in his pocket for weeks, it seems."

The secret of the girl's complaisance is, of course, the fact that like all Chicago she was bluffing. She was making the bluff of being cold and unapproachable. She explains her idea of love somewhere in the book. "A man ought to love a woman more than she loves him. It ought to be enough for him if she lets him give her everything she wants in the world. He ought to serve her like the old knights—give up his whole life to satisfy some whim of hers; and it's her part, if she likes, to be cold and distant. That's my idea of love."

Standing there in front of the decaying house on the corner, and thinking of that curious attitude, so almost unthinkable in these days of feminine frankness, independence and exploit, one can only shake one's head and say, "Well, well! How manners have changed!"

For one thing, Laura was brought up on *Idyls of the King* and Ruskin's *Queen's Gardens*. The Laura of to-

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day would be more likely to read *Man and Superman*. And her sister Page would never take the trouble to say, when accused of having a liking for a certain young man: "I won't have you insinuate that I would run after any man, or care in the least whether he's in love or not. I just guess I've got some self-respect. . . . As if I hadn't yet to see the man I'd so much as look at a second time." She wouldn't say it, for no one would believe her, and she would only get laughed at for her futile bluff. The atmosphere has cleared since then for girls in Chicago, and Chicago novelists, along with the rest of the world of writers, have had something to do with the clearing of it.

II

Robert Herrick, in particular, has not been imposed upon by his town. If anything, he has been too harsh in his dislike of those very features of Chicago life which Frank Norris so naïvely admired. All periods, from the early eighties down to the present time, have been dealt with in Mr. Herrick's novels, but it is that early period, the period of the striving eighties, which has remained to him most significant, and it has dominated his conception of the whole history of the city. It is in his *Memoirs of an American Citizen* that he sets forth this idea of Chicago, through the medium of a pseudo-autobiography of E. V. Harrington, the stockyards magnate. Of this striving Mr. Herrick sees for the most part only the more sordid side, and he even considers sordid what to most people has a nobler side. There is Ambition, which even if it be directed to purely commercial ends yet retains a certain human dignity, if not a romantic beauty. But Mr. Herrick declines emphatically to respect, as he declines to romanticise Ambition—the ambition, that is to say, of the business man. It is to him a dirty affair.

One walks along West Van Buren Street, looking for, and at last finding, the three story and basement house where E. V. Harrington roomed and boarded when he first came, in 1876, to Chicago, a boy fresh from an Indiana farm, an impressionable boy, ready to be whatever Chicago chose to make of him. And of the Chicago which was to mould this boy into a successful pork-packer and politician, the Pierson boarding-house stands in Mr. Herrick's pages as a symbol. It is run by a pale slave of a woman whose husband, coming to the city to get rich, has failed and become a slovenly loafer. About her table in the little basement dining-room are grouped Harrington and his fellows—"strugglers on the outside of prosperity, trying hard to climb up somewhere in the bread-and-butter order of life, and to hold on tight," he says, "to what we had got." No one ever came to Chicago, at least in these days, "without a hope in his pocket of landing at the head of his game sometime. Even Ma Pierson cherished a secret dream of a rich marriage for one or other of her girls."

All they think about, the Chicagoans of this period, is getting on. When they go to church, it is to a fashionable church, where they can look at the rich people and talk about them. It occupies their days and their dreams. They talk of nothing else. When a girl at the Pierson boarding-house at last protests against this perpetual topic, she is rebuked by one of the "hustlers" at the table.

> "What else are we here for, except to make money?" Slocum demanded more bitterly than usual.
>
> He raised his long arm in explanation, and swept it to and fro over the struggling prairie city, with its rough, patched look. I didn't see what there was in the city to object to: it was just a place like any other, to work, eat and sleep in. Later, however, when I saw the little towns back East, the pleasant hills, the old homes in the valleys, and the red brick house on the elm-shaded street in Portland, then I knew what Slocum meant.

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Whatever was there in Chicago in 1877 to live for except Success?

That is Mr. Herrick's indictment of Chicago—or rather, that is part of it—that it makes people desire Success. The other part of his indictment is that when they occasionally do not desire Success, when they desire something finer and greater, then Chicago crushes them to death. In *The Web of Life* he tells the story of a rebel against the convention of "hustling"—a doctor who objects to working up a fashionable practice, and all that sort of thing. What happens to him is that he is beaten down in the mud, mashed in misery until he is ready to crawl back and surrender. One remembers the picture of the desolate region on the south side, amid the ruins of the World's Fair, where he and a woman, an unsuccessful rebel like himself, walk and talk, with the consciousness of their defeat pressing upon their minds, and some presentiment of the impending final tragedy subduing their mood to consonance with the wreck and ruin of the Dream City that lies about them—while to the south the flare from the blast furnaces of the steel works, lurid and scornful sign of the heedless triumph of industry, lights up the evening sky.

Most of Mr. Herrick's novels, in fact, including *The Common Lot, The Healer,* and even his latest serious novel, *One Woman's Life,* deal with the tragedy of the defeated idealist. Incidentally, he holds woman, her education, her ideals and her conception of love and marriage, pretty much to blame for the downfall of the idealist; but that, for our present purposes, is neither here nor there. The point is that Mr. Herrick believes that Chicago warps and degrades the finest instincts of her people—and he hates Chicago for it. And accordingly in writing stories of Chicago life he is concerned not so much with the objective character of that life as with the inward process in which natural and beautiful aspirations are corroded and destroyed. The Chicago with which he deals is a pervasive influence—a condition and not a place.

One looks almost in vain in his novels for pictures of Chicago. He never gives a picture for its own sake, as one enchanted with a suddenly beautiful or impressive aspect of a familiar spot, the miraculous strangeness of the known. Nor in general do the places in which his characters are more or less vaguely placed, the special environment in which his action takes place, have any real significance to him. Mr. Herrick cannot be said to have any sense of place. And this is curiously true of most of the Chicago novelists.

They do not stake off a part of Chicago, as Frank Norris in *McTeague* staked off a part of San Francisco, and stay within its limits, content with its materials, finding infinite riches in a little room. It is not that the opportunity does not exist. Halsted Street is sufficient unto itself, and so is Hyde Park, where the University of Chicago is situated. The Wilson Avenue district ought to content any one who has the novelist's sense of place, the sense which stimulates him as the limitations of the sonnet stimulate a poet. A dozen streets have their own specific character, their own peculiar savour, their own definite kind of life. But Chicago writers have been obsessed with Chicago. It has appealed to them as a problem rather than as a vast and splendid collection of fictional materials. And so they have not written about any place in particular, they have written about Chicago in general. During the next generation we may expect the novels laid in Chicago to take Chicago more for granted, and to settle down to the business of conveying whatever aspect of its life has excited the novelist to the writing-point. When there cease to be novels "about" Chicago, then Chicago will really have its novels.

III

Henry B. Fuller, who is the author of two Chicago novels, is less of a sociologist and more of an observer than Mr.

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Herrick. He is a satirist, but in a very quiet way. *The Cliff Dwellers* was something of an attempt to envisage the life of the city as such, but his other story, *With the Procession,* had a less ambitious theme, and is more penetrating. Like Frank Norris's novel, it deals with the Chicago of the nineties, but with a difference. He is always conscious, in his account of the belated struggle of an old family to keep up with the procession, of the futility of the whole proceeding. Not that he lashes them savagely for their ambition, as Mr. Herrick would have done. He never loses his sympathy for the Marshalls—in their decision to move out of their "sedate, decorous old homestead" on Michigan Avenue—soon to be swept out of existence by the tides of business—to a more promising place three miles south, and in all the manœuvres by which Jane, groomed out of her ungainliness, is finally pushed into "society." It is not a case of the vulgarity of the newly rich; it is the pathetic effort of a family which has fallen behind the times to catch up again. But Mr. Fuller keeps in mind the figure of old Dave Marshall, stooped over his desk in his tea and coffee supply house, straining his worn-out nerves in the effort to finance all this achievement. When it is accomplished he collapses, and at his funeral for the first time his family have time to think of him and his part in the whole affair.

But Mr. Fuller does not over-emphasise this struggle for social recognition, nor attribute to it a wholly unworthy motive. To him it is merely a part of the whole tragi-comedy which went on in Chicago in the nineties, when Chicago undertook to prove herself a great city. Not content with bluff, Chicago determined to make her bluff good. What does a great city need? Tell us and we'll get it! That was the spirit in which Chicago rose to such an undertaking as the founding of the Theodore Thomas orchestra. One remembers hearing old-timers tell of the way Chicago went to the first concerts, not understanding for the most part nor caring, but determined to do their duty by Chicago; and in that heroic endeavour stifling their yawns and striving desperately to keep awake—not by any means successfully, as witness the whole rows and tiers of sleepers in the middle of a symphony, waking up at the end to applaud vigorously, as their duty bade them.

From the point of view of a sophisticated person, Chicago was hopeless. Truesdale Marshall, son of old Dave Marshall, home from four years at the Beaux Arts and elsewhere, views the town with quiet despair. "The great town in fact sprawled and coiled about him like a hideous monster—piteous, floundering monster, too. It almost called for tears. Nowhere a more tireless activity, nowhere a more profuse expenditure, nowhere a more determined striving after the ornate, nowhere a more undaunted endeavour toward the monumental expression of success, yet nowhere a result more pitifully grotesque, gruesome, appalling. 'So little taste,' sighed Truesdale, 'so little training, so little education, so total an absence of any collective sense of the fit and proper.'"

Truesdale finds no promenade—except the meagre stretch of Michigan Avenue; while as for the café, "that crowning gem in the coronet of civilisation," the name was everywhere, the thing nowhere. Truesdale sums it up, from his continental point of view: "No journals, no demi-tasse, no clientele, no leisure. No, nor any excursions; nor any general market; nor any lottery, nor even any morgue. And five francs for a cab."

But Chicago was not hopeless, for Chicago was willing to learn. Chicago went to school desperately to find out what was good and what was bad in music, art, architecture and social intercourse. When Jane makes her first call on a stately society woman, she learns that her hostess belongs to three or four classes. She is "studying and learning right along."

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"What do you suppose happened to me last winter?" the older woman asks. "I had the greatest setback of my life. I asked to join the Amateur Musical Club. They wouldn't let me in. Well, I played before their committee, and then the secretary wrote me a note. It was a nice enough note, of course, but I knew what it meant. I see now well enough that my fingers were stiffer than I realised, and that my Twinkling Sprays and Fluttering Zephyrs were not quite up to date. They wanted Grieg and Lassen and Chopin. Very well, I said, just wait. Now, I never knuckle under. I never give up. So I sent right out for a teacher. I practised scales an hour a day for weeks and months. I tackled Grieg and Lassen and Chopin—yes, and Tschaikowsky, too. I'm going to play for that committee next month. Let me see if they dare to vote me out again."

Behold in her the Chicago of the nineties. "Just you wait!" Chicago would have an orchestra—and she did. She would have pictures, and books, and beautiful buildings. Well, it is not an ignoble striving that Mr. Fuller has depicted. She would have a real "society," too, with footmen and butlers—as the astonished Jane said, on her first sight of one of them, "only eighty years from the massacre and hardly eight hundred feet from the Monument." This monument, it should perhaps be explained, is a bronze group which appears to represent a friendly Indian chief rescuing by moral suasion—he is certainly not using any effective kind of force,—a white woman from the tomahawk of a redskin, and is supposed to commemorate the Fort Dearborn Massacre; and may serve to remind us, in case we feel uncharitable toward Chicago's still existing cultural defects, that a hundred years ago Chicago did not exist.

One writer who is always definite about places is Theodore Dreiser, whose novel, *Sister Carrie,* is in part laid in Chicago. There is no difficulty about finding the place where Carrie lived with Drouet, nor the little theatre, only a few blocks away, where she made her first appearance on the stage. To one who is interested in "placing" the scenes of his favourite novels, this trait of Mr. Dreiser's comes as an enormous relief, after the vagueness of certain other writers. Mr. Dreiser is as alive as anybody to the spiritual drama, but he never forgets that the external conditions are a part of that spiritual drama. One stands on Ogden Avenue looking up at that grey stone-faced house fronting on Union Park, or a little farther east at Madison and Throop Streets, at the Waverley Theatre, now turned into a livery stable—and the life of Sister Carrie, that life with its curious twists and turns and the gradually revealed hardness of the girl's soul by which she copes with it, become vivid realities.

(*To be concluded*)

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

II—The Art of Browsing

The natural way to take nutriment is as one needs it and when he can get it. The latter condition was once of transcendent importance, but the artificial and somewhat abnormal plenty in which most of us live has generally rendered it unnecessary. Overfeeding is now a complaint vastly more prevalent than starvation. Josiah Flynt assures us that any penniless tramp may secure three square meals a day for the asking. He who starves suffers from ignorance and lack of skill rather than from sheer inability to secure food.

Hence our arbitrary system of three meals a day, at which we often stuff ourselves when we neither need nor want to eat, while the hungry soul who forages for biscuits and jam "between meals" is sternly frowned upon. When we get away from degenerate human nature, all this ceases. Animals have no "meals" except when human captors force them. When the subjective condition—hunger—and the objective—food—are both present, they eat; that is all there is to it.

Fortunately, when we feed the intellectual and spiritual man we are still on the broad plain of free nutrition. We do, it is true, catch our children—poor things—and give them, in our schools, intellectual meals, that most of them take only through forced feeding. That, however, does not last long, and then we are free to take our mental food when we like and where we can.

It is a sad fact that as the instrument of forcible nutrition in schools is usually the book, books and all that they contain are often shunned like a plague by the adult. Small wonder; if the goose with a swollen liver should ever get away before he was made into *paté de foie gras,* do you suppose he would return to the feeding-house willingly, or that he would ever look, except with distaste, upon any of the instruments of his nutritional torture? Whatever may be said of our modern systems of education—and I should be the last to decry them, or to deny their continued advance toward increased sanity and usefulness—they have surely not yet solved the problem of making us in love with books. Most of us who have this love were born with it, or obtained it elsewhere than in school. Fortunately there is time before school and after school—not to speak of during school—to acquire it. Not that those who fail to do so cease all at once the acquirement of mental food. We feed our minds as constantly as we do our bodies. The man who never sees a book goes on observing, comparing, inferring, elaborating his own personal systems of science, philosophy and religion, learning how to live and forming his own conclusions about the why and whither. His mind comes into contact with other minds in the street, at the corner grocery, in the saloon. He can no more help educating himself than he can help living. The book surely has no monopoly as an instrument of education. Nor is there aught magical about it. The animals experimented with by Pawlow, in his classic investigations of the digestive function, thought they were eating; but what they took into their mouths slid from the esophagus into a tube and so out into the world again, never to be digested or to be incorporated with the organism. So, many readers, complacently thinking that they are feeding their minds, are only admitting ideas to the outer passages of their brains, whence they slide out again and are lost. Truly, it is better to feed one's mind

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without reading than it is to read without feeding.

And yet, without the book, one surely misses something valuable. What we miss is the short cuts, across wildernesses of time and space that the unaided mind cannot traverse. Ours is a civilisation of accretion, but it needs some means of keeping the old fresh and vital as well as of bringing the new into organic connection with it. These short cuts to the fountain-heads of our knowledge we get through books. We need these specially, in the affairs of the mind. The forgotten Prometheus who first brought to the cave-dweller the gift of fire may see from some distant Olympus the effect of that gift still in the fulness of its power and use. But what would Plato see, or Aristotle or Homer, if the book had not kept them alive? And how many forgotten philosophers, and scientists, and poets of the days before thought was recorded may there have been, of influence upon their time and through our fathers upon us in some distant degree, but wholly without present vitality? If we are truly to live the mental life of to-day, we must have food of yesterday—and of the day before.

Food of the days long past, but not by force. Food that will strengthen because we crave it with the craving that is nature's expression of a need. There are, it is true, the cravings of deep emotion—of passion, which are akin to those of the carnivorous beast that pounces on his prey, and tears it, and devours it all at once. There are also the gentler cravings of the herb-eater—the creature that takes its food here and there and everywhere; for minutes, or hours, or days, as the chance may offer. These are the animals that are of use to man—the ones that he delights to breed, and cherish, and keep about him, the slow-eating, thoroughly digesting, often ruminating creatures. These love to browse—and the transfer of this term to the leisurely culling of mental food from books gives rise to one of our most complete and satisfying metaphors. Forcible feeding may be occasionally necessary, when the mind, like an incarcerated suffragette, insists on starving itself; the mental orgy of emotion may have its place also; but I prefer to think of the real book-lover as of him who likes to browse in the broad pastures of literature, tasting here and there, eating his fill when he comes to a good place, cleaning up whole clumps at a time, perhaps; moving on when he sees something better ahead and ever stopping to ruminate and assimilate.

And if we are working animals—draught oxen perhaps—who cannot browse all day, what we have cropped will still, beyond the threshold of our consciousness, be turning itself into our very substance; and when our daily toil intermits or is done, we can return to our browsing and begin, perhaps, by pulling off the very tuft that we were about to crop when the summons to labour called us away. This browsing metaphor is so inexhaustible that one is tempted to keep on using its language until a talk about books seems turned into a discourse on animal husbandry.

"I have no time to read," says many a man; we can all pick them out here and there among our kinsfolk and acquaintance. A melancholy confession! We all have time to eat and time to sleep; if we ceased doing one or the other, our bodily machines would soon stop working. And when we cease to feed and refresh our minds our intellectual machines will likewise stop. Indeed, the wheels are groaning and creaking a good deal in many that we know. But there is a vast amount of mental feeding and mental exercise outside of books; every one has time for it and so keeps the rust out of his brain. To say, then, that one "has no time" for reading is simply to say that one feeds and refreshes his mind wholly by contact with his friends and neighbours and with the newspaper record of the day's politics and scandal (for this seems not to be accounted "reading" by our complainants). How great a mistake this is, and how the mind suffers from it, we have already seen. Cut your half hour's desultory gossip with Jones in two and talk

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for fifteen minutes with Plato, or Mill, or even Arnold Bennett! While you ride from your suburb to your work, cease to gaze at the landscape that you have seen a thousand times, and cast your eye on a few printed paragraphs embodying ideas that are wholly new to you. Read a lyric while you wait for your lunch instead of assimilating the signs that adjure you to "look out for your hat and overcoat." Read, if you must, even while you walk; it is quite possible, at the cost of an occasional collision with a stranger or a barked shin.

There are some who sneer at such casual mental exercise as "superficial"—a sadly misused word. We are always on the surface of things—no mortal yet has reached the hardpan of philosophy. The only question is whether our surface shall be an inch thick, or a hundred feet; and this must be answered by our needs. If we try to pass off our inch-deep knowledge for that of a hundred feet we are culpable; but the sin of which we are guilty is not superficiality but deceit. And so I say to the reader: If there are three lyrics of Heine that you love, you may read them a hundred times, if you like, leaving all the others unread. If you are curious about Rochefoucauld's maxims, you may begin in the middle of the book and pick out plums wherever they catch your eye; you shall not be compelled to read from cover to cover. Nay, you shall read the middle chapter of a history, or a book of travel, or a novel, and if you like it not, you may abandon it then and there. That the browser may test and reject is one of his dearest privileges, and is perhaps the very thing that makes browsing valuable. Because we have cropped a leaf from a poisonous weed, shall we consider ourselves bound to consume all the leaves of the plant—or the book? On the other hand, one leaf may so fill us with ecstasy that there is no stopping while the plant remains unconsumed. And it will be better for your digestion if you have no time to finish the whole at a sitting. I know of no greater joy than the looking forward to an hour with a loved author, nor of a more life-empty, orphaned feeling than the realisation that you have read all of him. But here is where the mental feeder has the advantage of the physical. For the latter may eat the same food but once, whereas the reader may take his twice, a dozen, a hundred times. Blest are the books that please more and more at each re-reading! There are such for every man, though not many for each. They will not stretch across a five-foot shelf by any means, yet on a desert island they would be enough and to spare. The search for them may well occupy a lifetime, and even if we are so constituted that we never find them, in the search itself there is joy. We may run across many friends even if we never find a sweetheart.

It should not be forgotten that one may absorb ideas, whether from books or otherwise, with more than one aim, and with more than one ultimate result. Our object may be simply to increase the store of facts that we know. It is in this sense that reading, in Bacon's familiar words, "maketh a full man"—a condition which may or may not be of benefit to him. Or the object may be entertainment—from the most trivial kind of passing of the idle hour to the noblest and best forms of mental recreation. Or the aim of our reading may be—more frequently the result is gained without conscious aim—to stir the springs of action, to set in motion the forces that mould character, better the conditions of life, and ultimately advance civilisation. The sources of ideas such as these, whether they are men, places, or books, we may and do regard with a peculiar affection. We may value and appreciate that which imparts information, but we do not love it. We may seek and enjoy entertainment, but it does not inspire us with affection. But that which stirs the soul, kindles the emotions, gives us faith to believe and power to do—that is the thing to love, and when we love books, it is for the inspiration that we find in them, rather than for either information or recrea-

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tion. And if the kind of reading that fools call desultory is valuable for naught else, it is of inestimable service as a search for books that will thus inspire us.

Only by reading can they be found; for the inspirational book is deeply personal. The strings within us are tuned to many keys: one may wander over the whole gamut before he finds just the tone that will thrill him and set in motion the invisible machine that has been waiting a lifetime for precisely this intimate touch. This is why browsing bears a peculiar relationship to bookish inspiration. One may browse also for information or for recreation—for study or for fun—but it is not necessary. If it is desirable that you should perfect yourself in spherical trigonometry you need not hunt through the library before picking out your book. If you want to laugh out loud or to smile inside, you may go straight to your Twain or Holmes; but if you want the book that is for you alone and for no one else—you must hunt for it.

And the great public library movement of the past half century means, among various other things, that the people have decided to provide and pay for their own mental and spiritual hunting grounds. That cities and towns by scores and hundreds are cheerfully paying for great collections of books, for buildings to house them and for trained workers to care for them and make them available, means not only that we want to place a particular book quickly in the hands of the man who needs it, but that we desire to give opportunity for search—freedom to the wanderer through the realms of literature to discover whatever therein may feed, or soothe, or stimulate him.

Not that the browser must be always searching. His may be that joy of re-tasting, which we have already touched upon a little while ago. Here he needs no wide collection of the world's literature, but only his own little intimate group of room-mates. It is a curious fact that even when he can repeat from memory some favourite bit of narrative, or dialogue, or description—a scrap of verse, a scene from a play, a paragraph of satire—he prefers to take down the volume, turn to the page, and let the passage enter the mind again through the eye.

Those who regard written language as merely a convenience—an arbitrary method of recording the sounds of oral speech, should ponder this fact, and the type of facts that it represents. They surely indicate that written speech and oral speech, whatever their relationships at the point of origin, have in their development become two distinct things. The true book-lover loves to think that when he closes a volume of his favourite author, he is shutting up within it something having a closer connection with that author than if its letters were merely phonetic signs indicating sounds made by the writer when he spoke. How often, indeed, were those words never spoken at all! They went from the writer's brain straight to the point of his pen and were so spread on paper—and they lie in the book even as he penned them. That is, they do, unless the spelling "reformer" has laid hold upon them and mutilated them! But this is a digression.

The re-reading of stray bits that one loves is eminently fitted for odds and ends of time. Here is where the pocket-edition comes in. One cannot well take with him in the trolley car or on the train the spreading quarto, the respectable octavo, or even a fat duodecimo. What is needed is something smaller; and here again one must go to the book-store rather than to the library. Librarians frown upon the book of pocket size, because thieves, as well as honest men, have pockets. It is an unfortunate—perhaps a scandalous—fact, that whenever a privilege is offered to the public, scores will be found to abuse it. Apparently there is no middle ground between exclusion and vandalism. When we unlocked the gates of our city squares, there ensued the era of trampled sod and broken shrubs; when we tore down

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the gratings from the delivery desks of our libraries, unlocked our doors and called the public in, our books began to melt away. No one wants the old régime back, but this is why, when one seeks a convenient book for browsing on the road, while he may select it at the library, he must go to the bookstore for his pocket edition.

Perhaps here is the place to point out a rock on which the browser may run. (We have not mixed our metaphors, for there are rocks in the pasture as well as on the main, and our feeder may stub his toe in the lush grass.) Browsing may well fill the intervals when we are free to choose an occupation; it is not meritorious when superposed on what we have to do. I have seen men reading books at lunch—when they were actually masticating their food. I am sure that they both read and ate badly. A farmer's daughter, intellectually inclined, once told me that she kept an open book on one end of her ironing board. "You can pick up lots that way," said she. Possibly; but how about the ironing? I will wager that it suffered. "Well, let it suffer," I hear some one say. Not so; it should have first consideration; and besides, the reading doubtless suffered also. Napoleon, we are told, could carry on more than one train of thought at once. You who are Napoleons may do likewise; for us others, who are only Berangers or Bossuets, it is better to tackle only one thing at a time.

This is a paper on browsing, and because it sticks to its subject, some readers will doubtless misunderstand it and believe that it condemns all other kinds of feeding. There will always be some who will interpret praise of the hills as disparagement of the sea, and who jump to the conclusion that he who enjoys winter must dislike summer. We may love browsing and commend the browser, but there will always be the too facile wanderer who needs to be roped to a stake when he feeds; there will always be the barn where dry hay and oats are served instead of the juicy herb. The master of our art of browsing may come to love it not wisely but too well. If his affection for it is safe and sane he will not neglect other modes of feeding, in their proper place.

But no matter how he may use these other modes, and no matter how he may value them, the confirmed browser will always long for the freedom of his broad pasture and for what that freedom inspires. It may be that he will discover a new author, and that he will spend a winter in this author's company, reading book after book, turning back and re-reading here and there, feeling all the while as if a door had opened to him in the blue sky, revealing depths undreamed of beyond. The unthinking observer, seeing him thus absorbed, might not recognise him as a browser; for browsing, after all, is not so much an act or a method, as a state of mind. The non-browser goes at an author, or a book, hammer and tongs from a sense of duty. He may, to be sure, go on because he likes it. He may cast off his shackles as he proceeds, and end as a free man. Yet the very fact that he starts shackled is against his success. He purchases his freedom at a great price, if he gets it at all, whereas the browser, like Paul, is free-born.

I trust that the connection of browsing with what I venture to call the American method of selecting one's private library is sufficiently apparent. For that selection is made, first by picking out what we want to read and, after the reading, sorting out what we desire to re-read. This is browsing, pure and simple; and the results are more and more satisfactory, the broader the field and the more thoroughly it is covered by the browser's wanderings. Such intricate meanderings take time, and there is, in fact, no time to lose. I have heard a man, past middle age, bitterly complain, on discovering a book that met his fancy, because he had not run across it earlier. He had missed it in his twistings and turnings across the field of literature, because the web that he was thus weaving was of too coarse a mesh.

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So there were thirty years, on a conservative estimate, irrecoverably lost, so far as that book was concerned. We all have losses of this kind to lament; some of us will never lament, because we shall never discover them. In this case, to twist the old adage a little, it is better to have lost and loved than never to have found at all. Better still is it to rise early and seek. The field is wide; it is strewn with delicacies, and each may be tasted by the diligent.

And how much better it tastes when it is a little troublesome to find! How much more one enjoys a fine view, or a wonderful book, when one is himself its discoverer! The final enjoyment is often proportioned to the labour of discovery. It is a mistake to make these things too easy. When a diner is served with perfect meats of nuts, already removed from their shells, and with seedless raisins minus stems, he sighs involuntarily for the days when he had to spend precious minutes in digging the nut from its shell. Now he may eat a dozen at a time, if no one is looking—but is that the best way? I am quite sure that cherries are most luscious when one stands on the limb of the tree and reaches for them at the risk of his life; that blueberries are sweetest in a mountain jungle. The effect is not altogether imaginary. Fresh food is surely more satisfying than stale, and berries, or ideas, are fresher when one comes upon them unprepared, as he does when he is browsing.

I sometimes think that we librarians have overdone a little our work of advice, and preparation, and predigestion, especially when we have children to deal with. Let us go over our pasture carefully to pluck out all poisonous weeds—and even all indigestible ones, if you like; though nutriment and sweet savour often lurk beneath a tough stem—and then let us encourage browsing! For one cannot begin it too young.

Much of what we are wont to consider as creation is merely selection and arrangement. With the same stock of materials to draw upon, one man will build a beautiful and useful house, another an ugly and inconvenient one. Living in the same world, and coming into contact with the same impressions, one man will build a fine character and another a despicable one. We must all select our own materials and put them together in our own way. The gift of written speech ensures that we shall not be limited to the here and the now in our selection of elements for the building of mind and character. We can use the ideas of Socrates or Seneca together with those that we pick up on the street or in the club; we can supplement our American notions with others from Russia, or Arabia, of China. The pasture from which we crop has been wonderfully expanded in space and in time. He who goes farthest afield and is the most catholic in his selection—he who most thoroughly incorporates together what he gathers, by chewing the cud of reflection—he whose normal digestive powers makes it all part of his own organism—he is the most successful browser.

We should never forget those two last processes. No matter how widely a man may range through time and space to cull the best from the master minds of all eras and all countries, if he has not the ability to fit the bits of his mosaic together into an intelligible pattern, and if he cannot make this pattern a part of his own personal mental organism, so that his thoughts, and his attitudes, and his outlook shall be his own instead of a patchwork of other men's—if he cannot do this, wide though his pasture be, and full of good things, yet he has browsed in vain.

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TIME-TABLES AND TAPESTRY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THERE is a beautifully simple idea afoot that the time and place of a story are determined by its setting: that the date of its action and the environment through which its actors move are those and those alone of which it tells us. Thus an American novel means one whose scene is laid in America, and a modern novel means a novel whose story is supposed to happen at the present time. So, being filled with enthusiasm for this land of the free and for this latest and most interesting of the ages, we cry loudly for the great American novel (whose characters and setting must needs be American); desire the modern note in the discussion of modern problems; and to that end demand that the action of our stories shall take place to-day. It is a charming attitude of mind, because it is so recumbent, so restfully removed from intellectual turmoil and endeavour; and therefore so eminently suited to the Tired Business Man and the General Public in their hours of relaxation. American stories mean stories about America; the modern novel is the modern novel; Western tales are tales of the Woolly West, and that fiction is real and true which deals with persons and places around the corner. If you venture to hanker after old and far-off things, or suggest the inadequacy of Joe and Josefsky and Giuseppe for all conceivable rôles, they reply triumphantly that no age was ever more poetic or more interesting than our own, and that it has the further advantage of being here. It is all so plain and clear and straightforward; and besides, it simplifies criticism.

Consider also how it expands the literary field, in seeming to restrict it. If a modern narrative is a narrative of modern events, then we have among us even now, from *Looking Backward* to the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, the novels and novelists of the future. As American literature is literature about America, so *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy* present us with the literatures of Hell and Heaven: surely a notable contribution. England, it is true, must renounce the greater part of Shakespeare; but then, *Julius Cæsar* becomes a Roman play, and *Midsummer Night's Dream* a Greek. Our antiquaries have perhaps neglected the study of those monuments of mediæval art, *Ivanhoe* and *The Forest Lovers*. And the indefatigable G. A. Henty achieves a more than mortal omnipresence, there being (as Cicero has it) no region upon earth but is filled with his labours. It is really too good to be true, and too simple to be allowed at large in the great world of letters: a tower unquestionably to touch heaven, but producing here below a troublesome confusion of tongues. Besides, although it looks delightfully easy for us readers, we ought to have some consideration for the librarians. They would find all their books upon the wrong shelves.

Of course the whole matter is a mere confusion of terms. An American novel may mean either a novel by an American or a novel whose scene is laid in America; modern literature is the product of our own time; but we speak of a modern story as distinguished from an archaic or historical one. Certain people (from whose number the present reader is, of course, hereby expressly excepted) have not unnaturally fallen into the habit of using both meanings at once. They call *The Virginian* rightly enough a Western book; although it belongs obviously to New England literature. Their preference for modern fiction, in the sense of fiction dealing more or less realistically with modern affairs, is a wholly rational and indisputable matter of taste. But

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they do not quite perceive that the work of Poe is as American in its way as that of Whitman, or that the plays of Maeterlinck are no less modern than the plays of Pinero. It is not quite so easy to perceive. They have a clear and reasonable liking for the representation of things they know; but when they come to put that liking into words, they feel a human reluctance to determine which meaning of the words they mean. And so the confusion arises. Moreover, the modernity of many books does not appear upon the surface. Mr. Maurice Hewlett is a modern writer: in that sense, whatever he writes is equally modern. But one group of his novels, like *Rest Harrow* and *The Half Way House,* is modern in a double sense, as being also modern in setting; whereas another, comprising *The Fool Errant, The Song of Renny,* and *The Queen's Quair,* displays the dress of archaism, in fashions running all the way from careful adherence to the facts of history to the fabrication out of whole cloth of a setting altogether fictitious and imaginary. These last are no less modern in the sense of reflecting our own humanity to us from an emphatically modern point of view; but their modernity is that within which passeth show, the themes and spirit of the tales, the canons of their criticism of life. And of these, while we cannot but feel them subconsciously, we are not so easily aware.

One thing, and only one, determines the real position of a book in space and time; and that is the environment of the author. For he cannot, as they say, step off his own shadow. He may write at will of the present, the future or the past; he may set his story where he pleases, in his own town, or in the unexplored antipodes, or in Bohemia, a desert country by the sea; but no matter of what age or environment he may choose to write, he will always be writing in his own. Though Mr. Kipling portray India to the very life, yet he must see it out of English eyes. His Orient, be it never so oriental, must still be felt from his own, not from the native standpoint. It is by this indeed that it so interests us, by so far as the Orientals appear more picturesque to us than to themselves. Otherwise, we should prefer their literature. However deeply Lafcadio Hearn has imbued himself in the colour and spirit of Japan, it is yet an Irish-American who has done so and who writes. Pierre Loti, sympathetically one at heart with the people of alien islands, must remain a Frenchman to the end. And when we ourselves happen to be the subjects of the story, the foreign point of view strikes us at once with a sense of the grotesque: as in the case of the Americas of Kipling and Dickens, or the England of Victor Hugo. The greatest artists are only less inept than the bunglers: they cannot escape the law. They change their skies, but not their souls, who run across the sea. Even in contemporary studies, removed only by the boundaries of a community or a social class from the author's own, some tinge of the inevitable veil abides. Mr. Owen Wister does not write quite like a Westerner, nor Mr. Jack London (despite his best endeavours) wholly like a primitive. The most literal and convincing of slum studies, the most exquisite vignettes of High Society, are done a little differently from without than from within. *The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot* is perhaps more vivid and more intimately true than *The Everlasting Mercy;* but it is not the same note. Nor could Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips, for all their power of realism, convey the native flavour and atmosphere of Mrs. Wharton. Others can never see us as we see ourselves. There is a film of externity even between the sexes, whereby we can generally detect in the writing of women something of that which makes every man a hero to his wife; and doubtless they can find in ours something of that which leaves the wife of many years a maiden to her husband.

And since this is true of contemporary work, where the author may see and dwell among the lands and folk whom he describes, how much more must it pertain to his account of bygone races and

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old times. The matter demands no proof, need not be tested by the forgotten facts; but if such test were necessary, one has only to compare our versions of antiquity with those of the ancients themselves. Hugo's *Nôtre Dame* wonderfully reawakens mediæval Paris before our eyes; but the mediæval Parisians left us no such vision of themselves, as he may learn who reads them. It is our mediævalism, not theirs: to us a far more important thing, indeed for all human and artistic purposes the only thing important; but still unmistakably, in its whole form and artistry, in its whole tone and criticism of life, a work of later date than the French Revolution. It belongs to the heart of the Romantic Period, and no thinking reader could possibly deem it otherwise. The classic scholarship of Flaubert and Lytton goes for naught. Let them adhere with the uttermost fidelity to every known archæological detail, exhaust the extreme of realism and the height of sympathetic imagination, in their endeavour to make Carthage what Carthage was, and Pompeii a resurrection from her ashes. *The Last Days* remains as unmistakably Victorian as *Eugene Aram,* and *Salammbô* as *fin de siècle* as *Madame Bovary.* Thackeray's masterly imitation of the Queen Anne style could never deceive any one into thinking that *Esmond* was written in the eighteenth century. Its true position is only less obvious than that of *Coriolanus,* or *Troilus and Cressida* with their naïve anachronisms. And even the various versions of some familiar fairy tale bear the national stamp of whoso momentarily tells them: you cannot confuse an Italian with a German *Cinderella,* nor *Bluebeard* with *Barbe Bleu.* Nor can translation itself, destructive of all idiom and colour of phrase, obscure the law that a book must live where it was born. The artist gives inevitably a local habitation to his creatures, not an habitation enforced.

This has at first sight a certain effect of condemnation; as if a story whose subject is external to the author's personal life must somehow be inferior. But this is not so in the least; for the actual and documentary side of fiction is a matter really of very small importance, mainly incidental and decorative. It may complete the author's art or augment the reader's pleasure; but no book was ever great by it. Most people in these days delight to see a play exquisitely mounted: a fine production sets off the merit of a good piece, or offsets in some degree the demerits of a bad one. Yet it never makes the difference between the two; and a work with any claim to greatness declares immediate independence of it. Even less has local colour to do with the importance of a work of fiction. None was ever great by it: those indeed of which it is the chief element form a comparatively light and ephemeral group, no matter of how serious a visage. And all the great stories since literature began are accidental in their locality, by that very element of the universal which is their greatness. It is the humanity in them that counts: they might happen anywhere, in any age; they might happen to you and me. That is why they are great, because of somewhat in them which is in us all. *Macbeth* and *Othello, Hamlet* and *Lear,* are acted oftener without than within the theatre; every one knows an Odysseus or a Don Quixote; Tannhaüser and Siegfried, Guinevere and Juliet and Griselda, do they not reënact their memorable adventures day by day? Setting is the least part of a big story, and the greatest of a little one. Yet even these do not depend upon it utterly, but upon some touch of nature, some discovery of human merriment or pathos quaintly dressed. The scientific fantasies of Mr. H. G. Wells's earlier period are scarcely contributions to science—though perhaps more nearly so than his recent lectures upon love and marriage; they interest by suggesting what people have done and may do. Some anthropologist may have reported more accurately of India than Mr. Kipling has done, some historian exhumed more of Carthage than Flaubert; but the creations of the artists have the enormous

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advantage of being alive. That the Middle Ages as Scott and Hugo drew them may never have existed matters *nothing*: they exist *now*, at all events. And so do Olympus and Fairyland and the haunts of Arthur and his Table Round. The setting of a tale shall neither damn nor save, though it be as literal as a photograph or as fictitious as a dream; for the truth of fiction is internal, and its importance measured by what it has to tell us of ourselves.

The location of his tale is, then, a question merely of the writer's choice and taste. It will remain essentially the same story, as *The Scarlet Letter* is essentially the story of Tristram and Isoult; and it will remain essentially modern to him. That is, it will inevitably reflect the mental attitude toward life of his own environment and no other; as Hawthorne could not possibly have drawn his triangle in the moral light of the older version, where morality was dissolved in romance, nor in that of its colonial setting, where sympathy would have been buried in retribution. He must see out of his own eyes; but he may choose whither to turn them. Of course, a more external and journalistic story would alter more by the alteration of its externals. A detective story, for instance, could hardly be placed before the existence of detectives; but if it were so placed, it would still be the story of the detection of a mysterious crime. The parable of the Samaritan, on the contrary, might be set anywhere unchanged. Its location would not matter; but it would matter very much who told it. Suppose it were to be told by Nietzsche. Yet although the tale may happen when and where the author will, there will be one great difference according as he elects to have it happen remotely or under the ken of contemporary vision. It will be the same story, in Broceliaunde or Brooklyn: it will be told equally from the modern American standpoint, since that is where he stands; but the method of his telling will be greatly changed. For in the one case, he must portray the events with that fidelity to familiar fact which we call realism. His lovers must drink beer or champagne together according to their caste; since the reader, knowing the probable facts, insists upon them. In the other case, where the details are unknown or fictitious, he may invent them unrestrained: holding only to the human truth of his creatures, by which alone they are connected with us who read. His lovers may drink a magic potion, if only it affects them logically. And the reader, careless of mere actualities, will demand of him only that internal and self-fulfilling consistency which we term romance.

One method is as true as the other. The same story may be told, the same truth of humanity expressed by both. The difference is simply between telling it as we might see it happen to others, literally and from the outside, and telling it internally as we should feel it happening to ourselves, the events and emotions being made concrete through symbolism. There was no need for Dives to be depicted in hell, nor Lazarus upon Abraham's bosom. There are heavens and hells enough on earth, wherein the parable might have ended as realistically as it began. But the symbolic places of bliss and torment furnished a readier and simpler embodiment of the idea. And this is true with many another tale of present authorship. The realist has two preoccupations: he is to tell his story truly and actually also; truly in its human essence and correctly as to a setting fixed and known. Whereas the method of romance avoids this latter necessity, and goes directly to the truth, conditioned only by the consistency of the characters and the logic of the events. The one need be true only to life; the other to life within some special and restricted phase. And the author's choice of either method may depend freely upon the nature of his theme or the natural bent of his creative power.

On either side stands the authority of great names who have preferred the one way or the other of accomplishing the

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sole business of art: the holding of the mirror up to life. That the magic mirror has been in general the older choice, while modern artists chiefly use the hand-glass, is a reproach only in the mouths of those who imagine that we are better craftsmen or wiser prophets than the giants of old. It might be interesting to ask them why, seeing that our advance in scientific warfare (to which we have specially directed ourselves) has not produced a greater soldier than Alexander, they should expect of our comparative carelessness toward art a poet greater than Homer. But then, there would be little use in reasoning with them. They say that Homer was a syndicate. At least, let them be reminded that romance lends itself effectively to the telling of many tales which otherwise could with difficulty be told at all. For its setting grows out of itself, as the tree puts forth her foliage: realism must use the formless fashions of a day to clothe the nakedness of man. And the humanities of all time retold in modern dress may be as offensive as a painted statue, without gaining one iota of human truth or of contemporary vision. Let us have the great American novel, by all means, if we can breed amid this fog and shouting one with the eyes to see and tongue to tell it. But let us not imagine that it must necessarily be realistic in order to be modern or local in order to be American.

SIXTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Henry Cabot Lodge's "Early Memories"*

It is often made a matter of reproach to us Americans that our men of light and leading do not take part in public affairs and that our politics are abandoned to purely professional politicians. The assertion is risked that our men of affairs and our men of letters are not found contending in the arena of political discussion as they do in England and in France. More particularly is the charge urged that we lack a long line of literary statesmen akin to those who have illumined the political history of the British and the French in the nineteenth century. Attention may be called to the fact that those who take this view seem to ignore the necessary distinction between politicians who also have the literary gift and men of letters who take part in politics. It is true that in France, from the days of Guizot and Thiers to the days of Poincarré and Hanotaux, French men of letters have thrown themselves ardently into political life and have risen to high place in the state. But it may be doubted whether this is equally true of Great Britain, where the literary statesmen have been first of all politicians, even if they carried literature as a side-line. Lord Morley is the only recent British statesman who is a man of letters primarily and only secondarily a politician.

It is not the fact that here in the United States we have been devoid of statesmen who had the literary gift in a high degree. No one would be bold enough to deny literary merit to the Declaration of Independence, to the two Bunker Hill orations and to the Gettysburg address. And we have also had our share of men of letters who rose to the more exalted public offices, John Hay, for one, George Bancroft for another; and the list of men of letters whom we have sent abroad to represent us includes the names of Irving, Motley, Lowell and Bayard Taylor. At the present time the roll of the American Academy of Arts and Letters is graced by the names of President Wilson, of ex-President Roosevelt and of Senator

*Early Memories. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1913.

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Lodge, all of whom made themselves honourably known as authors before they adventured themselves into the welter of political activities.

Senator Lodge in his volume of *Early Memories* has told the story of his boyhood and youth and early manhood before he became a scholar in politics; and so interesting is his account of these non-political years of his career, that we can only hope he will be encouraged to continue and to give us a companion volume of *Later Memories,* in which he may set forth his relations with the public men whom he has known intimately in the past quarter of a century. To the present reviewer this first instalment is most welcome, for he is only a few months younger than his reviewer, and like Mr. Lodge he is old enough to recall the Heenan and Sayers fight, and the Ravels, and the "Relief of Lockwood" and the dark days of the Civil War.

Mr. Lodge is a Bostonian of the strictest sect. He is a descendant of what Doctor Holmes once called "the Brahmin caste of New England"; and he revealed his early shrewdness in the wise choice of his ancestors. As he reminds us, his great-grandfather, George Cabot, the friend of Washington, whose biography Mr. Lodge was to write for the American Statesman Series, was his predecessor as a United States Senator from Massachusetts. No pages in Mr. Lodge's book are more significant than his account of his father, a man of the loftiest character, who held his fortune in trust for the public service and who stayed in business longer than he ought to have done, solely that he might be able to give more freely.

Those of us old enough to recall the Allan Thorndike Rice, who bought the *North American Review,* a quarter of a century ago, and—with the aid of that picturesque literary adventurer, Lawrence Oliphant—changed it from the staid quarterly which Lowell and Norton had edited to a brisk monthly rival of the *Nineteenth Century* of Sir James Knowles, will read with amused interest Mr. Lodge's description of the kidnapping of Rice from his father by his mother, when both he and the narrator were boys,—an episode which forced the autobiographer to appear as a witness in court at an age when he might be presumed not to know the meaning of an oath.

Mr. Lodge tells us at length about his boyhood in Boston and at Nahant and at Newport, when the Naval Academy —removed from Annapolis during the war—occupied a Newport hotel, since torn down. He describes his school days and his trip to Europe in 1866-7, when he spent the winter in Rome and became intimate with the sculptor-poet, W. W. Story, an expatriated Bostonian. He returned home and entered Harvard, then in process of modernisation under the energetic impulse of President Eliot. At Harvard, Mr. Lodge was first moved to serious study by Mr. Henry Adams's contagious interest in scholarship; and very valuable indeed is the letter of advice which Mr. Adams wrote to his former pupil after the latter had graduated and when he was hesitating as to the choice of a career. Mr. Lodge went through the Law School and was admitted to the bar; and although he had no intention of practising, the legal training thus acquired has been most useful to him in the later years when he served in the House of Representatives and in the Senate.

At twenty-one he was married, and on his wedding trip he went to Europe again, seeing Paris in its desolation after the destruction of the final days of the Commune. When he returned to his native land he edited the life and letters of his great-grandfather, George Cabot, and he contributed to the *North American Review,* then in charge of Mr. Adams, his former professor and his lifelong friend. And here in 1880, at the threshold of his entrance upon the field of practical politics, the autobiographer allows the pen to fall from his hand. But he appends a final chapter on "Public Men and Men of Letters"—in which he records his impressions of Charles

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Sumner and Wendell Phillips, Governor Andrew and Doctor S. G. Howe, Charles Francis Adams and Robert C. Winthrop, Motley and Prescott, Bancroft and Parkman, Longfellow and Holmes, Whittier and Aldrich,—the incomparable galaxy which justified the bestowal upon Boston of the title of the "Athens of America."

Since Mr. Howells's unforgettable description of his *Literary Friends and Acquaintance,* no book has taken us so completely into this brilliant circle as Mr. Lodge's. He knew them all; they were his friends, as many of the older had been friends of his father before him; he appreciates them, each according to his deserts, and he is able to make us see them and understand them better than ever before. Especially to be commended is his analysis of the character of Sumner, and his recollections of Bancroft and Parkman. He quotes characteristic letters from one and another of these New England worthies, and he provides a host of apt anecdotes, many of which have never before got themselves into print. Indeed, it has been a constant temptation—which this reviewer has found it difficult to resist—to excerpt from this treasure-house of personal memories. But this reviewer has always felt it to be unfair for a critic to despoil the pudding of its plums, and so to discount the pleasure of those who are invited to the feast.

Autobiography, so Longfellow once asserted in one of his note-books, is what biography ought to be; and we Americans have been singularly fortunate in the past few months in the number and in the variety of the books in which men of importance have chosen to set forth their own careers. Men as unlike as Mr. Henry James and Admiral Dewey, Senator La Follette and Colonel Roosevelt have taken us into their confidence and told us about themselves with more or less frankness. It is a most alluring shelf of books, that which contains the best of recent American autobiographies; and it does not contain any volume more alluring than these *Early Memories.* Yet the pleasant task of the present reviewer will not be complete until he again expresses the hope that Mr. Lodge will take up his pen again and let us have his *Later Memories,* preserving in his record of his political battles the simplicity, the urbanity and the amenity which lend grace and dignity to this account of his youth.

Brander Matthews.

II

L. Gastine's "Madame Tallien"*

The material of French biography, even when not presented with the Gallic laughter and grace which one has learned to expect, is the most fascinating thing in the world. The success of this interesting book is not one of style. The light touch is lacking which the author often, somewhat elaborately, intends. Perhaps the knowledge of demolishing an ingratiating legend made him a trifle aggressive. For here is by no means *la belle Tallien* of the de Goncourts—"the symbol of France's awakening after the nightmare of the Terror." But at any rate, he is so eager to wield the axe that he commits the blunder of destroying the story before telling it. In narrating the real story, which is a thousand times better if less romantic, one occasionally suspects some personal or professional animus against poor Theresia. How at this distance of time can he confidently assert, one wonders, that the indecencies of her costume did not exhibit the disdainful unconcern of a grande dame but rather the effrontery of a great courtesan confident of her power to seduce? It seems a nice discrimination for a succeeding century. After all, Theresia was deserving of some admiration as a person of quality, since despite her twelve children she still preserved the faculty of making every man who approached imagine she was going to fall in love with him and hope he was not mistaken. Except that at times M. Gastine's gusto is

*Madame Tallien. By L. Gastine. Translated by J. Lewis May. New York: The John Lane Company.

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fairly audible, one might almost mistake him for a moralist. Especially in the closing chapter is the conventional string twanged overheavily. Since she adorns his tale so pleasingly, surely Madame Tallien might be forgiven for not obviously pointing a moral. Life, especially when that of the many ladies who weave golden threads through the tapestry of French history, is not always compliant to moralists.

The brief halo of Theresia Cabarrus as "Notre Dame de Thermidor" was in reality thrust upon her by a sentimental public. She never urged Tallien to strike Robespierre with the Spanish dagger she was said to have sent him from prison; and, indeed, Tallien himself had almost nothing to do with hurling the tyrant from his seat. The fair Theresia might well have feared that her aforetime lover when master of the situation would send her to the guillotine to remove all danger of awkward revelations of his enormously profitable traffic in pardons during their earlier career together; and Tallien would have betrayed her ten times over in order to save his craven life. But, farcically enough, he suddenly found himself and her the idols of the hour. The people insisted that she had inspired him to liberate France, and he had to accept the situation or overturn the pedestal on which they had placed him. So he was forced to set her free, and together they clumsily concocted enough details to bolster up the fairy tale which satisfied so well the universal craving for romance. It was a tale which Theresia, frustrated in her many attempts for a more glorious halo, was naturally willing in after life to embroider as much as possible.

Finding himself likely to be forced from the centre of the stage, Tallien married her. Although every one found her loveliness irresistible and she had carefully cultivated all the resources of attraction, he had in their previous alliance grown weary of her charm and impatient of her behaviour. On her part, she knew too well that he was a thief and a poltroon, but it was sufficient that he was the hero of the moment. Besides, she had some natural confidence in her destiny. By the age of twenty-one, she had already been wife, mother, divorcée, and the mistress of a dozen men; yet still all well-bred men, even the most refined, were her devoted worshippers. Somewhat bovine in temperament, it was easy and not unreasonable for her to regard herself as the darling of fortune. But Tallien failed her miserably. Despite his popular triumph, he soon found himself powerless and discredited. Mortified at the wane of both his influence and his ill-gotten wealth, Theresia was making up her mind to oust her friend Josephine from the affections of Barras, the foremost of the Republic's five protectors, when that lady suddenly began to smile on the little Corsican general who was rich only in hope. Barras took Madame Tallien under his protection, and when he tired of her gave her to another; but again she had miscalculated. Thinking she had drawn the future king, she had in reality appropriated only a blank. Nevertheless, she reigned for four years the queen of the Directoire, that burlesque of an aristocratic society; and was its scandal, its charm, its shame, and its delight. Through all the eccentricity of her undress and the shameless indecorum of her conduct, continues the author, she preserved a vegetable serenity of demeanour which could arise only from an absence of moral consciousness.

It pleased Napoleon on his return to ascribe some of Josephine's frailties to her friend, and he forbade Madame Tallien the Court. Even after Josephine's divorce the two "reines du Directoire" did not resume their intimacy. By then Madame Tallien doubtless felt that the whirligig of time had brought a slight revenge, for she had become a real aristocrat through her marriage with Count de Caraman, afterward Prince de Chimay. At the age of thirty-two, when her extraordinary charms were beginning to show the wear of reckless usage, she so successfully angled for the Count that he snapped his fingers at the pub-

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lic scandal. But the aristocracy refused to adorn the salon of the ex-professional beauty, and everybody called her Madame Tallien to the end of her life. Beloved by her husband and immensely rich, however, she spent the next score of years in growing old gracefully though not beautifully in her great establishments of Brussels and Chimay, where she entertained many people of importance in their time. The only real penalties she ever paid for her outrageous career were her banishment by Napoleon and the refusal of the Fauburg Saint Germain to take her up.

Graham Berry.

III

Arthur Stanwood Pier's "The Story of Harvard"*

Every Harvard man knows something about the beginnings of Harvard—in particular the bequest of money and books from the consumptive young minister, John Harvard, whereby the University took a name and a start. But just as few sons of Harvard can remember off hand more than the beginning and the end of that somewhat lugubrious chant,—"Fair Harvard,"—so few are familiar with the history of the University during the interim between its beginning and the date when each, as a Freshman, arrived upon the scene.

For example, not many could point to the very first recorded instance of that tenderness toward the negro which Harvard has tenaciously maintained, in spite of the derision or hostility of other sections of the country. Yet before Harvard College was three years old, this characteristic cropped out. The first president, the Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, being on trial before the General Court for violence and dishonesty, his wife was also examined and made the curious admission that she had "allowed the negro servitor to sleep in the bed of John Wilson—one of the students."

*The Story of Harvard. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The lot of those seventeenth century students, judged by our standards, was not happy. College life was a monotonous repetition of prayers, work and sermons, with an occasional bit of discipline for the weak or the wayward thrown in by way of variety. Witness the following from Samuel Sewall's Diary:

> Thomas Sargent was examined by the Corporation and being convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the H. G. —certainly no irreverence was intended in the abbreviation!—he was sentenced to be publicly whipped before all the scholars. . . . This was presently put in execution in the Library before the scholars. He kneeled down, and the instrument, Goodman Hely, attended the President's word as to the performance of his part in the work. Prayer was had before and after by the President.

The age, as James Russell Lowell has said, "believed with the old poet that whipping was 'a wild benefit of nature';" and inasmuch as Harvard College was at first a Divinity School, chastisings accompanied by prayers before and after were accepted with as little comment as invitations to call at U-5 in these latter days.

Alas, how quickly the cry of "Harvard, the rich man's college," was raised. Early in the eighteenth century an investigating committee condemned the silk night-gowns of some students "as tending to discourage persons from giving their children a college education." A better justification for the charge than the silk night-gowns was the practice of the college authorities themselves of arranging students according to the social standing of their parents. In their Freshman year students were assigned their places, and the fortunate individuals at the head of the list received the best rooms, the first helpings at Commons, the front seats in Chapel and at recitations, and, as the lists, once made up, were never changed, the honour for the rest of their lives of standing at the top of their class in the college catalogue.

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No wonder that such an undemocratic method aroused much friction. "Scholars were often enraged beyond bounds for their disappointment in their place," wrote a graduate of the period. It was not until 1772 that this snobbish custom was abolished and the students were placed in alphabetical order.

A lively contrast to the mild and extremely brief set of rules furnished by the Harvard authorities twenty years ago, and perhaps still in vogue, is a list that comes down to us from the eighteenth century. Some of the fines for misconduct were as follows:

	s.	d.
Playing cards, not exceeding.....	5	
Drunkenness, not exceeding.....	1	6
Lying, not exceeding.....	1	6
Fighting, or hurting person, not exceeding	1	6

Whereby we can see that a student might get drunk, lie, and fight, and for all three offences be less in the bad graces of his superiors than to be caught playing cards.

From the same list—"Going upon the top of the college" was a one shilling and sixpence offence, while frequenting taverns was punishable with a fine not exceeding the same amount. Absence from prayers cost twopence; absence from public worship cost nine pence; but the two misdemeanours together did not equal the enormity of owning a gun or going skating.

The moderate charge for drunkenness leads us to consider a feature of college life which was fairly prominent from early days. Even before the end of the seventeenth century there was much complaint about the disorders at Commencement. Later the college authorities passed stringent regulations against the appearance "of any distilled Liquors or any composition therewith" in the students' rooms. In 1740 a committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of the students reported that at the election of officers for the Senior class—"It is usual for each scholar to bring a bottle of wine with him, which practice the Committee apprehend has a natural tendency to produce disorders."

Disorders of alcoholic origin crop up time and again. Thus, early in the nineteenth century appeared the Harvard Washington Corps, of which Lowell says—"their gyrating banner, . . . on the evening of training-days, was an accurate dynamoter of Willard's punch or Porter's flip. . . . I see them now, returning from the imminent deadly breach of the law of Rechab, unable to form other than the serpentine line of beauty, while their officers, brotherly rather than imperious, instead of reprimanding, tearfully embraced the more eccentric wanderers from military precision."

The class of 1821, of which Emerson was class poet, "marched on their graduating day to Porter's Tavern, where they sat down at two o'clock to 'a fine dinner.' Caleb Cushing gave for a toast: 'The bonds of friendship, which always tighten when they are wet.' After this inspired sentiment the feast waxed merry. 'When we had all drunk our skins full, we marched round to all the professors' houses, danced round the Rebellion and Liberty Trees, and then returned to the hall. A great many of the class were half-seas over."

In 1836 the Rev. John Pierce entered this observation in his diary: "Be it noted that this is the first Commencement I ever attended in Cambridge in which I saw not a single person drunk in the Hall or out of it. . . . There were the fewest present I ever remember."

College athletics of the present day have some evils to answer for, but there is without doubt far less drunkenness and rowdyism in colleges now than in the time when athletics were unknown. As Mr. Pier says: "With cramping regulations, and with practically no athletics to absorb nervous and physical energy, college life often seemed irksome; frequent outbursts of disorder and drunkenness were the methods by which undergraduates sought relief from monotony."

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Harvard is "the first and greatest creation of the Puritans," declares Mr. Pier. It began as a divinity school, and supported by a colony of desperately poor people living on the border of a wilderness it had a hard fight for life. The first tutors received the liberal salary of four pounds a year; the early presidents were paid partly in wood, and corn; partly from the receipts of the ferry between Cambridgeport and Boston; and partly not at all. Through the generations, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, Harvard has grown from that little school whose first graduating class contained nine members to a university numbering about five thousand souls, and an income of two and a half million dollars a year. In *The Story of Harvard* the history of this development, extending over two hundred and seventy-seven years, is sketched. And to the author is due the hearty thanks of Harvard men and of all who have an interest in or a little curiosity about the great university, for a volume that is full of information and entertainment.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

C. Gasquoine Hartley's "The Truth About Woman"*

Many so-called feminist books are extremely trying in that they tend, in the fervour of their propaganda, to be too utterly feminine and fail therein to be human. C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan), in *The Truth About Woman,* never lacks fervour and enthusiasm, but combines with these qualities an unusual sense of proportion. She maintains firmly that there is no solution of the woman question except as it includes man, and solves life's problems as a human equation including both sexes. This thoughtful book is written in a direct and simple style which gives the reader the constant feeling of entering into a personal talk with the author, sharing the conclusions of a matured, poised individual who has lived broadly and understandingly among divers classes in many lands. Mrs. Gallichan has hitherto written chiefly on Spain and Spanish art; perhaps this explains why she touches all phases of her new subject with a keener sense of the emotional and human values than do many feminist writers who have devoted themselves exclusively to the economic and sociological aspects of life. She seems never to lose sight of the fact that, after all, in the most difficult of all arts—that which deals in the problems of human adjustments—many of the equations must be solved through individual education and development. Although she, in no sense, underestimates the possibilities of communal action, she continually emphasises the impossibility of accomplishing, through legislation, any reform which is not an expression of, at least, a majority conviction.

Mrs. Gallichan is the daughter of a Puritan father who died for the faith in which he believed. She herself says the desire to teach was born in her blood, and she began her work as the head mistress of a school for girls. She believed she would be able to train them to a new type of free women. To-day she states that, of course, she failed, and wonders further if she taught her pupils "one-hundredth part of what they taught her." She was saddened by what she felt to be her failure, and out of this experience grew the purpose to write a book seeking the truth about woman. She is grateful for the delay in carrying out her intention, since experience has since changed many of her early conclusions.

Her book is divided into three main sections: the first, biological; the second, historical; and the third is devoted to a consideration of the present day aspect of the woman problem as based on the other two. She feels it is absolutely essential to examine the history of woman's place in the civilisations of the past, and also the part the female has played in the evolution of the sexes, to understand the present or to suggest the future. The

*The Truth About Woman. By C. Gasquoine Hartley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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conclusion of her biological study is that woman, through her potential motherhood, is the guardian of the Life Force; therefore, woman must be freed from both economic and sex bondage, so that her choice of the fathers of the children of to-morrow may be liberated toward the highest good of the future race. The author preaches the gospel of the liberation of woman; but not, as with so many feminists, liberation from man. She says:

That from which woman must be freed is herself—the unsocial self that has been created by a restricted environment.

In her discussion of the evolution from the matriarchal to the patriarchal form of society, the author fuses a new interest by her unique and sanely balanced conclusions regarding it and its suggestion for the future. She believes that both the past social superiority of the mother, and the transitional period of woman's social inferiority have served a legitimate and inevitable part in the evolution of the race to a higher humanity.

The opinion that the subjection of woman arose from male mastery, or was due to any special cruelty, must be set aside. With all the evils that father-right has brought to woman, we have got to remember that woman owes the individual relation of the man to herself and her children to the patriarchal system. We women need to remember this, lest bitterness stains our sense of justice. It may be that progress social and moral could not have been accomplished otherwise; that the cost of love's development has been the enslavement of woman. If so, then woman will not, in the long account of nature, have lost in the payment of the price. They may be (when they come at last to understand the truth) better fitted for their refound freedom.

Neither mother-right alone, nor father-right alone, can satisfy the new ideals of the true relationship of the sexes. The spiritual force, slowly unfolding, that has uplifted, and is still uplifting, womanhood, is the foundation of woman's claim that the further progress of humanity is bound up with her restoration to a position of freedom and human equality. But this position she must not take from man—that, indeed, would be a step backwards. No, she is to share it with him, and this for her own sake and for his, and, more than all, for the sake of their children and all the children of the race.

This replacement of the mother side by side with the father in the home and in the larger home of the State is the true work of the Woman's Movement.

Mrs. Gallichan prefaces her modern section by a restatement of her biological and historical deductions as bearing on sex differences. She concludes:

"That it is a two sexed world—men and women are not alike . . . the female as the giver and keeper of life is relatively more constructive, relatively less disruptive than the male. . . . Now up to a certain point sex differences lead to sex attraction, but whenever such variability, whether initiated by some natural process or by some intentional guidance of the pressure of civilisation is unduly exaggerated, the way is opened up for sex antagonism. . . . Under our present civilisation, and mainly owing to the unnatural relation of the sexes, which has unduly emphasised certain qualities of excessive femininty, sex feeling has been at once over-accentuated and under-disciplined. Thus an extreme outward sex attraction has come to veil but thinly a deep inward sex antipathy.

Therefore, the author sees in the modern revolt of woman against this sex specialism, in her efforts to enter into communal activity, to understand and be a part of the man-made world, a token of nature tending again toward an harmonious balance.

In her consideration of marriage and prostitution, Mrs. Gallichan takes a position which will undoubtedly disturb those unthoughtful ones who are content to drift in ancient channels, and permit all their cerebration on social questions to be done for them. She frankly faces the relation between our present marriage system and prostitution. For example, she says:

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Our marriage system is buttressed with prostitution, which makes our moral attitude one of intolerable deception, and our efforts at reform not only ineffective, but absurd. Without the assistance of the prostitution of one class of women and the enforced celibacy of another class, our marriage in its present form could not stand. . . . Marriage is in itself, in many cases, a legalised form of prostitution. . . . The fact is, our marriage, in its present legal form, is primarily an arrangement for securing the rights of property.

One wishes that every so-called good woman could read the chapter on prostitution; a new sanity would certainly be fused into their consideration of the social evil.

The degradation of prostitution rests not with these women, but on us, the sheltered, happy women, who have been content to ignore and despise them. . . . I therefore hold firmly to the belief that the hateful traffic in love will flourish just as long, and in proportion, as we regard passion outside of prostitution with shame. . . . These women, who for centuries have been blasted for our sins against love, must be readmitted by women and men into the social life of home and the State. Then, and then alone, can we have any hope that the prostitute will cease to be and the natural woman will take her place.

Mrs. Gallichan regards the ideal marriage as the union of one man with one woman for life. But she feels that the enforced continuance of an unreal marriage is a gross form of immorality, which hurts not only the individuals concerned but also the children. She maintains that just as consent is accepted as necessary to marriage, so it should be the condition for divorce. Through thus freeing our marriage relation to meet the real sex needs of men and women we may achieve a practical morality which will help us to abolish prostitution. She does not believe free love the practical solution. She differs with Ellen Key in that she considers all sex relations are in some degree the concern of the State and the race; first, because they hold the potentiality of children; secondly, because whatever the individual gains of good or evil from love must ultimately react for the benefit or wastage of the race. It is natural then that she further believes free love does not offer any particular advantages over free marriage because the rare people who have made a success of free love might have made an equal success of marriage.

The author's discussion of sex differences in relation to work is exceedingly suggestive. She maintains that it is impossible to predicate what women can or cannot achieve in the future, by comparing woman's past achievements with man's; for, she argues, the opportunities of woman to develop as woman have not been equal to the opportunities of man to develop as man. We have, Mrs. Gallichan asserts, not an accurate estimate of woman's potentialities in even those exceptional women who have been able to achieve signal individual success; since, with the work world organised as it has been, women have had to spend so much vitality—which should have gone into the work itself—in fighting for the *right* to do the work they chose. As a matter of fact under the patriarchial system it has been woman's sex and not her work that has been valued. Sex is best paid, generally speaking, both in marriage and out of it. Women have had to submit to the will of man, of society, or of God—as interpreted by man. Woman could only realise herself through man. The wonder is—the author says—not that women have not accomplished more in the fields of creative work, but that they have achieved so much. This writer on the arts suggests that individualistic lives bar really great creative work: "all living and valuable art is really communal." In the primitive societies women engaged in communal and coöperative operations. With the rhythm of their work they created poetry and music. In Mrs. Gallichan's opinion, with the restoration of the modern woman to an active place in the cooperative life of the community, she will again participate in the creative field of

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work as wonderfully as she has in the creation of life. She suggests that the inferior position woman has been given in communal life is well illustrated by the fact that pregnancy—which should be a period of glorification—has been regarded as a condition for concealment if not positive shame. The recent report of our Board of Education in regard to women teachers being mothers is a sad evidence of the persistence of this idea.

This book is a remarkable contribution. It should appeal deeply to both men and women interested in understanding the present awakening of women. It is many sided and deeply suggestive and should be widely read. The present writer feels that any review which is not a reprint of the book itself must be pitifully inadequate.

Fola La Follette.

V

Stewart Edward White's "African Camp Fires"*

It may be that portions of this book, to readers of *In the Land of Footprints,* by the same author, will seem to be the literary by-product of the expedition to which they refer rather than the main relation. Such impression may be traceable to the considerable gaps in time and events that occur between chapters; it certainly is not due to lack of importance and interest on the part of what those chapters separately hold. If at times there is a suggestion of the notebook of the seasoned traveller and naturalist who sacrifices technical data out of regard for his unscientific reader's ignorance, there are many pages that chronicle those apparently inconsequential details of which our most vivid and lasting impressions are often made. And besides much substantial observation upon African life—human, animal and vegetable—there are tales of encounters with big game, told with a vigour and straightforwardness that is thrilling and convincing. No one but Mr. White we believe brings to the task of writing a book like this such a happy combination of experience, enthusiasm, keenness of observation and good judgment in balancing fact against personal fancy.

The book ranges far. In two chapters we move from the Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix at Marseilles to Port Said, and in three chapters more we have gone through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. Then we are landed on African soil and, with glimpses of Mombasa to remember, enter the jungle to begin the march through the Shimba Hills. Here soon begins the serious business for which all this long journey was made by the author and his companions—the hunting of the biggest of African game, and first, of course, the lion. Perhaps our most distinguished American lion hunter has said, I understand, that Mr. White is the best shot that Africa has known. One is strongly disposed to endorse that statement after reading the account of what happened to the Big Lion which had the misfortune to come his way, as here set down; and, again, accepting the writer's words for the conditions that confronted him when he secured a specimen of one of the most difficult of all wild animals—the greater Kudu—it would seem as if marksmanship could not be put to a severer test. But all this is far more than a matter of planting a bullet or bullets just right. The zest of the chase is the chase itself, the outwitting of the animal at its own game, the stalking of it, the meeting with it face to face, when a nerve quiver, a moment's delay or bungling may mean death to the man and not the brute. And this zest Mr. White imparts to his pages. Nor does the hunter always triumph. For all of the lion skins that the author brought home these were but few compared to what lions he saw, as witness that morning, approaching the Lucania hills, when fifteen of the beasts in leisurely file clambered out of a cañon in plain sight of the party and, as in leisurely fashion, betook themselves to the jungle while the hunters, for two hours, worked to get into a position to attack.

Quite as interesting in its own way

*African Camp Fires. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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as anything concerning the big game is what is printed about the people. To most of us at least the African native is a black man, a savage—each and every one of him differentiated from his fellows only by his stature, or perhaps some cast of features or variegation of headdress. But here we are introduced not only to peoples that differ from one another in humour, philosophy and habits, but also to individuals, to men who have at least some of those virtues of which we like to think civilisation possesses almost a monopoly. What happened to the expedition while in the Serengetti desert bears upon that point, and Mr. White's simple statement of the fortitude and sacrifice of one Memba Sasa is only perhaps the most striking instance related. There is something, too, in these Africans reminiscent of what we once called the American savage. Fennimore Cooper it maybe who comes to mind when we read this bit of reasoning by the Masai, a strong and warlike tribe who never have waged warfare with the English. "We have watched the war with the Wakamba," the Masai said, in effect, "and we have seen the Wakamba kill a great many of your men. But more of your men come in always; and there were no more Wakamba to come in and take the places of those who were killed. We are not afraid. If we should war with you, we would undoubtedly kill a great many of you, and you would undoubtedly kill a great many of us. But there can be no use in that. We want the ranges for our cattle; you want a road. Let us then agree." Mr. White has given us another sound and interesting book.

Churchill Williams.

VI

Carl Ewald's "The Four Seasons"*

The gentle lyric personality of the Danish poet, Carl Ewald, is no stranger now to the American public. With several well-translated volumes he has won for himself a quiet corner where the reader who is weary of the rush of action characterising our fiction as well as our daily life can retire and find repose and refreshment. The latest Ewald book to be presented in an English dress is a charming little prose-poem, simple in the extreme, and very engaging, as true simplicity always will be. It is so simple that a child could understand it and yet it will lead the grown-up reader back to a true comprehension of the eternal mystery of Nature.

Nothing could be more ingenuous than the slow unfolding of the little fable. The Prince of Winter and the Prince of Summer meet upon the high mountain as the Earth comes slowly out of Chaos. They would divide the world between them, but the two lesser Princes of Spring and Autumn claim each their share. Then the round of the seasons goes on, the simple processes, age-old and yet so little noticed, unfold themselves before our eyes until the Princes meet again to look upon their handiwork and find that it is good . . . or that it would be good, did not Man often make it to naught. Spring alone has conquered the Conqueror, as it is he who draws Man aside from his dreams of Empire to dream of Love.

In the charm of its lingering on little things, in its dallying with the Unessential, the book bears all the hallmarks of its Danish origin. Also in the sternness of the Prince of Winter, a picture that comes readily in those lands where Winter is a time of death not merely of rest. And in the lingering on the slow coming of Spring as well . . . nowhere as in the Northern literature do we find that choke in the voice when the poet sings of Spring. Spring means so much after the long cruel winter of the North!

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to render into another language such a bit of writing, where style is more than content. But on the whole the work has been well done. The dainty garb given the little book sits becomingly on its delicate charm.

Ellen Chalfont.

*The Four Seasons. By Carl Ewald. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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VII

Richard Dehan's "The Headquarter Recruit"*

The present reviewer confesses to a strong liking for short stories, and therefore, to a feeling of gratitude toward the publisher who has the courage to disregard the customary trade attitude toward this particular form of literary product. When the result of his courage is a book of such good short stories as those contained in the above volume, the gratitude is correspondingly heightened. The short story in its capacity for giving pleasure bears the same relation to the novel as the tiny glass of fine cordial does to the full bottle of wine, . . . or the good cigarette to the long cigar. There is many a half hour or less when the literary *gourmet* has neither time nor leisure to read a novel, but greatly longs for a bit of true literature. Then he longs for the short story just as he longs for the cigarette or the cordial, and nothing else can satisfy. To such readers, and there are many of them, the latest book from the pen of the talented woman who signs herself Richard Dehan can be most heartily recommended. Its stories will leave as pleasing a taste in the mouth, and will fill in those moments of longing as fully as will the perfect cigarette or the delicious cordial. They are not all evenly good of course, some are gems in their way, others lacking in concentration of form and weight of content. But through them all pulses the vitality of a remarkable literary personality, a virility thoroughly masculine, yet showing little touches, here and there, which make it believable that the author is a woman. The masculinity predominates, however, both in choice of subject and in style. It is not only in the choice of subject that the resemblance to Kipling forces itself upon the reader's mind. It lies in something deeper than that, in the taking of the reader into the writer's confidence from the start, as it were, two friends talking together who share many acquaintances and interests in common. This touch, one of the most engaging of the Kipling qualities, Richard Dehan possesses in full, with a natural spontaneity quite different from the laboured imitations of which we have had so much since the Anglo-Indian writer dawned on our literature. A little more concentration would heighten the resemblance and still keep it free from the reproach of imitation.

There are so many stories that linger long in the memory after reading that it is hard to choose a few to praise in particular. "The Man in the Woods and Forests" is a gem in its tense brevity, its directness of style and its true originality of subject. "The Quality of Mercy" is a bit of irony of Fate that will not be easily forgotten. "Clairvoyance" is deliciously humorous, as is also the tale entitled "Realisation." Some of the longer stories depart from the tensity of form and are really novelettes, yet it is one of these, "Full-Sized James," which from the tragedy and novelty of its subject lingers persistently in the mind long after the book is closed and laid away.

J. Marchand.

*The Headquarter Recruit. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

VIII

A. Conan Doyle's "The Poison Belt"*

In *The Poison Belt,* as in *The Lost World* of a year or so ago, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has found expression in the singular personality of Professor George Edward Challenger. The name itself is diagnostic. From the beginning the huge beard of the strange violent scientist bristles, and the hoarse bellowing voice booms out. These last two stories have been less telling of tales than the illumination of a character in which the author seems to find particular delight. Yet this character is too artificial, too much builded up of complexities, to be entirely convincing. In the Doyle portrait gallery he is hardly worthy of a

*The Poison Belt. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

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place with Sherlock Holmes, with the Brigadier Gerard, with Sir Nigel Loring, or with the delightful Sir Charles Tregellis. His proper place is behind the counterfeit presentment of the well-meaning but monotonous Dr. Watson. That he is even there is due to the fact that his creator under all conditions is an accomplished literary workman. In less practiced and dexterous hands Challenger would be a rank absurdity. Another point. There was a suggestion of the character in an earlier tale by Conan Doyle. In many ways Challenger is a reincarnation of that singular evil genius who haunted the pages of the *Stark-Munro Letters.*

The story of *The Poison Belt* is entertaining but inconsequential. It involves the four characters who made the journey to South America to find *The Lost World*—Challenger, Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, and the young journalist, Malone. In a letter to the London *Times,* couched in terms of characistic insolence, Challenger has called attention to certain cosmic changes which he thinks likely to bring about the immediate dissolution of the world. His prediction is at first ridiculed. But from remote corners of the earth there come items of news threateningly corroborative,—stories of queer illnesses in Sumatra, of light-houses out of action in the Straits of Sunda. Swiftly the menace draws nearer. India and Persia appear to be wiped out. Delirious excitement prevails through the south of France. Symptoms of an unnatural madness are perceptible in Paris and London. These are the conditions when Summerlee, Roxton, and Malone, carrying their precious tubes of oxygen, take train for the Surrey home of Professor Challenger, there to prolong life in a room hermetically sealed, and to witness the end of the world. It all depends whether the tale is of a kind that appeals to the reader. If it does he is assured of an authorship which, despite the amazing extent of its popularity, has never received its full meed of serious consideration. *Arthur Bartlett Maurice.*

IX

Louis Joseph Vance's "Joan Thursday"*

Not to every writer is it given to spend several years producing the average sort of thing known, for want of a better term . . . or a more impolite one, . . . as "best sellers," and then to prove his ability to turn out a true picture of life, a book which can be seriously considered even by literary standards. Mr. Vance has proved himself to be one of the few who dare make the attempt. His latest book shows many carelessnesses, much slovenliness of style, much of the melodramatic touch of his former efforts, but it is a book which will make its way on something better than mere sensationalism. It is a picture of life that in spots is as bald and crude as life itself can be. And it is the portrait of a woman which deserves a place on the line with some of the best in fiction's great art gallery. The portrait is infinitely better than the background. In the composition of the stage settings that surround the heroine in her varied phases of existence can be found most of the faults and inadequacies of the book. In the character of Joan herself, consistent in her inconsistency, deliciously alive at all times, lies Mr. Vance's triumph.

Joan began life as Joan Thursby, and as a shop girl living in a cheap tenement. We leave her as Joan Thursday a successful Broadway star. And just as the change in her name was not the result of any conscious choice on her part, so do the various changes in her fortunes seem not the result of her own volition, any further than a general desire to "get on." Things just come to Joan, she finds nothing when she seeks for it, but when she drifts home to some shelter, weary from searching, Fate is waiting for her around the corner or on the doorstep. And so she goes on from step to step, from cheap to high-priced vaudeville, and then to a Broadway production, with as little definite desire or

*Joan Thursday. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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scheming on her part as is shown in her love affairs. From an engagement to a dramatist of refinement and ideals, she drifts into marriage with a vaudeville actor; then into the sort of paying liaison which proves the open sesame to Broadway theatres, . . . for Joan and such as Joan at least. She loves each one and forgets him just as easily, apparently inconsistent and inconsequent, but true always to her own self, a self she as little knows or understands as do any of the men who come into her life. The story of *Joan Thursday* is a story of theatrical life, but not by any means the story of an actress. There is a vast difference here. There was no inner impulse driving Joan to act—

> . . . her theatrical ambitions had been founded more upon need of money than upon any real or fancied passion for the stage. Other girls had done likewise and bettered themselves; Joan knew no reason why she should fall short of their enviable achievements; but she was innocent of dramatic feeling and even of any real yearning for applause.

So Joan becomes the sort of actress who is drilled by the stage director into an instrument to carry out his intentions. There must be many such, sad as it may appear to those who still have some sort of ideals concerning the histrionic art, . . . for why otherwise should a well-known manager have stated publicly that most of our women stars couldn't "make fifteen dollars a week in a department store" if left to their own intelligence unaided by good looks and clothes. Joan is one of these, and as a study of the type and its influence upon theatrical conditions of the day, this picture of her life has more than mere interest for the passing reader, it has the importance of an historic document. However, it will prove also a very readable document to the many who seek only for the moment's enjoyment within the covers of a book. Mr. Vance is to be congratulated on his adventure into fresh fields.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

X

S. Weir Mitchell's "Westways"*

Somewhere toward the close of *Westways,* Dr. Mitchell speaks "of those that knew me through my summer-born books"; and this phrase reminds us that its author has long since faced the winter time of life. Yet there is nothing in his latest novel, save perhaps the philosophic calm of a ripe maturity, which betrays the venerable age of the author, for it contains a sustained freshness and virility as remarkable as it is persistent. In fact, there does not come instantly to mind many scenes in fiction that excel in sheer animal exuberance those in which Mr. Mitchell has drawn the youthful episodes of his hero and heroine when they are first thrown together. These are delightfully fanciful and quite entrancing. The beginning of this story then has a lyric note which serves as a colour contrast to the deeper tragedy of the Civil War. As Dr. Mitchell points out in his intimate foreword, he is not concerned with plot, as such; he relies for interest "upon the influential relations of social groups, then more defined in small communities than they are today." It is with the small village of Westways, in Middle Pennsylvania, during the late fifties he is concerned—and his book epitomises the tragedy of our great war as it touched the intimate relations of the families who lived there. As with *Hugh Wynne,* too, the emphasis is placed upon social forces rather than dramatic episodes; it is the essence and spirit of the period which is transcribed rather than personal adventure. And Dr. Mitchell writes throughout with an unhurried charm, pausing now and then by the wayside and not disdaining the revealatory incident.

When John Penhallow arrives from abroad at his uncle's home he is a good example of a well-coddled youngster, brought up by an over-careful parent. As a result his abrupt contact with the Tom-boy qualities of Leila, his cousin,

*Westways. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

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comes as a distinct and educational shock. The various scenes which follow afford Dr. Mitchell ample opportunity for sly digs at the education of children, and also reveal him as a close student of the vagaries of adolescence. The Penhallow home in which these two children grow up is full of mutual love, but differing opinions: James Penhallow, one of the most vital figures in the novel, a strong Union man, brooding over the impending difficulties which are arising between the North and South; and Ann, his wife, with Southern affiliations and deep-seated feelings concerning her own people. Through many pages the author traces with subtle penetration the widening breech beneath the great love these two have for each other: a transcript, in fact, which best portrays the stress and anguish of that time. One episode, when an attempt is made to recapture an escaped slave, under the Fugitive Slave Law, focuses the personal drama of the period. The young John begins to awaken to the impending war, and it is only natural he should follow his uncle's footsteps and enter West Point. When the war finally breaks he goes to the front while his uncle tries to stay at home. But in a splendidly conceived series of scenes Dr. Mitchell shows the struggle which is taking place in the older man's heart, while his wife, too, realises his character will compel him to take up arms against her own people. James Penhallow first goes to Washington, and this serves to present many pictures of Lincoln and Stanton and of the Capitol during war time. There is a very exciting chapter about the spies at work in the city and a number of interesting comments upon the President's plan of campaign. Later, too, the older man takes part in the battle of Gettysburg, told succinctly and vividly. The younger Penhallow's fortunes lead him with Grant in the West and later in the Richmond campaign. Thus the author, in following each character, is enabled to catch the spirit of the whole war rather than to convey it through adherence to literal fact.

Eventually James Penhallow is brought home wounded to his wife.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she cried. "What do I care for Lee—or Mead—or battles! James Penhallow is all the world to me. Victory!—she flamed with mounting colour —"it is I am the victor! He comes back with honour—I have no duties—no country —I have only my love. Oh, my God! if he had died—if—if—I should have hated——" She spoke with harsh vehemence, and of a sudden stopped, and breathing fast, gasped in low-voiced, broken tones, "Don't stare at me—I am not a fool—I am—I am—only the fool of a great love. You don't know what it means. My God! I have no child—James Penhallow is to me children, husband —all—everything."

Here is voiced the other side of the great struggle: the silent suffering borne by the women who waited. In Ann's case, she is compelled to nurse one whose mind has been temporarily shattered, until an operation restores Penhallow's reason. These are intimate scenes told as only a physician could accurately describe them. Of course, the novel brings the younger characters together effectively, at the conclusion of the war.

This leisurely novel will be admired by all those who still feel respect for a dignity of intention and a lofty simplicity of style; permeated as it is with those sharp observations of character which have come to the keen eyes of this eminent nerve specialist. Dr. Mitchell has lost none of his capacity to tell a story and to show the subtle relation of character and environment which blend so with each other.

Griffin Mace.

XI

Vaughan Kester's "The Hand of the Mighty"*

There is a singular pathos about this posthumous collection of Vaughan Kester's short stories, since it reveals once

*The Hand of the Mighty. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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again what a fine artist in character drawing has been lost. In spite of many splendid scenes and suggestive bits in his earlier work, Mr. Kester really did not find himself till he wrote the very popular *Prodigal Judge*. Here his undoubted skill at humorous portraiture found fullest expression, and this book, if nothing else, in completion, stamped him as an author who was to be reckoned with in depicting the cross currents of our American life. In *The Hand of the Mighty* —a series collected from his twentieth year—there are glimpses of this same power, and in two stories, at least, highly creditable achievement. Many of these are but sketches turned with a certain deftness—but the title story to the volume and "Mr. Feeny's Social Experiment" have a unique merit which is as personal as it is compelling. In each of these Kester's strong ironic humour finds full play: the former for its penetrating analysis of "simple souls" who obtain all they wish because they are thought so "genuine"; and the latter (which caused wide comment on its publication), since it showed the inherent absurdity of much in our social and economic scheme. In each story there is a touch of Kester's tendency to caricature; but it is so amusing and so saturated with a genial comic spirit that exaggeration makes it all the more delightful. Readers may recall a few lines from the latter story where the crew and the capitalistic passengers are shipwrecked upon an isle, thus affording Mr. Feeny, the stoker, who controls the food supply, a chance to put into practical operations his somewhat badly digested ideas of social economics:

I pronounce these here the United States of Ireland! . . . In conference with Mister Murphy, I've decided on a Declaration of Independence and a Constitution which you can ask about if you're at all curious. If you ain't—I'll say this much for it,—we're opposed to anarchy, communism and socialism. We believe in the sacred rights of property—which is only another name for salvage. We believe, too, that the law of supply and demand is a great law, and well adapted for to take root in this climate. We will now proceed to vote for Mike Feeny, for President; Tom Murphy, police judge; Jack Corrigan, alderman; and Pete, the Swede, cop. 'Tis right the foreigners we have should hold some of the jobs. And now the elections bein' happily over, we'll just leave the public at large to discover what's been done for to make life brighter and easier for it.

Kester did not excel in romantic love scenes; but he had a sure touch in the relations of men. All the men, in this collection, stand out, but the women are more or less negligible. Those who recall the death scene of Mahaffy in *The Prodigal Judge* will not be surprised to find in some of these stories true notes of pathos. "The Half-Breed," "The Bad Man of Las Vegas," and "Mollie Darling" show the effect of Kester's visit out West: they are based upon more or less melodramatic situations, but are atmospheric and interesting. The experiences of a playwright is handled with verisimilitude in "When We Have Waited." Two stories somewhat out of Kester's bent reveal his capacity for sharp, vivid episodes: "The Blood of His Ancestors," a plot story with rather an odd twist, and "What Rearton Saw"—a grim study in horror unlike anything else which this gentle author ever attempted.

George Middleton.

XII

Will N. Harben's "The Desired Woman"*

Speaking of the Georgia mountaineer in the October Bookman, Mr. Harben says: "They really make story-telling easy for a writer, for they are story-tellers themselves. I have often been surprised as I sat in some country store, or in some whittling or checker-playing group in a court-house yard, to find that a man in brown jean pants, hickory shirt and slouched hat was telling an experi-

*The Desired Woman. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ence in the best possible form for print. He would be leading up to his situation, keeping back his climax as skilfully, and quoting the speakers of his yarn as naturally as O. Henry at his best."

Perhaps it is this story-telling knack of the Georgia mountaineer, coupled with Mr. Harben's skill in reproducing him in print,—which latter item the author modestly fails to mention,—that makes Mr. Harben's stories of Northern Georgia so popular. And it is perhaps for the same reason that the hill folk in *The Desired Woman* are so natural, and convincing, and impress one as true to life.

The Desired Woman is the story of a man who holds fast to the image, not of his first love, but of his best love. Something of a scamp, with more than a dash of goodness in him; something of a strong man with a noticeable vein of weakness in him, he appreciates a little mountain flower of a school teacher whom he meets on a vacation in the Georgia hills. And after his first marriage, desirable enough financially and socially, but lacking in other respects, comes to a dismal end, he drifts back in time to the hills and the school teacher. And for her sake and by her influence he undergoes regeneration.

People who don't know Georgia ought to read *The Desired Woman*. There is no old "cunnel" in it; no one says "suh," or prates about chivalry, or "totes a gun," or "plays cyards," or says or does any of the things which Northern readers expect to find in a novel about Southerners. In *The Desired Woman,* Georgians, especially the city folk, are hustling and money-grubbing just as they would be if they were natives of New Jersey or Iowa, which is true to the facts.

It may be objected that Mr. Harben's novel is melodramatic. Well, the existences of some few people in real life fortunately are melodramatic. And as for the rest of us, who lead quiet, even, uneventful lives, we sometimes love to sit down and read about the ups and downs and sudden upsets and ultimate rightings of melodramatic lies. Melodrama, the writer holds therefore, is not a taint in a novel.

Newell Cutts Hardwick.

XIII

Juliet G. Sager's "Anne, Actress"*

It is a matter of common knowledge among those who have had experience with the theatre and with actors, that an actor's play—and this phrase includes not only those plays written by actors, but those which they often extravagantly admire—may be lacking in appeal to a public with a broader angle of vision. The actor sees things from the narrower point of view of the specialist: in a situation which may strike an audience as theatric, unreal, or irrelevant, he may see the much-desired "punch" or the opportunity to "make points," and for the moment loses sight of the work as a whole.

In a large measure this criticism will apply to Juliet G. Sager's *Anne, Actress.* The first part of the book, which gives an intimate view of the world on the other side of the curtain, with its heartburnings, its jealousies, its intrigues, its disappointments and its hard and unremitting toil for the earnest and ambitious, together with its gayety, its joys and triumphs and its light-hearted unconventionality, is sincere and convincing. It is only when the "situation" around which the story is built comes that it becomes unreal and artificial. The heroine, Anne, has been a stock actress for many seasons. She has served her apprenticeship on the road, and when the story opens is the leading lady in a stock company in Brooklyn. When very young she had been left a widow with a child entirely dependent upon her. Everything, her ambition and her maternal affections as well, have been sacrificed for this child's welfare. She has placed her with a relative in the far West. Her poverty and the demands of her work prevent her seeing this beloved child except at long intervals. At

*Anne, Actress. By Juliet G. Sager. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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length her opportunity arrives. A Broadway manager offers to star her in a new play by an unknown but promising author. She had intended bringing her daughter, now a young girl of eighteen, East at the close of her stock season, but she writes to postpone their reunion until the autumn. The play rehearses well. Anne and the author, who is several years her junior, are on the point of falling in love with each other when the daughter unexpectedly arrives. Unknown to her mother, she, too, has gone on the stage and has come East more to push herself, backed by her mother's supposed influence, than from any promptings of natural affection. They resemble each other so strikingly that they are frequently mistaken for one another. The fickle young author speedily transfers his affection to the daughter and secures her a small part in the play in which the mother is to star. In the end this designing, unpleasant, but cleverly drawn young person supplants her devoted mother, not only with her lover but professionally, wresting from her the long-coveted star part. Anne heroically consents to coach her and consoles herself by marrying a man of suitable age whom she had kept dangling after her for many years. The "situation" and the "lines" are there, but if it be true to life, nature before and behind the curtain must have certain marked points of difference.

H. Dick.

XIV

Sax Rohmer's "The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu"*

China, the vast and mysterious, as a source from which criminals of uncanny powers and fell designs can overrun the Western world, is a safe card to play for a writer of mystery and adventure stories. No one really knows anything about China's innermost nature, and therefore no one can contradict the writer if he is a little careful in his statements. The author of the adventures of the mysterious Dr. Fu-Manchu and his tireless foe, Wayland Smith of the Burmese Government Service, builded wisely in making his criminal a Chinese emissary. There's been so much said recently in the press about the stupidity of criminals in general that the writer of detective stories is hard put to it to give his shrewd discoverers of crime an opportunity truthfully to show their mettle. A Chinese criminal, clothed with all the powers of Western learning and Eastern knowledge, is a direct inspiration. And his creator, Mr. Sax Rohmer, has proved his ability to profit by his inspiration. After all, what is demanded of the writer of mystery and detective stories is first of all imagination to create situations and then the ability to handle his theme in a way that shall keep the reader breathless from beginning to end of the story. These qualities are all apparent in the narrative of Dr. Fu-Manchu's dread doings. A series of mysterious sudden deaths, the secret connection of which is not at first comprehended either by the police or the public, startles official England. One by one men who have had dealings with the Orient and proved themselves apt representatives of Occidental progress, drop out of the ranks of the living; but sudden death always, but sometimes by a manner of death so natural that no suspicion attaches to it at first. One man only, Wayland Smith, who is not a detective but a hard-working official of the British Government in Colonial Service, realises that these deaths are wrought by Fu-Manchu, a mysterious Chinese scholar who has dreamed a dream of China ruler of the world and attempts to make the dream an actuality. The appearance of the stories in book form has lost no interest by the publication of occasional chapters in a weekly. The volume is not a book of short stories but a well-connected narrative starting with the return to England of Wayland Smith, on the trail of his dangerous antagonist, and ending with the spectacu-

*The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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lar death or disappearance—the reader is left in doubt—of Dr. Fu-Manchu. The thrills are piled up skilfully, the style is simple and direct. A few affectations in the quieter passages are forgotten when things begin to happen. There is a touch of the supernatural that lends the final element of gruesomeness to the story, a reminder of *Dracula,* which comes as a surprise after the ultra modernity of the rest of the tale. In a word, the book is a very creditable specimen of its kind, and fulfils all the requirements the most exacting reader of that type of fiction could demand.

Ralph Hobart Phillips.

XV

Edna K. Wallace's "The Quest of the Dream"*

There are several kinds of letters which, broadly speaking, are interesting to a reading public—letters sparkling with genius, letters which no one has any business to read, humorous letters, letters which (properly or improperly) actually do reveal character, and the dainty rose-petal variety of letter to which Molly-Make-Believe belonged. The letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning come under both the first and second heads.

It is difficult to place Miss Wallace's *The Quest of the Dream,* for, although it is published as a collection of letters which tell a consecutive story, yet the spirit of the text suggests the diary, rather than the letter, form. The book essays to be the heart story of a young woman named Doria French, and narrates her introspections, wonders, perplexities, and some of her emotions. She is pictured (or rather she pictures herself) as a youngish composer of songs living in the Middle West. Her first letters and her first affections are given largely to a mythical creation of her own, a certain John whom she calls Abstract Man. Later her affections, her letters, her confidences and a great deal of general information, she transfers by gentle degrees to Actual Man, one David Hartnell, a philanthropic, improvident artist, who happily combines a Viking appearance with a distinguished genius. The interchange of letters between David and Doria tell most of the story; although the mythical "John" receives a share that dwindles from the lion's to the jackal's, and when Doria goes to New York, where she sees so much of David that she has little time to write to him, the history of her romance is carried on in her letters to Miss Barbara West, her heart's confidante.

The story is pleasantly, and often brightly, told, and the picture of Doria French herself is a clear and convincing one. But her story and her type are both reasonably familiar, and both are curbed with an intellectual conservatism and restraint. Doria's passion for Hartnell is neither altogether naïve, nor altogether headlong. Her history is neither that of a child awakening into womanhood, nor of a woman baring her inmost soul, but rather the moderate love story of one of the independent women of to-day. The reader comes to sense her as a pleasant, clean-minded, personably young woman of high ideals, and a certain amount of intellectually artistic sensibility. She gives us little of her background, but a great deal of her cultural standpoint. Indeed, we are led to marvel at the patience of her lover-artist under her constant indication to him of the truly beautiful in the world about them. But, it may be said incidentally, that David Hartnell—if we are to judge by his letters—is not only mentally in sympathy with Doria, but so intellectually consanguineous, as to arouse grave doubts in the mind of the reader as to the wisdom of their union. It is, by the way, a frequent error of writers having views to express to set the mark of a too common parentage upon their diversely intended literary children.

In spite of its faults, however, the book presents a readable story which will appeal to many lovers of temperate romance, and it undoubtedly presents an

*The Quest of the Dream. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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admirable picture of the best type of that army of young women, which lays siege to fortune by countless ways of small artistic endeavour, whose ranks year by year astonishingly increase, and whose soldiers bivouacking in studio and hall bedroom, discuss eternally Art and Life, a little vaguely perhaps, but with unquestioned courage.

Wells Hastings.

XVI

Holman F. Day's "Squire Phin"*

A sympathetic understanding of rural New England life and characteristics, together with an appreciation of its comic possibilities, is the distinctive note in the work of Mr. Holman F. Day. It is true that he frequently obtains his effects by resorting to broad caricature, as he has done in his new novel, *Squire Phin;* but the caricature is always good humoured without any trace of ill-nature. Phineas Look, attorney and notary, at the opening of the story, has arrived at that mellow period of life which the French happily describe as "between two ages." He is a sort of Providence for the inhabitants of the little New England village of Palermo. Substituting for the wisdom of this world the more kindly impulse to do good to his fellow-man, with disastrous results to his own pocket, he prefers to settle all of the local difficulties out of Court. With a profound knowledge of human nature and an unflagging sense of humour, he cajoles and ridicules by turns to pacify the belligerent spirits of his fellow-villagers. Twenty-five years before the story opens, his scapegrace brother Hiram had assaulted the only son of the village magnate, Judge Willard, thereby starting a feud between the two families. Squire Phin has been the chief sufferer. Not only has he paid off all of his brother's obligations at the sacrifice of his career, but he has been obliged to give up all hope of marrying the judge's daughter, whose New England conscience has compelled her to choose her duty to her father rather than her duty to her lover.

The most eccentric figure in Palermo was easily Aquarious Wharff, familiarly known as "Hard Times" Wharff. He had a most uncanny gift of prophecy, an inheritance from his forbears. It was owing to the fact that his prognostications were rarely of a cheerful nature that he owed his sobriquet. For two hours on the afternoon when the story begins, he had been standing in the broiling sun on the corner of the platform in front of the village store, having what his friends called a "weather-vane spell." From time to time he announced the direction of the shifting wind and commented on the flights of crows which meant, "something besides a heavy fog was due to arrive." The "Something" arrived, sure enough, in the shape of the ne'er-do-weel Hiram. Never did returned prodigal reappear in less repentant guise. Eight horses, an elephant, a dissolute parrot and six circus wagons formed his train. With his advent, things began to happen so fast in Palermo that the overworked prophet was forced into temporary retirement. Hiram's uncontrolled temper had not modified in the discipline of the years. Taunted by the old Judge, he retorts in a manner which only serves to widen the existing breach between the two elderly lovers, and ultimately sets the whole village by the ears. Everything ends happily, however. Even the irrepressible and irascible Hiram settles down into the calm backwaters of matrimony and, metaphorically, turns his sword into a ploughshare by compelling Imogene, the elephant, to work his farm. There is a good deal of melodrama in the book, which sometimes seems a little forced, but it is a story worth reading.

H. M. Richards.

*Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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FASHIONS IN TITLES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THEORETICALLY, one would say that the requisites of a good book title are not greatly unlike those of a key: namely, that it should be accurately fitted, that it should serve to unlock something of the author's secret purpose, and that it should not be of too general and indiscriminate application, not serve as a common passkey to other locks than its own. In actual practice, however, the ideal book title, the title that awakens interest while promising neither too much nor too little, is exceedingly rare. And the reasons for the abundance of bad titles and the dearth of good ones are threefold: first, comparatively few authors have a natural, inborn instinct for the right title; secondly, the modern tendency is to regard the title as an advertising scheme, something that will lend itself to spectacular exploitation, something to be flaunted in the public eye with the effulgence of a scarlet cover. Now the scarlet cover was an effective device until ninety per cent. of current fiction adopted it; but to-day a red covered novel is as indistinguishable as a British soldier. And lastly, the tendency to imitate effective devices has resulted in fashions, more or less transitory, in book titles,—fashions that, while they last, lead many an editor or publisher to reject the one perfect and flawless name for a given story in favour of an inadequate one which has the advantage of satisfying the current formula.

It might be profitable, at some other time and place, to take up the study of titles chronologically and determine the epochs of the different fashions and the causes that led to them. The earliest formula, that of calling a volume by the name of its chief character, is self-explanatory. It is a practice which, with a minimum of mental effort at once satisfies all the legitimate requirements: Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda,* Miss Austen's *Emma, Ivanhoe, Tom Jones, Henry Esmond, Nicholas Nickleby* are one and all of them titles which for obvious reasons fit the volumes to which they belong, reveal the author's purpose at least to the extent of advising us in advance which of the many characters is meant to be the protagonist, and certainly could not be applied indiscriminately to a miscellaneous host of other volumes. But as the ranks of fiction swelled, it became steadily more and more difficult to find proper names that would be sufficiently distinctive and individual and yet neither extravagant nor grotesque, and the eponymous formula suffered a perfectly natural decline.

But for our present purpose the history of fashions in titles, the precise dates of their rise and fall and the reasons that successively led to them are of no special importance. The point to be made is, not when or why the proverbial title, such as *Put Yourself in His Place,* or the monosyllabic title, such as *The Pit* and *The Cost,* or the Omar Khayyam title, such as *The Desert and the Sown,* came into favour and passed out again, but merely that such fluctuations in fashion occur and that their occurrence tends to result in mediocrity. And it follows as a natural corollary, that writers of the first magnitude have almost always maintained a healthy independence in the matter of naming their books, and refused to lend themselves to the passing fad of the hour. Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus,* Kipling's *Man Who Would Be King, Courtship of Dinah Shadd, Without Benefit of Clergy,*—the list might be expanded indefinitely,—are strokes of pure genius, obeying no fashion or for-

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mula, but struck out in white heat, as it were, in each case the one inevitable, wholly satisfying title. And it is worth noting that the title which satisfies, as these titles do, is usually a full-packed bit of description, an almost miraculous piece of verbal condensation, as though the author were striving to embody the whole sum and substance of his story in that one square inch of available space on the back of the cover. *Richard Yea-and-Nay,* three little monosyllables of description, that stand, for any one who has once read the book, not merely as a luminous epitome of Hewlett's whole conception of a character at war with itself, but also an index to the very structure of the story, with its subdivision into the "Book of Yea" and "Book of Nay," and all the grim tragedy embodied in them. And *The Nigger of the Narcissus* is in its way scarcely less marvellous as an example of the one inevitable and absolutely appropriate title. For some reason it was deemed best to change the name on the American edition and to substitute the apparently colourless *Children of the Sea,* thereby following a formula which at that time was being rapidly worked to death,—one recalls, among others, *Children of the Mist, A Child of the Jago, Sons of the Morning, The Son of the Wolf, A Daughter of the Snows, A Daughter of the Vine,* as just a few of the volumes that came in swift succession during the late nineties. *Children of the Sea* is accurate, so far as it goes; but *Nigger of the Narcissus* is more than a title, it has the value of a master stroke of poster art. The very juxtaposition of the words, *Narcissus* and *Nigger,* with their respective connotations of black and white, flings before us that unforgettable picture of the consumptive negro lying deathlike on his pillow, a grim study in ebony against the whiteness of the sheets.

This whole question of fashions in titles was suggested by the names of a majority of this month's instalment of fiction, which are representative of what may, for lack of a better term, be called the presumptuous title, the title that takes itself and its subject with a portentious seriousness and professes to settle once for all the most momentous problems of life. From Mr. Chambers, for instance, we have *The Business of Life,* from Robert Hichens *The Way of Ambition,* from Miss Willcocks *The Will to Live,* from Basil King *The Way Home,* which essays to teach not only how to live but how to die. It is a type of title of comparatively recent origin, dating certainly not further back than the time when editors first began to demand that stories should have an "uplift" in them. There was a time when the would-be purchaser of a book of entertainment would have been frightened off by a title that sounded like a sermon, or a treatise on economics. But for the passing hour there seems to be some mysterious lure in names that would seem to promise something very deep and abstruse, and that really are dishonest titles because they are far heavier and more solemn than the contents which they profess to describe. Furthermore, they are bad titles because they fit their respective volumes with a fatal looseness. One could think of a score of novels that deal quite as seriously with the business of life as that of Mr. Chambers does and quite as satisfactorily with the road to the eternal home as that of Mr. King. And in this respect the current fad in titles is not exceptional. American titles as a whole are far less apposite than British titles. Many of our leading novelists might take the names of all their books and shuffle them and deal over without serious misfits. Any of Mrs. Wharton's short stories are Crucial Instances; most of Robert Herrick's volumes preach the Gospel of Freedom and deal with the Real World; and it must sometimes puzzle Mr. Chambers himself to keep the *Firing Line* and the *Danger Mark* from becoming confused in his mind. And it all seems such a pity, because a poor title, a colourless title, a misleading title is a wasted opportunity, a failure to make the most of a bit of free and conspicuous advertising.

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"THE BUSINESS OF LIVING"

Notwithstanding its title, this is a story of contemporary social life in New York, written in quite the customary manner of Mr. Chambers's later volumes. It concerns a young man of good connections, aesthetic tastes and prodigal instincts, who at the opening of the story has just awakened to the fact that the only way to satisfy his creditors' pardonable impatience is to sacrifice a rare collection of ancient armour, his grandfather's life-long hobby and known to connoisseurs throughout the world. Accordingly, Desboro, the young man in question, betakes himself to a certain antique shop of one Louis Nevers, supposed to be the foremost expert on the subject of armour, and discovers to his mingled discomfiture and curiosity that, Louis Nevers having recently died, the business is now conducted by his daughter, Jacqueline, slim, stately and forbiddingly aloof, who nevertheless radiates a subtle and compelling sex attraction. In other words, what Mr. Chambers is trying to say through the medium of Jacqueline is that youth and beauty are just as feminine to-day, and just as unable to protect themselves against masculine encroachment when surrounded by the atmosphere of business hours and financial problems as they formerly were in the conservatory and the boudoir. Mr. Chambers has a certain cleverness in the art of dexterous sparring between the sexes, of involving situations that skim the edge of excessively thin ice. During the weeks and months when Desboro and Jacqueline are thrown into almost daily companionship in the dim old halls of his Westchester home, identifying and cataloging ancient suits of mail, the chance of the lady's ability to preserve her good name and fame seems to grow infinitely remote, and little by little her original spirit of revolt ebbs and she becomes passive, inert, ready to surrender. But meanwhile a change has been wrought in Desboro. His attitude at the start is not so much an unwillingness to marry outside his own social set, as to marry at all. His bachelor freedom is an article of his creed, one of the conditions that make life—the life he has hitherto led,—a passably tolerable state; from the first he likes Jacqueline too well to injure her voluntarily, but as the infatuation grows, he assumes that sooner or later the irreparable will happen. Mr. Chambers, however, decides that the outcome shall be otherwise. He wishes to persuade us that daily contact with a young woman of Jacqueline's charm and self-sacrifice and gentle womanliness is unconsciously accomplishing a regeneration in the character of the selfish and worldly-minded young man,—in short, that she is teaching him that life is not a perpetual playtime, but a rather serious business, and that to do the woman whom you happen to love the simple justice of marrying her instead of making her your mistress, is not such a serious calamity after all. There are a number of subordinate episodes, other women of various ages and temperaments who intrude, to complicate and disturb; but the idyll of Desboro and Jacqueline, in the dim and dusty setting of ancient helmets and breastplates, is the main issue. Mr. Chambers knows, none better, how to surround situations of this sort with an atmosphere of sensuous artistry; but the fact remains that stories depicting young couples hovering perpetually on the brink of immorality are a good deal more unwholesome than those that frankly and bluntly register the actual breaking of commandments.

"THE WAY HOME"

This new volume by the author of *The Inner Shrine* is the outcome of a more definite and serious purpose than Mr. Chambers's story. It is a study of certain aspects of the modern agnostic tendencies, the consequences of the loss of old-fashioned religious faith as a guiding principle in business and social life. One resents, however, the sweeping generality of the title. Mr. King has solved no universal problem, has written no up-to-date *Pilgrim's Progress,* has set up no signpost which may point the bulk of groping humanity to a higher way. His hero's case is too exceptional, too spe-

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cialised for that. Charlie Grace is the son of a conservative, pompous, worldly-minded clergyman, one whose chief ambition was to keep St. David's the exclusive resort of the fashionable and the wealthy. In childhood, Charlie fancied that he also would become a minister,—an idea eagerly seized upon by his devout and tender mother, whose good influence was taken from him early in life. But, year by year, in the selfish, pharisaical parish of St. David's, Charlie Grace grew to see the wide divergence between Christian precept and example,—and finally when his aged father was summarily removed in his old age, to make room for a younger and more modern man, young Grace once for all flung aside all his old beliefs and adopted for his guiding principle self-interest and ruthless disregard of others. The main portion of the book narrates the consequences of this practice of systematic selfishness, the temporary prosperity that it brought him in the financial world, and the havoc it played with his married life. Hilda Penrhyn is a well-drawn character, strong, brave, with unwavering high ideals. She foresees that there is no happiness for her with a man whom she cannot respect; yet beneath Grace's unscrupulousness and agnosticism, she is keen enough to see glimmerings of something better and finer. So, after long wavering she gives herself to him, but with the result that after a few months of exaggerated fervour on his part, the novelty wanes and his allegiance wanders to other women. There is no space here to analyse at further length how perillously near he came to effecting the ruin of a daughter of one of his father's truest friends, nor of how another woman of frailer virtue taught Hilda a lasting lesson in humility and self-sacrifice, and paved the way for a reconciliation and mutual understanding between husband and wife. But what takes the whole case of Charlie Grace out of the general and into the exceptional category is that, just as the crisis comes in his business, as well as his domestic life, all worldly interests are discounted and set aside by the paramount knowledge that he is dying of an incurable malady—that with the greatest care he has a scant year or two remaining. Under the shadow of the inevitable end, he attends the funeral of an old sexton, to whom throughout his life he has been indebted for many kindnesses, and during the service he hears the old familiar words, "Death is swallowed up in victory." These words ring in his ears with the force of a triumphant march, they seem to be leading him straight onward, to be pointing along a road, the road home. All of which, in Mr. Basil King's phrasing, is rhetorically effective; but somehow it is not practically helpful in the individual case.

"BENDISH"

As usual, Mr. Hewlett makes no attempt to generalise a special case, either in the title or in the story itself. *Bendish,* by the way, although it can be read separately with thorough enjoyment, needs for full comprehension a knowledge of its forerunner, *Mrs. Launcelot,* because the leading characters of the earlier volume, Gervase Poor, the Duke of Devises, Georgiana Launcelot herself also occupy the centre of the stage in *Bendish.* One suspects that Mr. Hewlett thoroughly enjoyed himself in writing this story: the background is the political situation in the early years of King William IVth's reign, when the agitation over Reform was at a white heat, and the opposing factions were lampooning each other with unstemmed floods of satiric verse. The volume is redolent of the spirit of its period; topical allusions fairly bristle from the pages, and imaginary conversations and letters from many a famous literary figure of the day give a very real and convincing flavour to the whole picture of early eighteenth century ethics, customs and mode of thought. In point of careful detail and amplitude of canvas the volume is unmistakably the work of the same hand that gave us in the past those earlier historical pageants of King Richard and Queen Mary: and if the colouring of these later times is

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more leaden and sombre, that is not the author's fault. The magic of the rich colourings, the dazzling sheen of polished armour, the lilting song of troubadour and the prowess of chivalry are inevitably banished from the modern picture. But we miss them, because with them have departed the jewelled phrase, the exquisite embroidery of words, the delicate art of verbal illumination that makes a page of *Richard Yea-and-Nay* flame softly before the eye like a richly adorned missal. What Mr. Hewlett has done in *Bendish* is to give us an unforgettable portrait of a monumental type of self-conceit, fop, cockscomb and political charlatan all in one. Lord Bendish is an omnivorous lover of the fair sex; he lives on gentle sighs and heart-beats, he pursues sometimes hotly, at others languidly, as the mood seizes him,—but always the end means tears and heart-break for his victim,—his self-conceit demands no less. Now, readers of *Mrs. Launcelot* will remember how the lady of the title had many adorers, among them the aged Duke of Devises and the poet Gervase Poor, and how the citadel of her virtue, long held against the world at large, surrendered to the poet, and how, through the intercession of the Duke and the magnanimity of her husband, Georgiana and her lover were left unmolested in their Italian retreat and eventually enabled to legalise their union. Now, if Bendish could have known the true nature of Georgiana as well as Mr. Hewlett's readers know it, he would not have made the mistake of singling her out as one of his victims, nor later have avenged his discomfiture by slanderously celebrating her in a widely circulated poem. Of the consequences of this indiscretion and breach of good manners Mr. Hewlett writes at some length in chapters that are by no means the least edifying part of this altogether delectable and characteristic volume.

"THE WAY OF AMBITION"

Here is a volume that averages rather high in Mr. Hichens's somewhat variable range of production. The underlying motive is the old question of artistic temperament and sincerity in creative work. Claude Heath is a musician, whose fixed belief is that he can bring forth the best in him by keeping aloof from the world, ignoring the current movement, shunning publicity and ignoring public taste. But he happens to meet Charmian Mansfield, beautiful, self-willed and inordinately ambitious, who determines to make him marry her and to help him to become famous. The volume is the history of the result of this union with its cross-purposes of motives. Little by little Charmian deludes him into self-deception; she persuades him to do a few light songs that, while not wholly unworthy of his talent, are a compromise with the best that is in him; they happen to win public favour, and Claude for the first time tastes the joy of applause and public fame. The next step, that of persuading him to write an opera around a big, bold, flamboyant libretto written by a Frenchman on an Algerian theme, is a comparatively simple one. And the gradual commercialisation of the musician, moulded like wax in the hands of his ambitious wife and one Jacob Crayford, the American manager, who is seeking to rival the Metropolitan Opera House, is cleverly and convincingly portrayed. The final opening night, the first production of this widely heralded opera by a new composer, meets with a well-merited defeat, and the volume ends with a far more optimistic note than there is warrant for, in view of the apparently irreconcilable characters of husband and wife, as depicted throughout the story. In other words, Mr. Hichens wants us to believe that Charmian, as well as her husband, has learned that art and commercialism cannot be reconciled,—and that is precisely the lesson that we doubt Charmian's ability to learn. But this personal bit of scepticism does not lessen the fact that the present reviewer has enjoyed *The Way of Ambition* far better than any work by Mr. Hichens since the publication of *The Garden of Allah.*

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"THE DUST OF THE ROAD"

This is a story of an English theatrical company, touring the provincial towns. It is written by an American actress, Marjorie Patterson, who knows of what she writes and whose vivid and seemingly inexhaustible bits of portraiture, episode, diverting or tragic mishaps bear the imprint of having been drawn straight from life. As a record of the difficulties of gaining an opening on the stage, of the dangers which beset a young girl none too well informed regarding the facts of life, and of the friendly hands that are every now and then stretched forth when the outlook has seemed the darkest, this book is a joy and an enlightenment. But, considered as a novel, it has evidently been somewhat forced, the love interest is more or less dragged in, the laws of probability have been deliberately defied for the sake of securing just a few dramatic "curtains." That David Hearn, the sculptor, who loves Antoinette Ethgrete, the little Virginian actress who has unexpectedly made a hit, should object to seeing her star in a play of the underworld, whose heroine drags her skirts in the slime of London gutters, is quite plausible; but that after his quarrel with her he should manage to get himself crushed under the debris of a statue which was to have been his masterpiece, that Antoinette in her remorse should break her contract and set forth upon a penitential pilgrimage to Lourdes, that David should come out of the hospital minus a right arm and unknowingly follow upon her trail, and that finally they should meet again by accident in the south of France, he disqualified for his profession and she ostracised from hers, and should agree then and there to combine their broken fortunes,—all this seems so wildly haphazard and picaresque in its *non sequiturs* as to form a curious contrast to the sober and simple actuality of the earlier chapters. But, disappointing as the ending is, the fact remains that the book lives up to its title. The real theme is not the love story of a sculptor and an actress, but quite literally the dust of the road: the toil and weariness of one-night stands, the inevitable tarnish that comes from contact with things not clean, the disillusion and disappointment that in spite of all awards and triumphs are in a measure the inevitable price of a life beyond the footlights. Marjorie Patterson has proved that she is entitled to be taken seriously as an author as well as upon the stage.

"MADELEINE AT HER MIRROR"

This latest characteristic volume, from the pen of Marcelle Tinayre, may be dismissed with a brief, although heartfelt word of commendation. As a story its scheme of construction is safely negligible. A widow, in the middle thirties, who by her own confession has no great share of beauty, no deep love although much genuine esteem for the deceased husband, and is content in the love of her two children, who are approaching young manhood and womanhood, sits before her mirror and communes with herself on her personal appearance, her past experiences and her future hopes. More than this, she reaches out and views all sorts and varieties of current topics of the day through the "mirror of her mind,"—and what distinguishes all these amiable *causeries* is their unfailing sanity and good taste, their avoidance of the extreme point of view, the unmistakable cachet they bear of having emanated from a lady to the manner born. That this still young and attractive widow little by little changes her mind about men and decides that the love of her children does not quite fill her horizon makes a pleasant and fitting little epilogue to an altogether satisfactory volume, the charm of which lingers behind it like an elusive perfume.

"HIS GREAT ADVENTURE"

Mr. Robert Herrick has tried a new experiment in his latest book and, whatever the general public may say, his earlier admirers must inevitably deprecate his departure from well-tried paths. In *His Great Adventure,* the hero is wandering aimlessly along New York streets,

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hungry and with scanty cash, when he stumbles upon an elderly man lying on the sidewalk and apparently suffering from some sort of a seizure. With the help of a policemen he takes the stranger into his own humble room nearby, and while the officer goes to summon an ambulance, the sick man partially revives, explains brokenly that he is at the head of vast railroad interests, that papers of untold value are all locked up in a safe in San Francisco, the combination to which he mutters rapidly, that political and financial rivals have been trying to "smash" his road and have almost succeeded, and that what our young hero must do and do at once is to go to San Francisco, take possession of the papers, remove them to Germany and there sell them to certain designated parties, in order to protect the interests of "Melody," —and who Melody may be is left in doubt, for the stranger relapses into unconsciousness. The wherewithal to travel is found in his pocket, greenbacks to the amount of fifty thousand dollars and more. The story, beginning in this flamboyant way, proceeds to narrate the young adventurer's exciting chase across the continent, his hair-breadth escapes, his wanderings through Mexico, Arizona, France, Belgium and back to New York, his eventual acquirement of millions, his numerous philanthropic ventures, including the establishment of a People's Theatre, and throughout it all his tireless quest for the mysterious and elusive Melody, who, after the formula of the old-fashioned melodrama, turns out to be the person nearest at hand all the time. Good, stirring stuff to be sure, but how incongruous coming from the pen that wrote *The Gospel of Freedom* and *Together.*

"FATIMA"

Let it be said at once that *Fatima,* the latest production of Rowland Thomas, is a pure joy, a gem of the first water. It refuses to be classified, for the simple reason that there are no others with which to classify it,—it is *sui generis.* It is a story written with the brush of a poster artist against a background of desert sands and crumbling pyramids. It is an act out of a farce comedy, and it is at the same time a parable on the wisdom of wives, a portable monograph on matrimony. It is told in the phraseology of the *Thousand and One Nights,* and then startles us into redoubled attention by the bizarre contrast of some egregious bit of current American slang, that stares out as incongruously as a breakfast-food advertisement plastered over the face of the Sphynx. To give something of its flavour, which can never be quite conveyed at second hand, Fatima, the Fatima of the title rôle, is an Egyptian widow, "hardly turned sixteen, and very softly dark of eye and satiny of skin, and plumpy slender in the enticing *fausse maigre* way of girls, and gazellely straight and graceful." Her uncles would have her marry the "rich Sheikh Omar, who was a fattish, whiskerish, oldish thing with a blue silk tassel and a stave, who strutted." But Fatima observed that Omar had acquired his wealth through his cousin, the solitary fool in Ashmunein, who could make strange noises and "as long as he crowed and clucked and bubbled his face shone with interest. But as soon as he stopped his face became blank again and he would squat down in the dust and scratch himself." Omar had hit upon capitalising these strange noises of Ali the fool, for the enjoyment of English tourists who came up the river, and for the great enrichment of himself; and Fatima's great idea was, instead of marrying the fattish, oldish, whiskerish Omar, to marry Ali the fool, and herself reap the profit of his noises. The subsequent tale narrates the consequences of this happy thought, and shows that in more ways than one it may be not such a serious disadvantage to have a husband who is something of a fool.

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A CHILD'S GARDEN OF BOOKS

BY MARGARET C. ANDERSON

JUVENILE LITERATURE FOR 1913—IN TWO PARTS—PART I

SAMUEL BUTLER says it's just as immoral to be too good as to be too anything else—which remark applies very happily to juvenile heroes and heroines. The old-school boy character who resisted temptation like an anæmic little angel, and reduced his companions to a state of truly immoral approval and imitation, has practically disappeared; and the unhealthy girl who discarded all her interesting ideas, with what Shaw calls that "degrading subjection" of youth to age, to follow the pallid ideals of an exhausted generation is clearly out of the running. Boy villains are much more human than they used to be; girl ones far less caricaturish; mothers and fathers much more possible as people. Thus a great deal of sentimentality has disappeared from juvenile literature; and much of the subtlety has come in. But —there's one great stride yet to be taken. Despite the beautiful new editions; despite the illustrations that make one fairly gasp with ecstatic satisfaction; despite the splendid coöperation between writers, publishers, and educators, there's still a lack. And it may be expressed quite simply as a matter of ideas.

Last winter Randolph Bourne wrote a remarkable book called *Youth and Life*. In it he summed up the amazing changes that have taken place in the relationships between the old and the young generations; then he justified those changes in a triumphant analysis; and then he pleaded, with vigour and logic and a certain whimsicality, for a deeper understanding of youth's rebellions. (The whimsicality was present because Mr. Bourne realises that it doesn't matter much, after all, whether youths understood or not; it continues to rebel, which is the important thing.) But after the publication of such a book one had, somehow, a great hope about this season's juveniles—a hope that perhaps some of them would reflect this new susceptibility of youth to ideas, and of age's willingness to meet it. Owen Johnson has done it, and Inez Haynes Gillmore has done it; but their stories aren't juveniles. We can't go on forever producing boys' stories whose chief function is to score a goal in the last chapter; and we can't keep on perpetrating girl heroines whose aim in life seems to be a compound of boarding-school banality and hectic "good times." Now that we've got juvenile characters who are real, let's see to it that we get some who are interesting!

So far the stories of the season are much like those of every other season and don't appear to have been written from this standpoint. But then we've only examined the first instalment of them, and next month there'll be another "batch" which may disclose just the type we're waiting for. In the meantime let's enter the child's garden with anticipation and walk slowly through it, examining every variety of flower. We'll begin in the most uncultivated section—where the gardener has his biggest work yet to do,—and save for the last the corner where the cherry blossoms grow, so beautiful that they must all be carried away and preserved for their eternal fragrance.

SCHOOL STORIES FOR BOYS

Ralph Henry Barbour has long been a master in creating a certain type of boy—the natural, manly youth who gets into no end of scraps at prep school and wins out because he's such an all-round likable, straightforward, attractive per-

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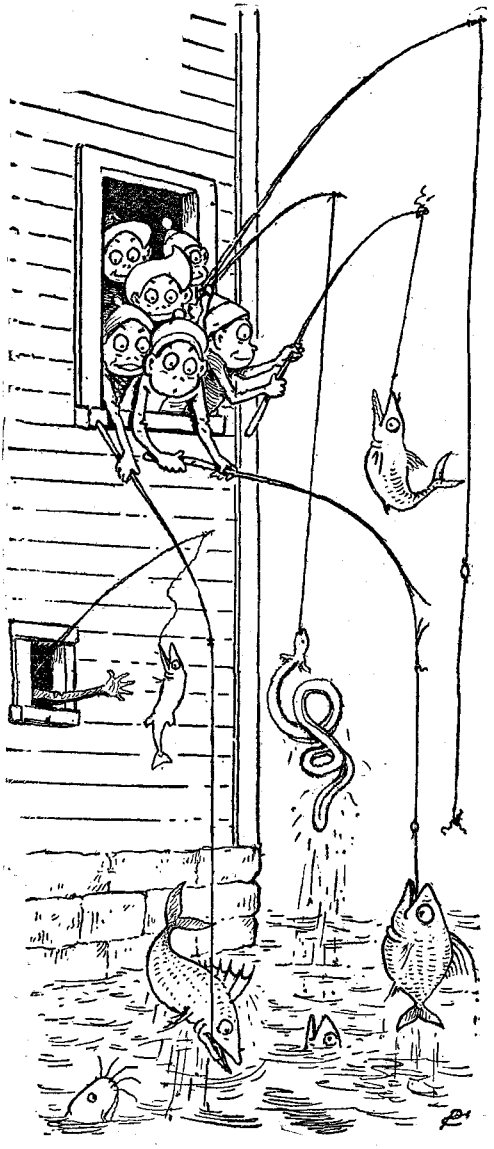
son. His new book, *Around the End* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), has just such a hero, only he is more likable than ever. His name is Kendall Burtis, and he is "continued" from last year's Yardley Hall story. He has lost his "greenness" by this time, and is playing football that attracts attention. Then the plot begins: a young traitor sells the team signals and Kendall is quite unsuspectingly involved. There is no use in saying that it all comes right, but the way it happens is truly worth reading about. The book may be recommended as one of the very best of the school stories. Another good football tale is Hawley Williams's *Five Yards to Go* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company). It has an unusual central figure in the person of a bulky young German who comes to Lansing Academy with all the assurance of an old student, refuses to be perturbed by hazings, and exhibits much more interest in eating sausages and buckwheat cakes than in conforming to training rules, although he wants to make the team. But he's worth while and eventually ceases to be a dead weight, turning the big game into a victory for his school by his newly awakened enthusiasm. *The Freshman Eight,* by Leslie W. Quirk (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), is a strong, exciting story of crew work laid in Wellworth College, and constituting the second volume in the series of that name. It chronicles all kinds of sports besides rowing, but the predominant interest lies there; and this is interesting, for the tendency seems to be to provide amply for the football and baseball enthusiasts, leaving the boy with the really biggest theme—the water—a little in the background. In *The Half-Miler* (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company) Mr. A. T. Dudley presents a hero who runs, giving his reader a thrilling time of it. But the real interest of the story goes deeper than athletics of any kind, and is to be found in the character of the forceful chap who, fresh from three years in a mill, works his way through prep school and comes out with a scholarship for Harvard. It is all told with probability and an intensity that grips, and is very thoughtful—more inclined to "ideas"—than any other story in the group. *Strike Three,* by William Heyliger (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), has a hero



THE BROWNIES AGAIN
The Century Company

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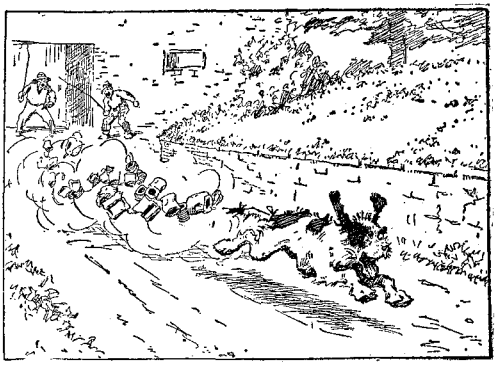
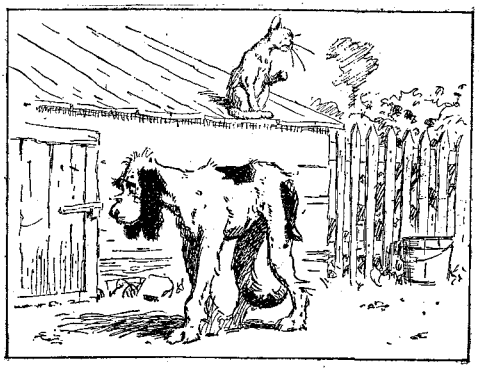


CARLO STARTS HOME. "CARLO," BY A. B. FROST
Doubleday, Page and Company

named Richard Bantly—already known to readers of the St. Mary School stories—and focuses its interest upon baseball. It opens cosily on a bleak February afternoon, with a suggestion of trouble in a possible scholarship rivalry. This develops to the mutual advantage of the two contestants in a thoroughly unusual fashion, and shows them to be boys of unusual character and charm. This group of books is suitable for boys of ten years and upward.

BOY'S ADVENTURE IN THE OUTDOORS

Emerson Hough knows how to write stories of the wilderness that are so explicit a boy may use them as guide books. In *Young Alaskans in the Rockies* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers) he takes three boys and their Uncle Dick across the Rockies at the head of the Athabasca River, over the Yellowstone Pass, and on westward. These boys take along their maps and charts, planning their trip so that the reader feels he's really sharing in it. This gives the book a decided value, and its exciting adventures add the necessary entertainment. The illustrations consist of striking photographs. In fact, the whole thing is so satisfying that one cannot help asking why it could not have been made quite perfect: why *couldn't* these boys talk like real youngsters instead of appearing to recite their lessons? A great deal of interesting Panama Canal history may be learned from Ralph D. Paine's *The Steam-Shovel Man* (illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). A young baseball player who wants to be of practical help to his "governor" takes a job as steam-shovel man and becomes a part of the huge undertaking. Many of the Panama personages are portrayed under thin disguise, and the narrative is full of action. *Treasure Mountain,* by Edwin L. Sabin (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a new volume in the "Bar B" series, and is designed for boys from eleven to fifteen years. Two well-known heroes appear again and are surrounded by a group of fascinating characters—Indians, cowpunchers, sheep herders, trappers, poachers, ranchers, tenderfeet, horses, dogs, and their old friends the professor, Cherry, and Molly. The boy who wants to know about prospecting and mining will want this book. The frontispiece of *Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt,* by Chauncey J. Hawkins (Boston: Little, Brown and Company), shows two cunning brown bears posing very vainly for their photographs; and the other pictures of woodchucks, minks, moose, beavers, and bears in various attitudes of wildness and subjection (one of them is even wheeling a



"THE PEOPLE IN THIS PLACE HAVE ALL GONE CRAZY. I WALK INTO THE DINING-ROOM WITH THAT NICE LITTLE ANIMAL I KILLED AND THEY ALL SCREAM AND JUMP OUT OF THE WINDOWS, THEN THE COOK CHASES ME OUT WITH THE BROOM AND CALLS ME FOREIGN NAMES, AND EVERYTHING I MEET LOOKS QUEER AND RUNS AWAY"
Doubleday, Page and Company

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baby carriage) show how Ned Brewster spent his year in the woods. He is accompanied by his father and two guides and acquires a lot of woodcraft knowledge. Sometimes he has a great deal of difficulty in stalking his wild friends, but that makes the story all the more thrilling. This is a good book for boys from twelve to sixteen. *The Rainy Day Railroad War,* by Holman Day (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers), is a story of the struggle between some lumbermen and the builders of a small railroad in the Maine woods. The central figure is one of those amazing youths who is always accomplishing some sort of miracle—a college engineer with an ability for handling men who is given charge of the railroad job. He has some rough customers to deal with, and it seems for a time that the situation is going to prove too much for him; but, of course, it does not, and all his enemies humbly shake hands with him in the last chapter. Older boys will enjoy it. *For Uncle Sam, Boss,* by Percy K. Fitzhugh (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a rather important Boy Scout book with scenes laid in Panama during the last two years. The author visited the Canal and has made the incidents of his story tally with the facts as he found them. In this way he manages to impart a lot of real information. The last chapters are purely imaginative, for they describe the opening of the waterway. But this is of vivid interest. All Boy Scouts will revel here, as well as any other boys of eleven and upward. More ambitious in its claims to adventure is Joseph A. Altsheler's *Apache Gold* (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), which describes a boy's hunt for treasure

"THE FROG." ILLUSTRATION FROM RUTH MC ENERY STUART'S "DADDY DO-FUNNY"
The Century Company

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BILLY PEEBLE'S CHRISTMAS

From "Boys and Girls. The Verses of James W. Foley." E. P. Dutton and Company

in the strange Southwest land among the cliff dwellers. Terrifying Apache Indians make the reader's hair stand on end and satisfy a craving for the melodramatic which used to be more frequently supplied than it is nowadays. Designed for boys from ten to sixteen.

WARFARE AND HISTORY FOR BOYS

The Young Sharpshooter, by Everett T. Tomlinson (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), deals with McClellan's Peninsular Campaign of 1862 in a way that brings Civil War days very close. We have had a great many such stories, but probably none written in so human a fashion as Mr. Tomlinson's. His purpose has been to revive stirring scenes and the many acts of nobility and heroism on both sides, purposely avoiding any suggestion of partisanship. His short, crisp dialogue and ingenuity of situation are a relief after some of the laboured efforts in this direction. *Henley on the Battle Line,* by Frank E. Channan (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), opens with a great storm at sea, with the hero, Roger Jackson, on his way to India to join his father. Roger has finished his course at Henley, and this volume concludes the "Henley Schoolboys" series. In India the lad becomes involved in a campaign with a native tribe, is kidnapped, and undergoes all kinds of adventures. *The Texan Triumph,* by Joseph A. Altsheler (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), is the last volume about Ned Fulton's escapades in Texas, and tells the story of the San Jacinto campaign which gave that country her independence. The action follows the pattern of the conventional "thriller" and is suitable for boys from ten to sixteen. *The Boy Sailors of 1812,* by Everett T. Tomlinson (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), is built about Perry's victory on Lake Erie and is, of course, very timely. It is typical Tomlinson stuff, which means that it is essentially readable; and Perry's qualities as man and commander

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are so emphasised as to make emulation of them the first desire of the young reader. *Midshipman Days,* by Roger West (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), has Annapolis for its setting, though later its two young midshipmen do service in the Spanish War. A thread of love story runs through it, thus fitting it to a slightly older audience.

STORIES FOR GIRLS

As an example of the sort of girls' story we have no enthusiasm for we may turn to *Jean Cabot in the British Isles,* by Gertrude Fisher Scott (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company). Of course it has all kinds of information about England, Ireland, and Scotland, dealt out in a placid fashion that may interest a good many readers; but it's so stilted and written with such exasperating properness that it seems a mere literary exercise. *Betty Tucker's Ambition,* by Angelina W. Wray (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), serves as a refreshing antidote, and is the kind of thing we positively enjoy reading. It's slightly reminiscent of the "Pepper Books"—though not written with Margaret Sidney's talent; and it chronicles the doings of a poor but happy family whose ruling spirit is a daughter with literary ambitions. Betty's book is talked of in hushed voices, and her position on a newspaper entails all sorts of excitement. The story has spontaneity, cheerfulness, and a delightful quality of hominess that make it acceptable for the whole family. *Patty's Social Season* (illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company) has the enchanting name of Carolyn Wells attached to it, and so speaks largely for itself. The charming Patty is a débutante in this eleventh volume of the series; but she is not the frivolous butterfly type, and therefore contrives to combine her pleasures with plans for other people's enjoyment. For the girl who likes to read of Revolution days no better book than *Beatrice of Denewood* can be recommended (by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company). It is well done and its illustrations are wonderfully attractive. *Camp Brave Pine,* by Harriet T. Comstock (illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is a story for Camp Fire Girl enthusiasts laid on an abandoned farm in New Hampshire. This new movement is an interesting corollary of the Boy Scout developments, and is said already to embrace about fifty-five thousand girls. The characters in the story range from the society snob to the stenographer, but all social disparity is removed in the fine freedom of the great outdoors. In *Harmony Wins,* by Millicent Olmsted (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), we have a little heroine who proudly traces her descent from Nathan Hale. The story is a sentimental trifle, pleasant but uninspired. There are several really delightful drawings. *The Girl from Arizona,* by Nina Rhoades (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), is like a hundred stories of its kind: a Western girl rebelling at the artificiality of her New York friends, but gradually compelling them all to love her by helping to solve a baffling mystery. *Dorothy Dainty's Vacation,* by Amy Brooks (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), is simply another indication that this series is to go on forever.

FOR BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS

The Townsend Twins, by Warren L. Eldred (illustrated by C. M. Relyea. New York: The Century Company), is a most refreshing and delightful story of a camping party in the Adirondacks. It's quite typical of the best stories one finds in *The St. Nicholas* —full of beauty, wholesome boys and girls who have the best fun in the world and play no end of pranks on each other and their elders. The series known as the "Buddie Books" comes to an end in *The Responsibility of Buddie,* by Anna Chapin Ray (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), which leads the young hero into the period when sen-

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timent begins to count. There are several nice girls in the story, and a gay winter in New York makes possible a lot of typical Buddie escapades. In *Uncle David's Boys,* by Edna A. Brown (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), we have another story of a summer camping trip, with a small Vermont village for setting. The characters are attractively drawn and manage to have a beautiful time of it picnicking, exploring and boating.

FAIRY TALES, LEGENDS, AND CLASSICS

An altogether new and charming note is struck in Grace Duffie Boylan's *The Pipes of Clovis* (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). Clovis is a sort of Pied Piper who charms all the woodland creatures with his magic pipes—though instead of being a man he's a shy little boy, the son of a forester. The fairy element is interwoven with scraps of real history, and thus the interest is twofold. But "Clovis" is done with a certain genius that removes it utterly from perfunctory books of its type; it must be read to be appreciated. *The House with the Silver Door,* by Eva March Tappan (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company), contains three excellent fairy stories: "King Hansel the First," "The Star Princess," and the one named in the title. Miss Tappan has become familiar to hosts of readers because of the simple naturalness with which she approaches the task of writing for children. Her new book may be unhesitatingly recommended for the child who has just learned to read for himself or to be read aloud to younger children. The illustrations are delightful. Nathan Haskell Dole has translated from the Russian *The White Duckling and Other Tales* (illustrated in color by Bilibin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company). They are all fairy tales based upon the wonderful old Slavic myths, and Mr. Dole has put them into such readable English that small American children ought to revel in them. The book will make a most pleasing gift, being beautifully printed and illustrated. In *A Book of Fairy-Tale Bears* (illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company) Clifton Johnston has collected some twenty fairy tales dealing with bears and representative of the various nations. The idea is novel, the treatment charming, and the child of from five to twelve who refuses to be amused by it will be a phenomenon. Johanna Spyri's famous Swiss story *Heidi* has been given a new lease of life in a translation by Helene S. White and a holiday edition containing sixteen full-page coloured illustrations. It's the sort of story that never loses its appeal, and it's a pleasure to have this standard translation put into such attractive dress.

ANIMAL STORIES

Everybody has been reading the delectable *Adventures of Reddy Fox and Adventures of Johnny Chuck* as they have appeared in various papers and magazines (by Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. Boston: Little, Brown and Company). They're now ready in two handy little volumes, and are sure to be among the season's most popular output. Reddy Fox becomes so conceited that the Green Forest will scarcely hold him—and then he's taught several severe lessons; and Johnny Chuck falls in love with Polly Chuck. They bring up a happy family of small Chucks. It's all exquisitely done. *Holding a Throne,* by Helen Eggleston Haskell (illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company), is a story of the present king of Spain and his queen told by a royal kitten. This angora—a great favourite of the king's—is a most gossipy person and tells all sorts of intimate anecdotes about her master's life, including his romantic wooing and marriage. It's all decidedly unusual and is said to be historically correct. *Laddie, the Master of the House,* by Lily F. Wesselhoeft (illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company), tells of three beautiful Scotch collies whose business it is to guard two children and all the small animals on the farm. This, of course, is a big task and entails some real adventures.

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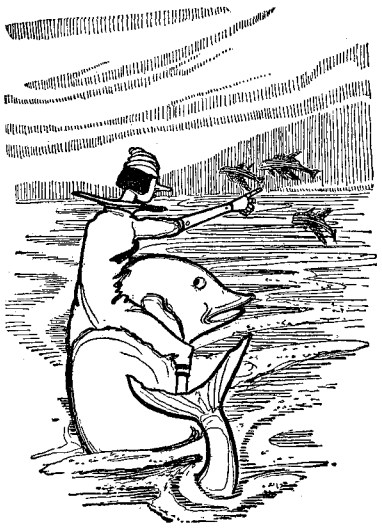
HANDY BOOKS FOR BOYS

In *Harper's Aircraft Book* (illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers) Mr. A. H. Verrill explains why aeroplanes fly, shows how to make models, and tells practically all there is to know about aircraft up to date. The keynote of his volume is practicability, and he talks not theories but facts. Comprehensive diagrams and plans make the text extremely lucid, and the author is said to have had the coöperation of many of America's most successful aviators. *How to Make Things,* by Archibald Williams (illustrated. London: Thomas Nelson and Sons), is an exhaustive manual for amateur craftsmen containing full directions for the making of everything from bookstands to telegraphic apparatus, electric motors and aeroplanes. It is one of the most complete things of its kind we've seen. *The Handy Boy,* by A. Neely Hall (illustrated. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company), stimulates all sorts of production — woodworking, electrical and mechanical toy-making, scout craft, practical money-making and so on. It is simple and thorough and designed for every-day needs.

VERSE, JINGLES, PICTURES

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart has encompassed the quaint charm of plantation life in a little volume of negro jingles called *Daddy Do-Funny* (illustrated by G. H. Clements. New York: The Century Company). The clever title signifies the Uncle Remus who sings for his pickaninnies—a loving old village philosopher full of the poetry and rhythm of his race. *The Brownies' Many More Nights,* by Palmer Cox (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), means just what it says—that the jolly little brownies are with us once more, engaged upon a series of adventures such as only Palmer Cox knows how to tell. All enthusiasts of the previous books will want this one, for it's just as amusing as anything can be. The verses of James W. Foley have been collected in a volume called *Boys and Girls* (illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company). After the reader gets over his feeling that these are pretty obvious imitations of Riley and Field, he realises that Mr. Foley has done some rather good work which deserves to be recognised more widely than it is. Most of the poems are in youthful dialect, and they are all designed for children, though of course mothers and fathers will like them quite as well. *Carlo,* by A. B. Frost (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company), is the remarkable story of a yellow dog told in a series of inimitable pictures by Mr. Frost. The pictures are full page, and there are a hundred and six of them. It's a joy to follow them through the whole tragic experience, for Carlo is a curious dog and gets into every brand of mischief ever invented. *Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo,* by Ella Bentley Arthur and Stanley Clisby Arthur (illustrated. New York: The Century Company), is a combination of jingles and photographs telling about the things a little boy saw in the New York Zoological Park. "Sonny Boy" is a real two-year-old child, just as cunning as he can be, and to see him photographed right by the side of a fierce-looking lion is a little exciting.



PINCHIO UNDER THE SEA
The Macmillan Company

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CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

An Academic Suggestion to a Literary Friend Recently Elected an Associate Immortal

Cape Neddick, Maine,
September third, 1912.

My dear Torringford:

I was delighted to read in this morning's issue of the daily *Parnassian* of your election to the American Academy of Poesie as an Associate Immortal, in recognition of your masterful handling of the limerick. It is a well-earned honour, my dear fellow. In my library there has hung for years the autograph copy you were so good as to send me of your delightful lines—

> There was an old man of O-gunkit
> Got tired of rennet and junket.
> He thought 'twould be foxy
> To substitute *Hoxie,*
> But O what a head when he'd drunk it!

The moment I read those lines when they were first published in 1906 I made up my mind that this laurel would some day be placed upon your brow, and it is pleasing to my soul to learn that the eventuation has justified the anticipation.

I am glad, too, that you have been made an Associate Immortal rather than an Immortal, because it is proof that the Academy recognises that you still have years of usefulness ahead of you. Immortals have a way of being through with their work. To be one is almost *prima facie* evidence that you are dead, if not physically, at least spiritually, for it is not given to many humans to achieve more than one immortal work in a lifetime, and that accomplished it is impossible to rise higher. The fact that many great souls having thus achieved have still tried to rise higher is responsible for the depressing number of broken idols everywhere to be seen along the difficult trails leading to the Olympian Heights, for these subsequent efforts have served only to mitigate their fame, and to drag them down again from the summits of hard-won pedestals to the lower levels of mere mediocrity. But Association with Immortals—ah, my dear Torringford, that indeed is a good thing, a fine thing! The standards set by them are a heritage to those who are still striving that helps them on to nobler and better things, and it is the unfortunate fact of the hour that too many of us are trying to get along without standards of any sort. By associating with the folk by whom these standards have been set up you cannot help but be nerved on to your best. As a Singer you will be satisfied with nothing less than that, and your ultimate fame will be all the more secure, because when your day's work has been done you will have acquired the habit of measuring up the stature of your own product by the stature of that which has gone before, and if you act wisely upon the deductions thereby ascertained, and feed your basket with everything that strikes you as less good, the greatness of your name will increase proportionately to the fatness of your literary waste.

More especially am I pleased to learn of the distinction which has been conferred upon you, however, because it leads me to hope that through you a suggestion which I have wished vainly for many years to make to the Deathless, and which I have been prevented from making because I could not reach them, may now be brought to their attention by your good self. It is, in short, that the Academy instead of being, as it is, the Institutional Sum and Substance of a successful prosecution of the Art of Poetry, should be but the grand climacteric of what for the want of a better term I may perhaps properly call a *cademic career.* "What is the use of a lad-

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der on which there is but one rung, and that the highest?" is the question I would ask in my desire to get the Academy to establish a series of subsidiary and, as it were, sequential degrees of cademic effort through which the struggler must pass before reaching the Ultima Thule of his aspirations. Truly it seems to me that such a ladder ceases to be a ladder upon which the beginner may climb, and becomes merely a rather lofty horizontal bar on which only literary acrobats are permitted to perform. So, I wish you would try to get into communication with Blandringham, or Larrabee, or perhaps both, and get them interested in a scheme to provide a series of lettered auxiliary branches of the *A-Cademy,* such as might be indicated, for instance, by such words as the *B-Cademy,* the *C-Cademy,* the *D-Cademy,* and so on all the way down to the *Z-Cademy*. I am told that Blandringham and Larrabee have more influence with the other members of the institution than any other ten men on the roll of the Immortals, and if this suggestion of mine were to be endorsed by either, or both, of them, it would be almost certain of adoption, to the vast betterment of the literary output of the age, and leading certainly to a far easier method of classification of our Poets than is now possible.

Let us suppose that, subject to the rule of the Academy itself, there were twenty-five other Cademic Grades, which, as is fitting in so vital a branch of human endeavour, that of letters, shall each be designated by a letter of the alphabet. A literary beginner would then in the very nature of things enroll himself frankly as a novice, in the very humblest class, as a member of the *Z-Cademy,* being compelled to remain there, serving his apprenticeship as it were, until a proper estimate of a full year's work, determined by a marking committee of the Immortals themselves, gives him a definitely higher status. Let us say that in January he writes a Sonnet, which the marking committee of the Academy, measuring it up by its own standards, decides is of eighteenth-rate. That Sonnet thus marked would entitle him to a place in the *R-Cademy, R* being the eighteenth letter of the alphabet, and therefore the symbol for eighteenth-rate work. But in February the apprentice turns out a tenth-rate triolet, following it up in March with a fifth-rate rondeau, and unhappily falling down in April with a limerick, which, taking Edward Lear and Oliver Herford as standards, slumps to twenty-fourth rate proportions. These various contributions standing alone would place him respectively in the *R-Cademy,* the *J-Cademy,* the *E-Cademy,* and the *T-Cademy*. But, manifestly, a man who writes *T-Cademically* does not deserve final classification in *E-Cademic* circles, nor is it fair that one who has in one production attained to *E-Cademic* heights should be reduced to *T-Cademic* grade, so his final status for the year is ascertained on the *basis of his average output,* involving some such operation as this:

Sonnet	18th rate.
Triolet	10th rate.
Rondeau	5th rate.
Limerick	20th rate.
Total	53. Average, 13 plus.

Which lands him definitely, and automatically, in the *M-Cademy,* thereby giving him the exact rating in the literary world to which he is entitled, and enabling his publishers to give the public his true status in terms which readers everywhere can understand, instead of falling back upon such absurdities of classification as "The Canajoharie Tupper," "The Austin of Texas," or "The James J. Coogler of the North-West," which may or may not convey a definite idea to the mind of a prospective purchaser of his wares. The plan is a more practical development of an idea I had many years ago for the division of Immortals into such classes as *Me-Mortals, You-Mortals, She-Mortals, Her-Mortals,* and *Him-Mortals,* according to the

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qualities of individuality and self-consciousness shown by various writers of distinction, a scheme which I could never quite work out even to my own satisfaction, but which nevertheless held the germ of my present proposition.

The great value of this division of Cademic Distinction into definitely fixed grades according, as we have seen, to exact merit, seems to me to be so obvious that it hardly needs further explication, but its chief virtue, as it reveals itself to me, will be the incentive it will give a man always to do the best that in him lies. It is inconceivable to me that a man who has once worked his way up from the X- Y- and Z-Cademies, into the first ten divisions, and has become, let us say, a *G-Cademician,* will ever be satisfied with a quality of work that will send him lower in the scale, although under present conditions we all know it to be the sad fact that many a man who has been the recipient of *B-Cademic* honours in the mad race for fortune has, in the absence of any definite system of relentless classification, been content to put forth stuff that a member of the *Q-Cademy* would view with scorn. Thus great names, now constantly in peril, would be automatically protected, and an indulgent and helpless public, now literally swamped with worse than indifferent productions by distinguished literary personages, would no longer find themselves in danger of being swept from their moorings in taste by the sterile output of jaded genius. It would not be surprising indeed if once in operation, and its beneficent workings made manifest to all, this plan should prove of vast benefit to the Immortals themselves, since confronted by the danger of losing the distinction conferred upon them by admission to the highest grade they would prefer retirement to the hazard of new manuscripts, thus again benefitting the members of the lower grades, since one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of budding genius is the competition of great signatures.

Speak to Blandringham about this, my dear Torringford, and if he thinks well of the proposition tell him that I shall be glad to go into it in further detail for him at any time suited to his convenience; and if he wants to know what reward I seek for all this, assure him that I want none at all. Having recently taken up Lobster Culture here on the coast of Maine, I have wholly abandoned the allurements of Parnassus, and seek my rating now not in the Anthologies of my Native Land, but in the books of Bradstreet, Dun, and other commercial agencies. I am the happy possessor of a hundred lobster-pots, each one of which yields me five-hundred dollars per annum, which is vastly more than my works, *Hints from Helicon,* and *The Thistles of Parnassus* combined, have brought me in twenty years. Moreover, I have discovered that I can buy better poetry than I write. So you see I am wholly disinterested.

Affectionately your well-wisher,
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE MYTHS OF MEXICO AND PERU. By Lewis Spence. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The romance of "Old America," the mediæval history of Mexico and Peru, is interestingly presented in Mr. Lewis Spence's volume on the myths and legends of Mexico and Peru, which will charm all people interested in folklore. While the Asiatic origin for the aborigines of America is admitted, the author shares the belief of many students that it stretched back into that dim era when man was little more than beast, and language, if it existed at all, was only half formed. The legends of intercourse with Europe and Asia can easily be dissipated. As a proof he cites the fact that aboriginal-American arithmetic, language and methods of reckoning time, bore no resemblance to

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any of the Old World systems and that none of the domesticated animals known to old civilisation, such as the horse, cow and sheep, were found in America by the earliest discoverers, thus giving proof of the prolonged isolation which the American continent underwent.

The first civilised people with whom the discoverers came in contact were known as the Nahua (those who lived by rule), so called to distinguish them from the nomadic tribe who roamed the plains of New Mexico. A curious and interesting fact is that the most valuable work on the history and mythology of this people was translated from the Nahua tongue into Spanish by Father Bernardino Sahagun, a monk who entered the country at the time of the Spanish Conquest. This stupendous work was achieved when Father Sahagun was over eighty years of age. Written in the first half of the sixteenth century it was lost for three hundred years and finally found in the ancient convent of Tolosi in Navarre. Commenced in 1530, it was only published the middle of the last century. Few authors certainly have had such an unfortunate experience. The book is embellished by many illustrations and several interesting maps.

VILLAGE LIFE IN AMERICA. By Caroline Cowles Richards. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

There is much of the same quaint charm that clings to the old-fashioned samplers at which our grandmothers' fingers toiled so laboriously, about the late Caroline Cowles Richards's *Village Life in America*. It is the diary begun by a little schoolgirl ten years of age, conscientiously kept up for twenty years until after her marriage. Including, as it does, the years from 1852 to 1872, it covers the interesting period of the Civil War, and the Civil War from a Northern woman's point of view, which is somewhat of a novelty. Mrs. Richards speaks familiarly of a number of her relatives who at that time or later were helping to make history in literature and science. Her brother John's daughter Pearl, hardly more than a baby at the time she is mentioned, became the well-known writer, Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs). The famous Field brothers, their father, David Dudley Field, and their nephew, Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, were her kinsmen. Miss Hannah Upham, one of the pioneers in the cause of the higher education of women, was her friend. Her mother having died when she was very young, she and her younger sister, Anna, made their home with their maternal grandparents in Canandaigua, New York. In the strict Puritan atmosphere of their home such diversions as dancing, card-playing and the theatre were looked upon as the choicest devices of the Father of Evil. Once they were about to be permitted to go to a travelling circus on the ground that seeing the strange wild animals would be instructive. Unfortunately, their grandmother's eye fell upon a poster of a bareback woman rider. That settled the circus for all time as far as the children were concerned. No amount of instruction could weigh in the balance against the woman's abbreviated costume. Later on, Madame Anna Bishop gave a concert in Canandaigua. Her voice pleased, but her costume horrified. "She was dressed in the latest stage costume," we read. "It took so much material for her skirt that there was hardly any left for the waist!" But child nature is much the same in all ages. Both the little girls, and particularly the mischievous Anna, who had a sprightly wit of her own, contrived to extract a great deal of fun out of life, although the present generation would have found life rather drab under such circumstances.

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS. By Margaret W. Morley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

If one accepts Margaret W. Morley's enthusiastic account of the charms and delights of life in North Carolina, that favourite State must indeed be an earthly paradise. Spring, summer, autumn and winter are equally flawless. There are chapters on the climate, which leaves nothing to be desired; on the fruits and flowers, which are more luscious and brighter there than anywhere else on earth; and on the scenery, which is unrivalled for its picturesqueness. Even the mountaineers, it would appear, have more than a human share of the virtues, a fact hitherto unsuspected by prejudiced Northerners.

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The chapter headed "A Vanishing Romance" is devoted to the moonshiners, who "appear to the imagination as the Robin Hoods of the Southern greenwood, sallying forth from their illicit 'stills' hidden in some cavern in the mountains, to pursue the relentless vendetta and contribute 'spirits' to a grateful community."

The most interesting part of the book is that portion which confines itself to the history of the early settlers and the life in general before the new era when Biltmore was built and Asheville became a resort for rich Northern people. But as a whole it is a little too much like a glorified guide-book to be of much interest to the general reader. The numerous illustrations are reproduced from photographs which bear the stamp of the amateur.

OUT OF THE DARK. By Helen Keller. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Anything that came to us from the pen of Helen Keller naturally possesses a unique interest all its own. That her book should ever have been written at all remains, in spite of the fact that she has already several volumes to her credit, one of the marvels of the century; a monument to a patience and courage persevering under conditions so adverse as to make them seem almost superhuman.

The thirty essays which go to make up Miss Keller's latest book, *Out of the Dark,* treat of a variety of subjects, embracing Socialism, capital and labour, the higher education of women, woman suffrage and the problems of the blind. They represent the author's output for the last few years, both in the way of addresses delivered before various societies interested in the amelioration of the condition of the blind, and in published articles collected from various sources. While her theories on socialistic and economic subjects are clearly stated and well put, they could not be expected to disclose anything either new or especially illuminating, being, as they are, the reflection of reading and discussion. Miss Keller's life has of necessity been too guarded and sheltered to permit of her having any actual contact with present day economic conditions. But it is when she writes of the blind that she is able to speak first-hand, as one having authority. Many of the conditions of which she writes have disappeared in most of our States, as she says in the preface, since the essays were first written. But not all of the reforms which she urges have been accomplished throughout the country. The book is of value in itself. But it has a distinct value apart from whatever intrinsic merit it may possess; if only it teaches what wonders cheerfulness and courage may accomplish under cruel conditions.

HERALDRY FOR CRAFTSMEN AND DESIGNERS. By W. H. St. John Hope. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A book that will be valuable for artists and designers and for all people interested in Heraldry is W. H. St. John Hope's *Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers,* one of the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks edited by W. R. Lethaby. As the author says: "Year after year in paintings and sculpture at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, the attempts to introduce armorial accessories, even by some of the best artists, is almost always a failure." He points out that even in so recent a work as the National Memorial to Queen Victoria before Buckingham Palace, the shields and arms are far from accurately reproduced. While making a strong appeal for a return to first principles in Heraldric Decoration, disregarding all modern defects, the author devotes himself rather to the artistic side of Heraldry than to the scientific, avoiding thereby the use of many obscure technical terms, confusing to the average student. There are chapters on the proper treatment of Shields, Crests, Banners of Arms and Heraldric Embroideries, all of which are simply and interestingly written. The book is enriched with a great number of illustrations, a number of which are in colour.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending September 3d:

1. The Plays of Bernard Shaw. (Brentano.)
2. The Plays of Oscar Wilde.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Shorthand Instruction. (Pitman.) $1.00.
5. Chapters from Modern Psychology. Angell. (Longmans, Green.) $1.35.
6. The Truth About the Titanic. Gracie. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
7. Woman Under Socialism. Bebel. (N. Y. Labor News.) $1.00.

For the week ending September 10th:

1. The Masked War. Burns. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The South Pole. Amundsen. (Lee Keedick.) 10.00.
3. Plays. Galsworthy. (Scribner.)
4. Poems of Alfred Noyes.
5. Food Inspection and Analysis. Leach. (Wiley.) $7.50.
6. Common Diseases. Hutchinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
7. Interpretation of Dreams. Freud. (Macmillan.)

For the week ending September 17th:

1. Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Confessions of a Convert. Benson. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
4. This and That and The Other. Belloc. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Plays. Strindberg.
6. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
7. Through our Unknown Southwest. Laut. (McBride, Nast.) $2.00.

For the week ending September 24th:

1. The Masked War. Burns. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. With the Victorious Bulgarians. Wagner. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
5. Corporation Finance. Meade. (Appleton.) $2.00.
6. Confessions of a Convert. Benson. (Longmans, Green.) $1.25.
7. Technique of the Photo-Play. Sargent. (Moving Picture World.) $1.00.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October:

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

Non-Fiction

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
3. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

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2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse.) and Hopkins.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Robin Hood. Rhead. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A Preface to Politics. Lippmann. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Woman Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
2. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
3. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Gosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. One Hundred Years of Peace. Lodge. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas. Baden-Powell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. The Boy Scouts in Dismal Swamp. Eaton. (Wilde.) $1.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
4. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. A Song of Sixpence. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Minimum Wage. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
2. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
3. The Republic. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
4. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Jean Cabot in the British Isles. Scott. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Moving Picture Boys Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Social Environment and Moral Progress. Wallace. (Funk and Wagnalls.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Sojourner. Elder. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. My Past. Larisch. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gitanjali. Tagore. (Macmillan.) $1.40.
4. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Mediator. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Pedagogical Anthropology. Montessori. (Stokes.) $3.50.
2. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
3. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
4. The English Novel. Saintsbury. (Dutton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Jane Stuart, Twin. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Mother West Wind's Neighbours. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Bend in the Road. De Weese. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. My Lady of the Chimney Corner. Irvine. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Joyous Gard. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

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JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lady and the Pirate. Parrot. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Western Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Treasure Island. Stevenson. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
2. Bed-Time Story Books. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Merrilie Dawes. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. The White-Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. European Cities at Work. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Unrest of Women. Martin. (Appleton.) $1.00.
4. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Little Girl Blue Plays I Spy. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. Sue Jane. Daviess. (Century Co.) $1.25.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Right of the Strongest. Green. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
4. A Small Boy and Others. James. (Scribner.) $2.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Dramatic Works. Vol. II. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
4. Miracle of Right Thought. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Shall Women Vote. Sams. (Neale.) $1.35.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) $1.50.
3. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Marion Harland's Complete Cook Book. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. Boy Scout Series. (Chatterton.) 60 cents.
3. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Quakers in England and America. Holder. (Nenner.) $6.00.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Household Helps and Hints. Andel. (Andel.) 60 cents.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. Little Girl Blue Plays I Spy. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Vacation. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Northern Iron. Birmingham. (Remington.) $1.25.

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PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Poems. Noyes. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. When I Was a Boy in Greece. Demetrios. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) 60 cents.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Camp Fire Girls. Doran. 25 cents.
2. The Pioneer Boys of Mississippi. Adams. (Page.) $1.25.
3. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Story of the Panama Canal. Lindsay and Marshall. (Winston.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Unpathed Waters. Harris. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

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2, The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Psychology of Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lang. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schultz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. California in History and Romance. McGroarty. (Grafton Co.) $3.50.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Steam Shovel Man. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. The Texan Triumph. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.35.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.
3. Western Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Annie Laurie and Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly and Britton.) 75 cents.
3. Faith Palmer at Fordyce Hall. Wooley. (Penn.) $1.00.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

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4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Musson.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) $1.35.
5. Golden Road. Montgomery. (L. C. Page.) $1.75.
   Threads of Grey and Gold. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Stop Thief. Jenks. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Young Sharpshooter. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. My Own Story. Louisa of Tuscany. (Putnam.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives		10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"		8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"		7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"		6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"		5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	331
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35	328
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	311
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35	221
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	136
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35	80

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